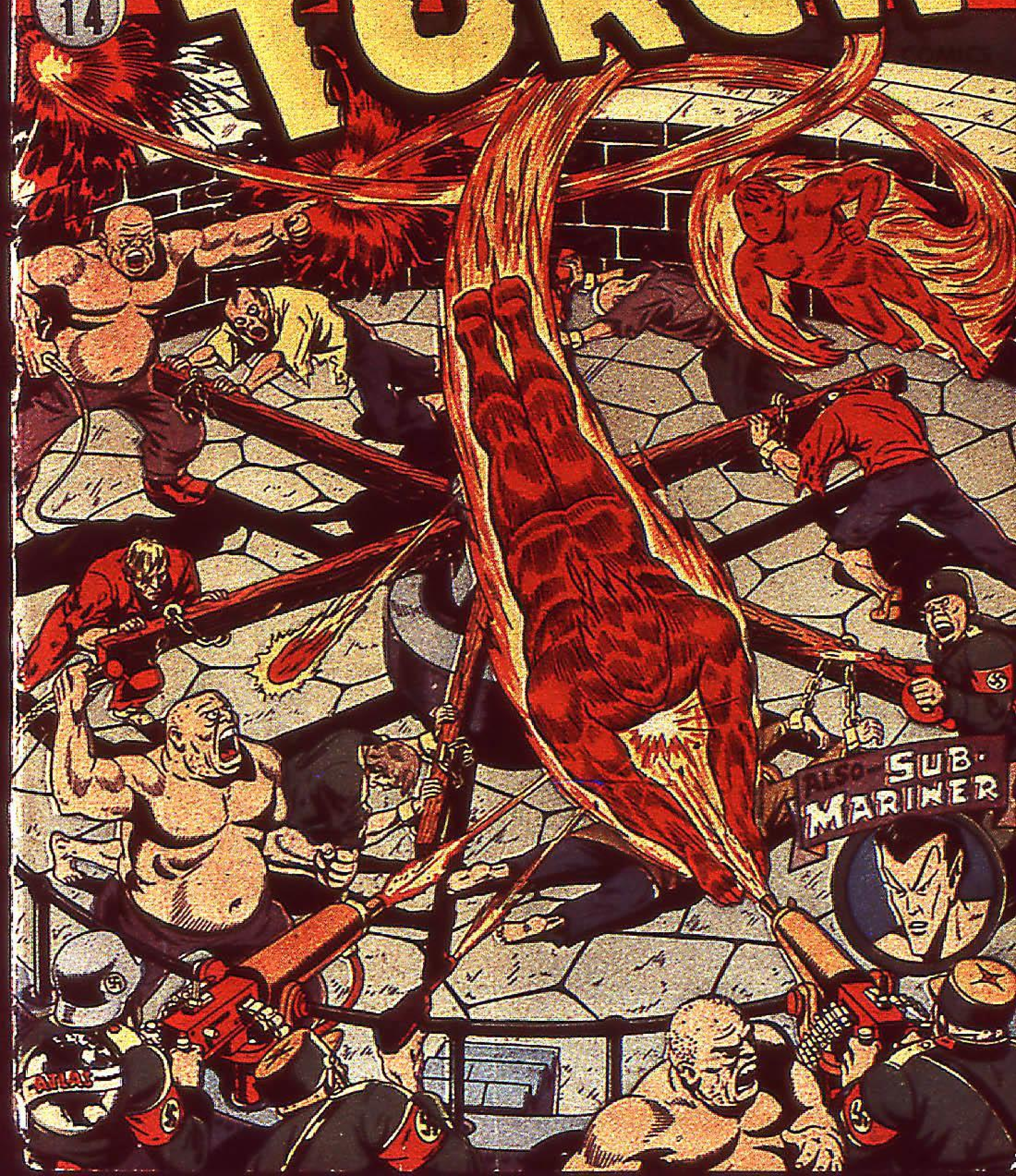
WINTER ISSUE

THE HUMAN TORCH

10¢

NO. 14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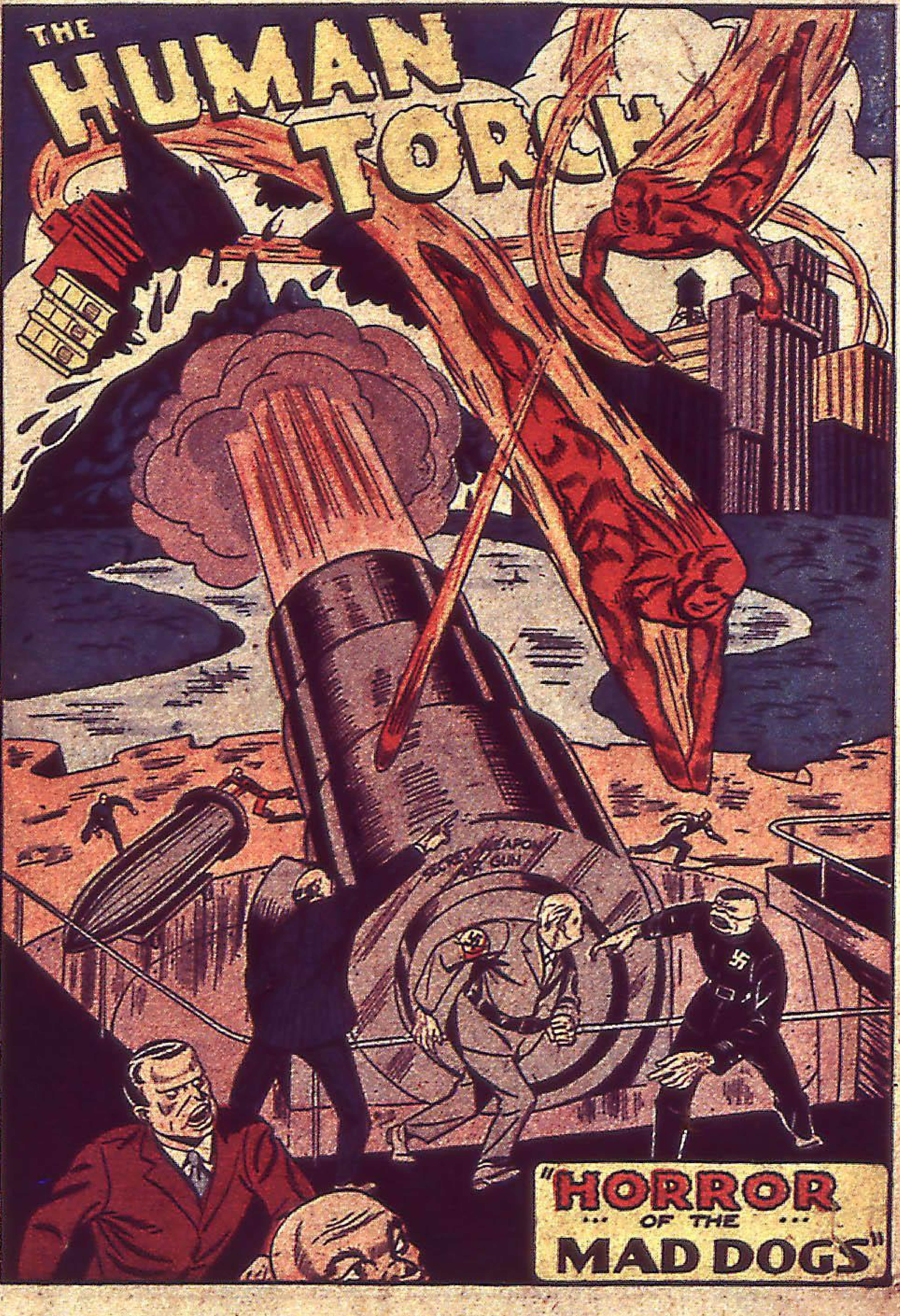
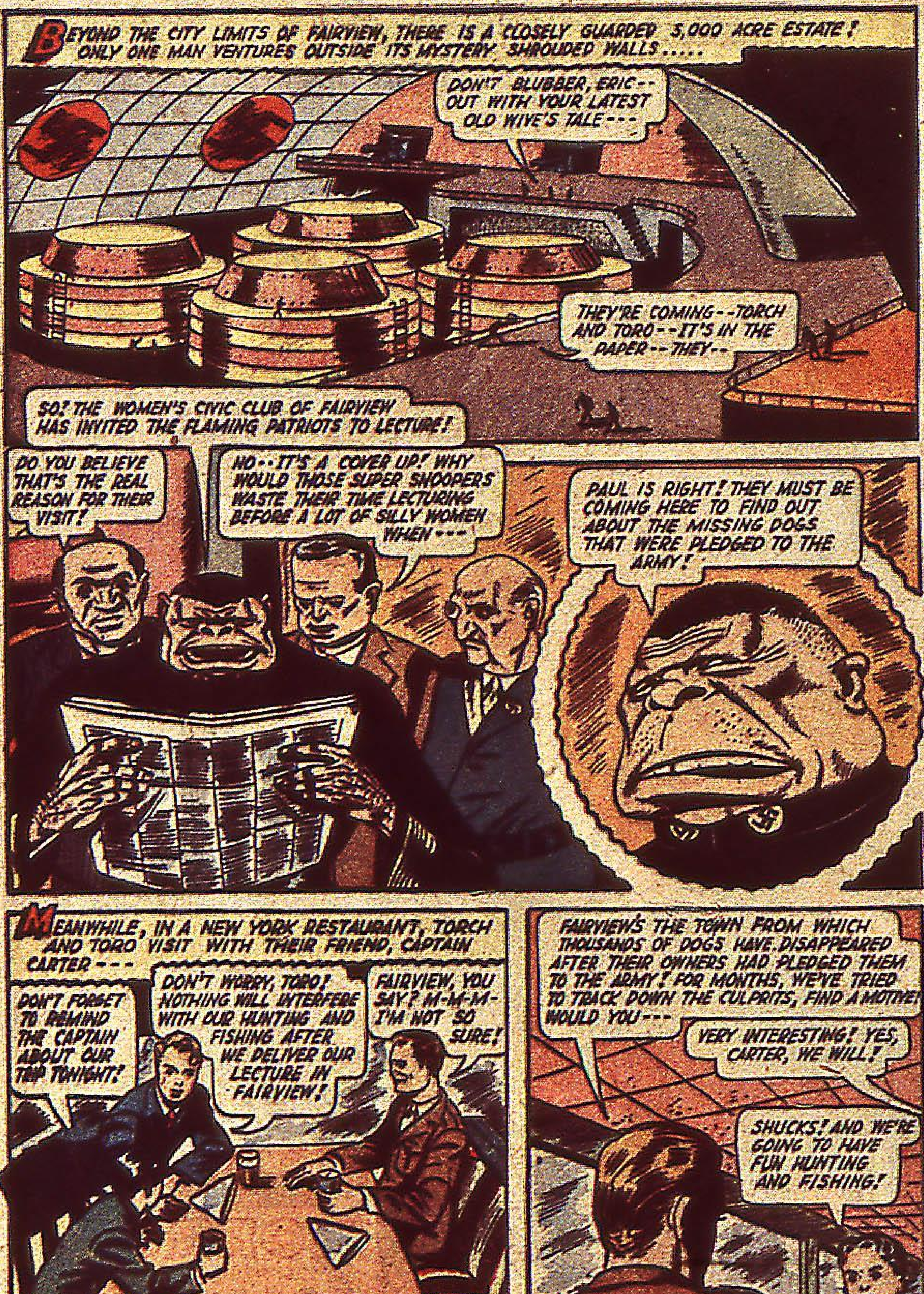
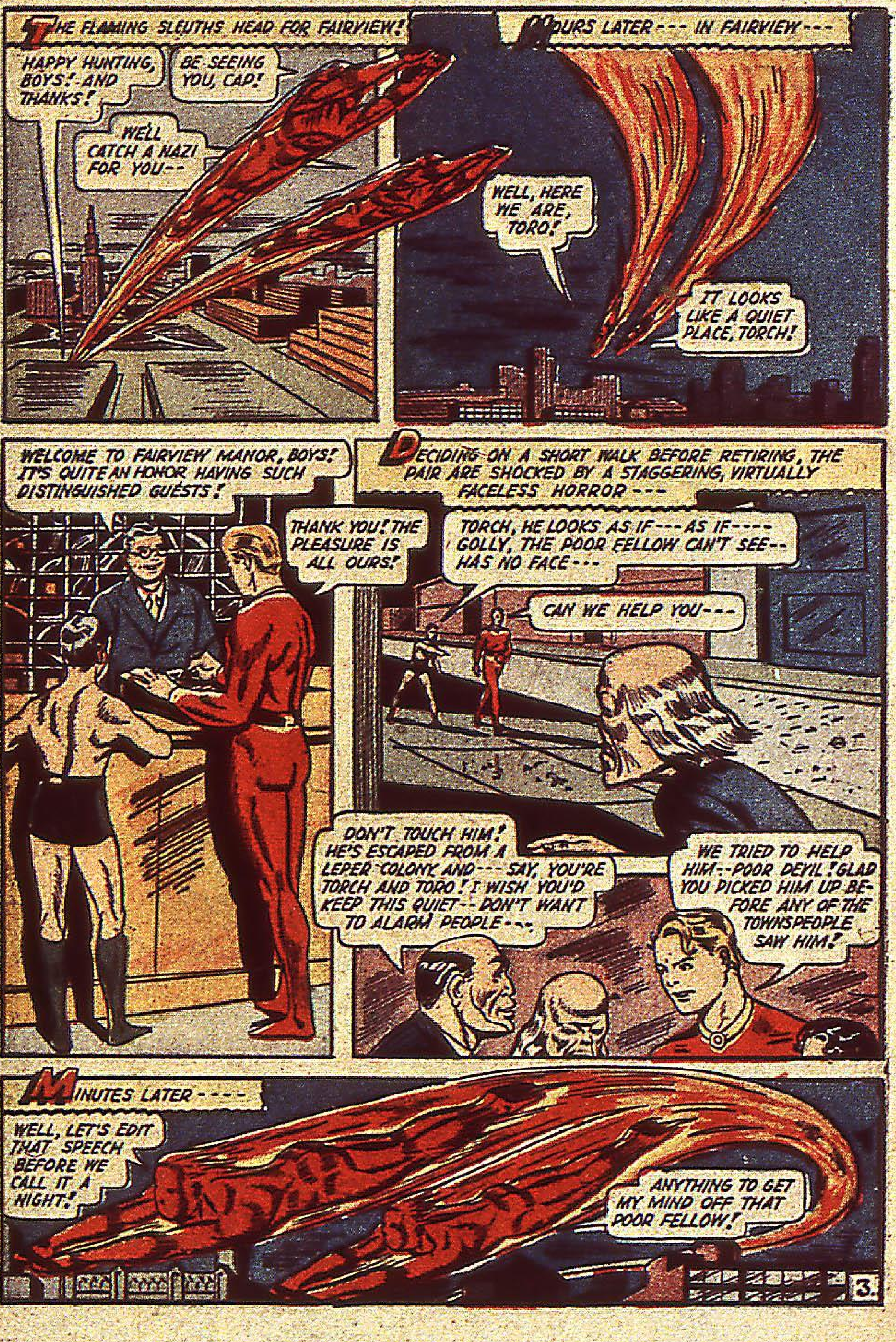
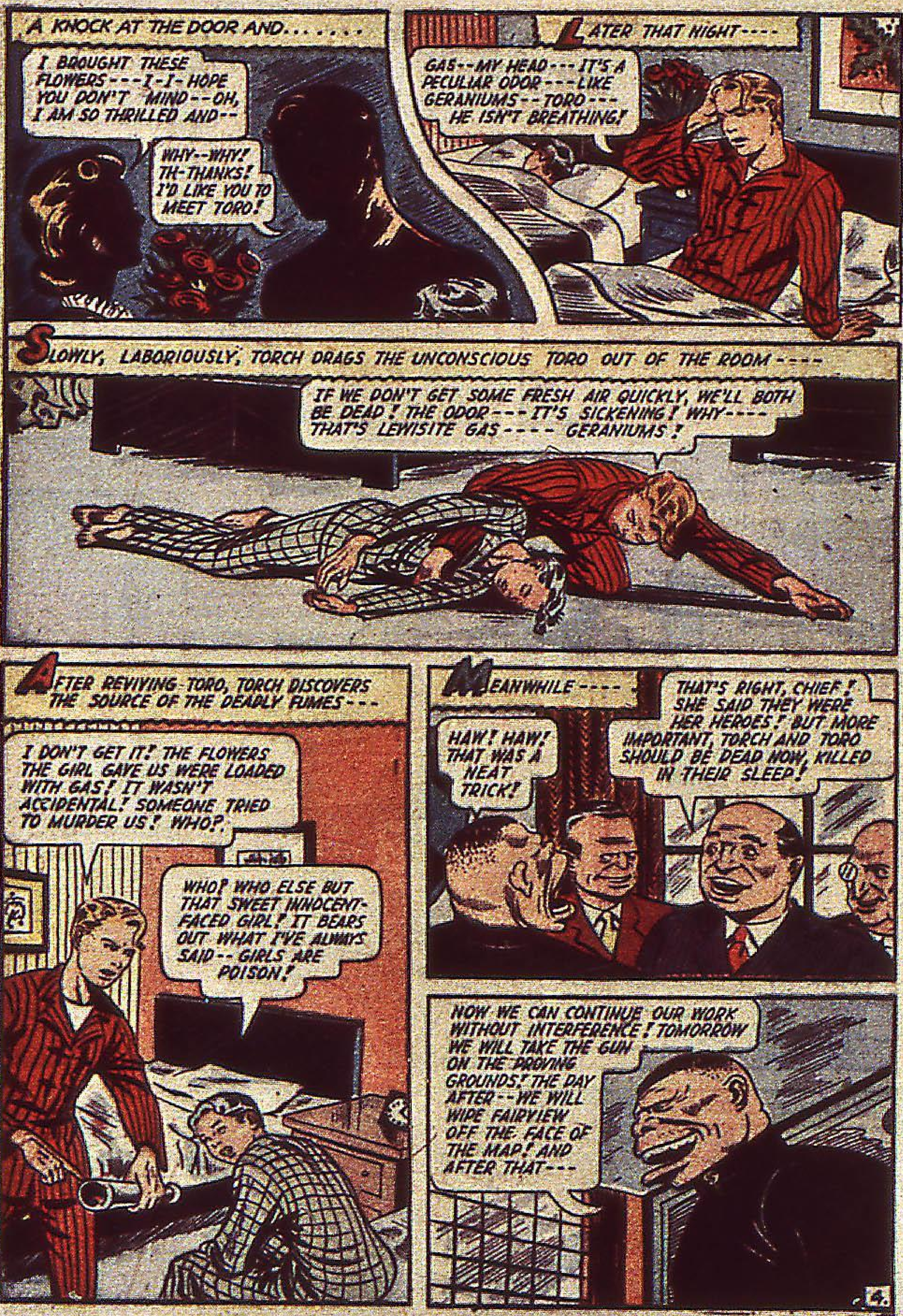
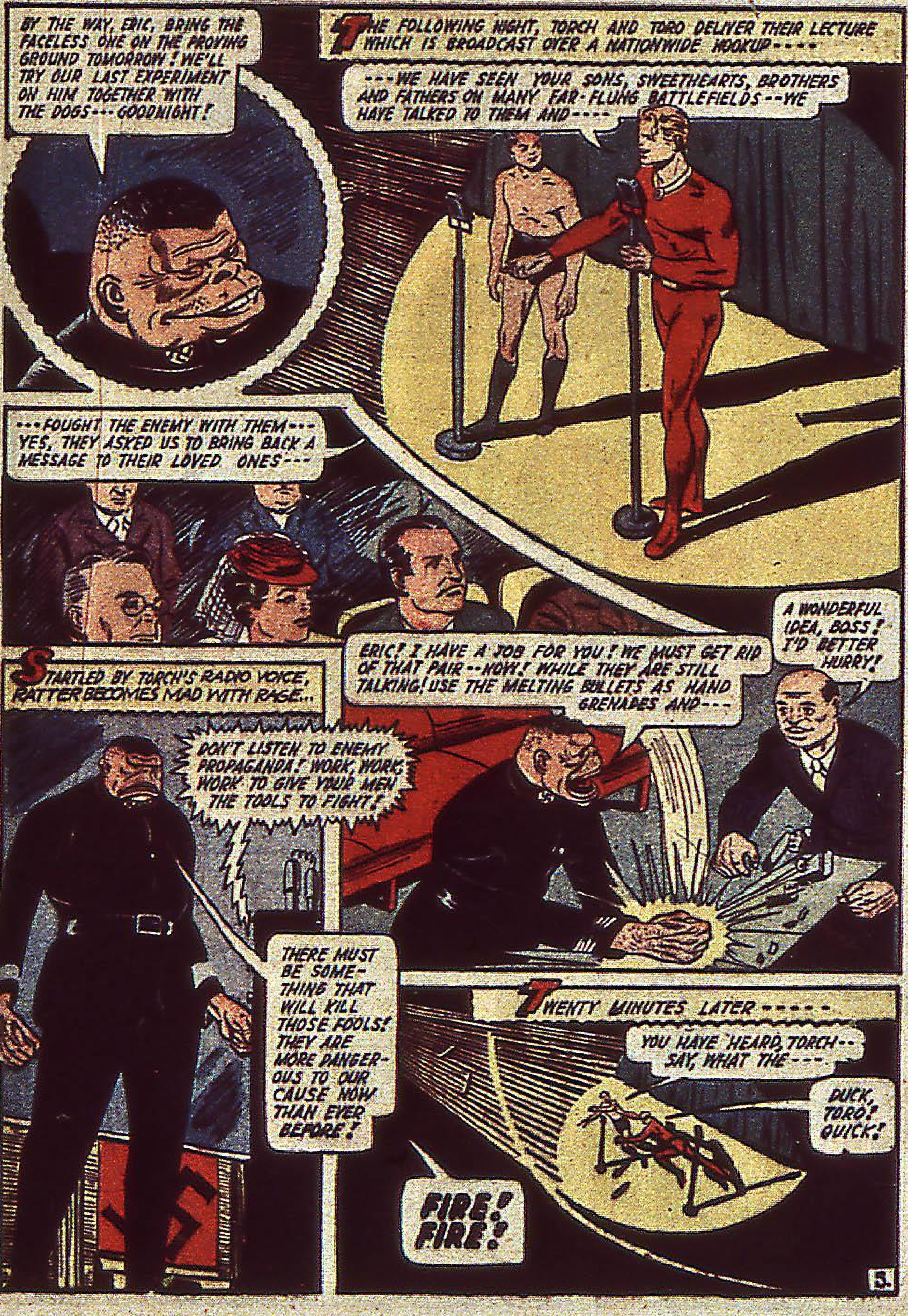
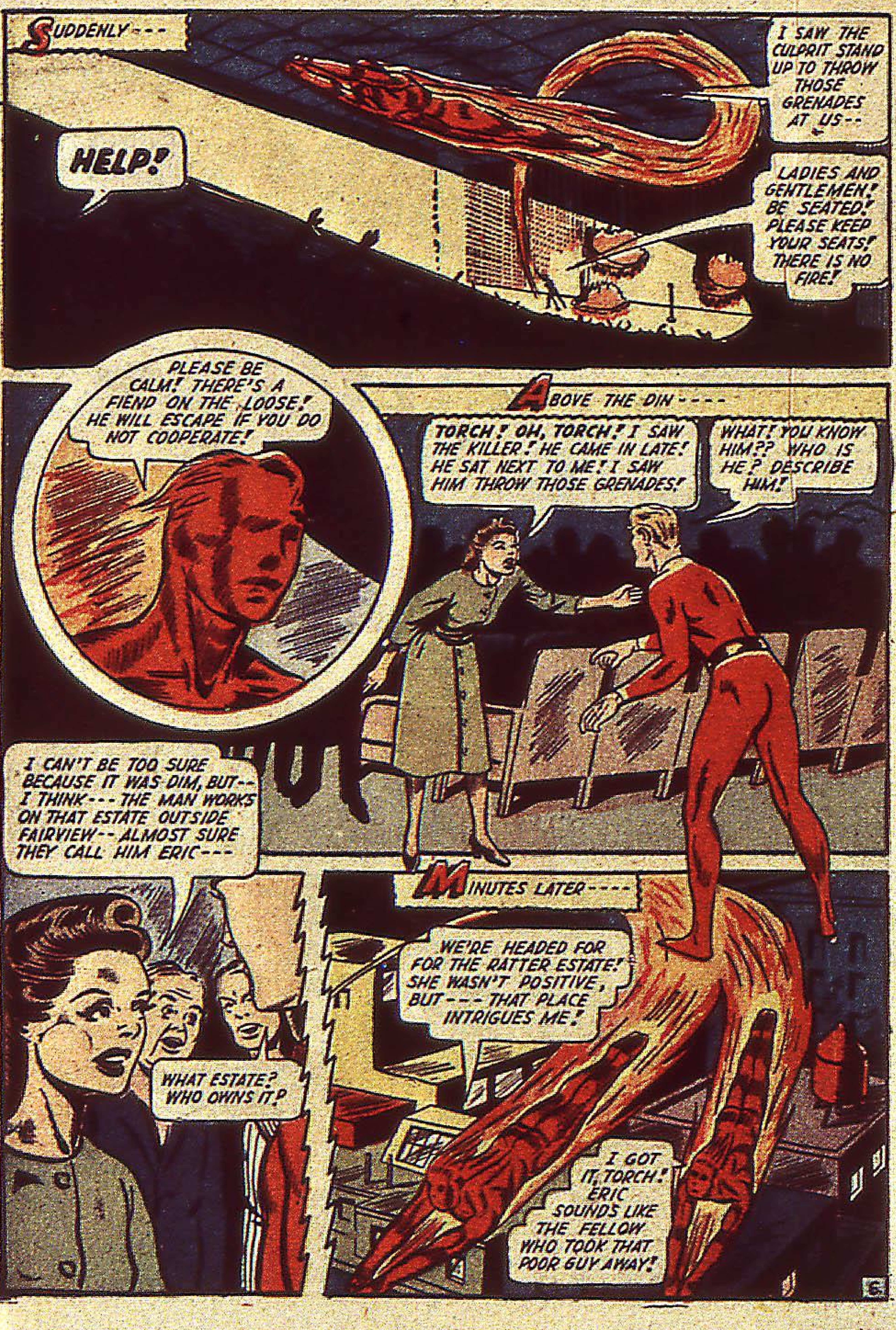

THE HUMAN TORCH
SECRET WEAPON
"HORROR ... OF THE ... MAD DOGS"

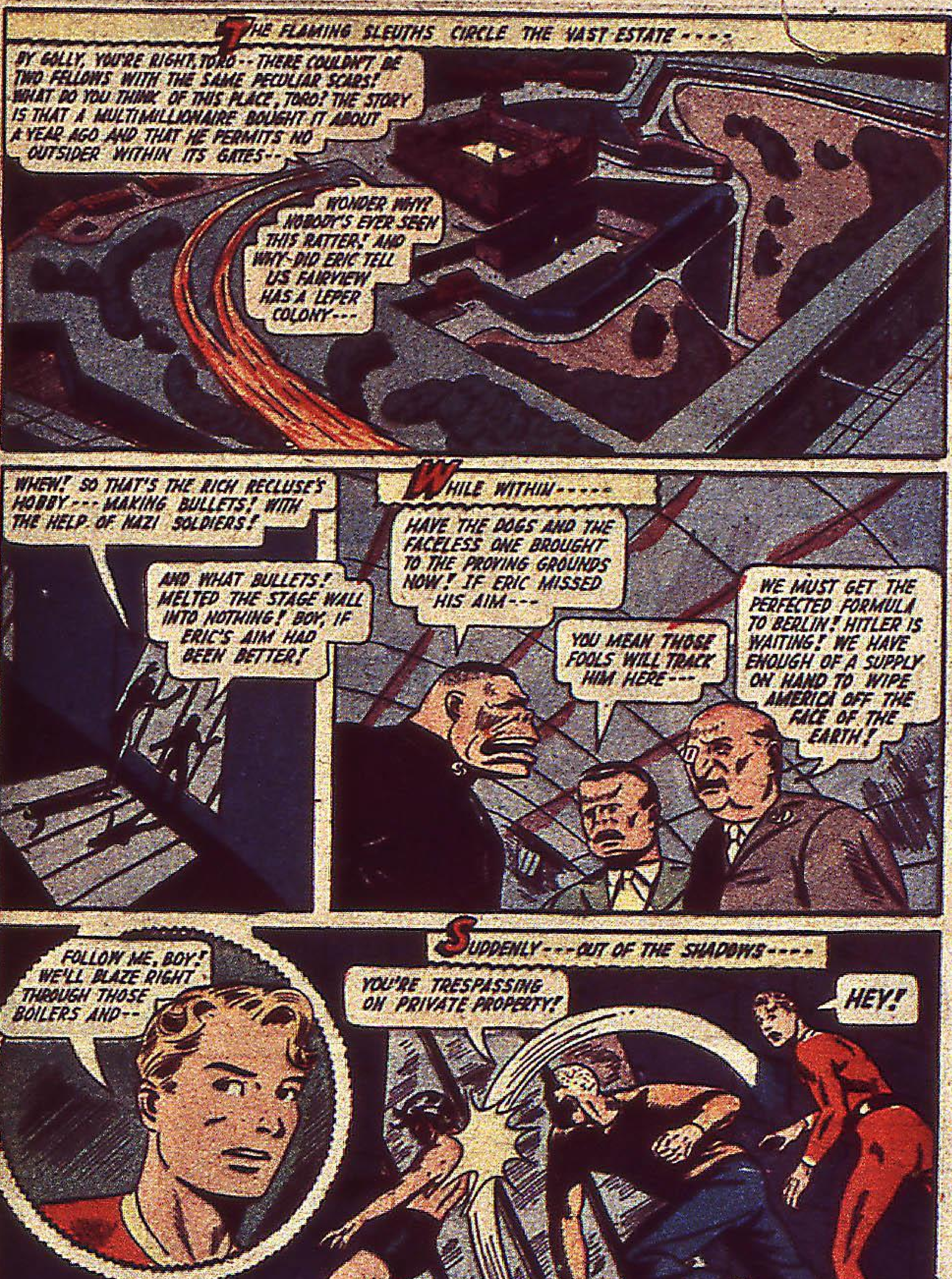

BEYOND THE CITY LIMITS OF FAIRVIEW, THERE IS A CLOSELY GUARDED 5,000 ACRE ESTATE! ONLY ONE MAN VENTURES OUTSIDE ITS MYSTERY SHROUDED WALLS.....
DON'T BLUBBER, ERIC-- OUT WITH YOUR LATEST OLD WIVE'S TALE---
THEY'RE COMING--TORCH AND TORO--IT'S IN THE PAPER--THEY--
SO! THE WOMEN'S CIVIC CLUB OF FAIRVIEW HAS INVITED THE FLAMING PATRIOTS TO LECTURE!
DO YOU BELIEVE THAT'S THE REAL REASON FOR THEIR VISIT!
NO--IT'S A COVER UP! WHY WOULD THOSE SUPER SNOOPERS WASTE THEIR TIME LECTURING BEFORE A LOT OF SILLY WOMEN WHEN---
PAUL IS RIGHT! THEY MUST BE COMING HERE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE MISSING DOGS THAT WERE PLEDGED TO THE ARMY!
MEANWHILE, IN A NEW YORK RESTAURANT, TORCH AND TORO VISIT WITH THEIR FRIEND, CAPTAIN CARTER---
DON'T FORGET TO REMIND THE CAPTAIN ABOUT OUR TRIP TONIGHT!
DON'T WORRY, TORO! NOTHING WILL INTERFERE WITH OUR HUNTING AND FISHING AFTER WE DELIVER OUR LECTURE IN FAIRVIEW!
FAIRVIEW, YOU SAY? M-M-M- I'M NOT SO SURE!
FAIRVIEW'S THE TOWN FROM WHICH THOUSANDS OF DOGS HAVE DISAPPEARED AFTER THEIR OWNERS HAD PLEDGED THEM TO THE ARMY! FOR MONTHS, WE'VE TRIED TO TRACK DOWN THE CULPRITS, FIND A MOTIVE! WOULD YOU---
VERY INTERESTING! YES, CARTER, WE WILL!
SHUCKS! AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE FUN HUNTING AND FISHING!

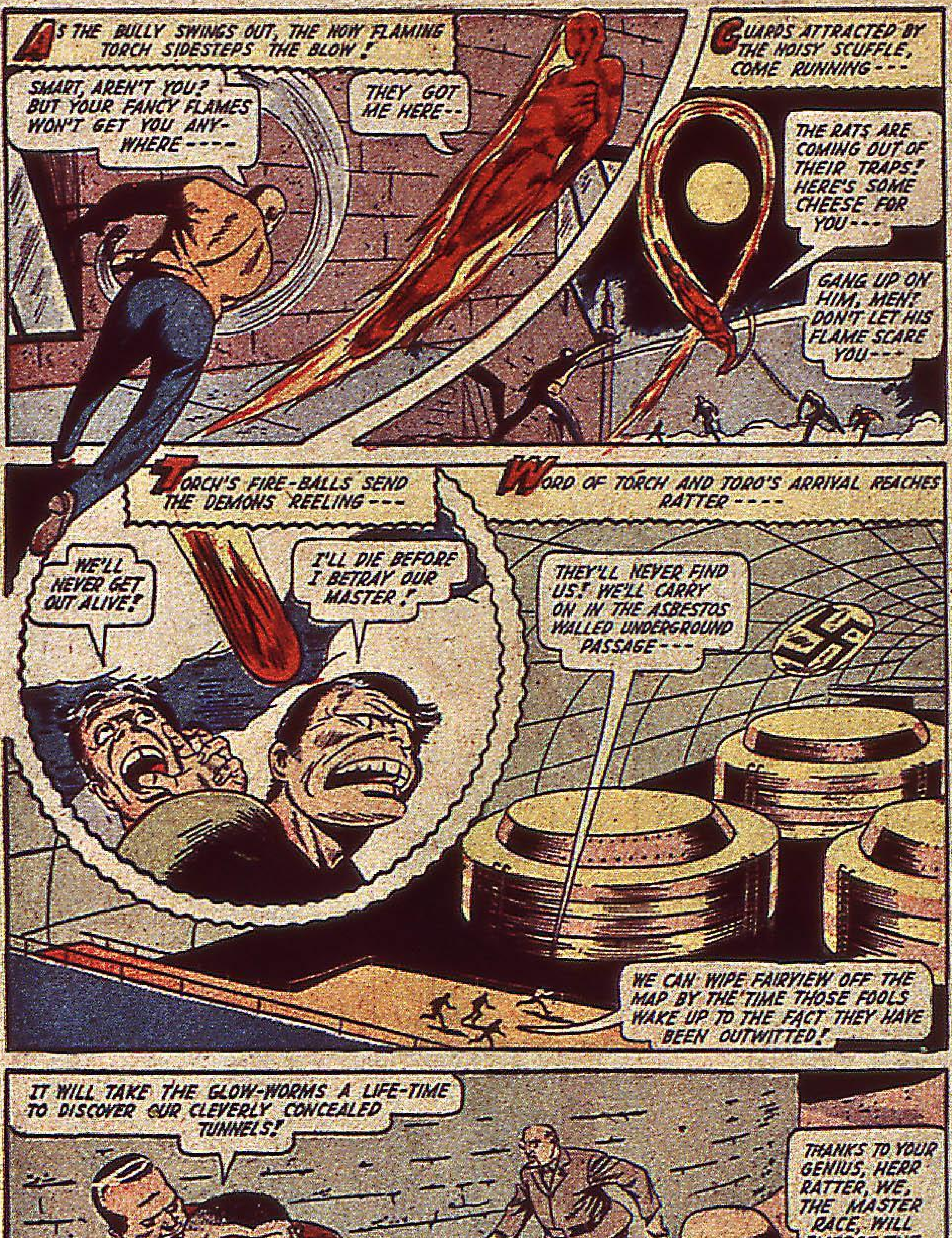

THE FLAMING SLEUTHS HEAD FOR FAIRVIEW!
HAPPY HUNTING, BOYS! AND THANKS!
BE SEEING YOU, CAP!
WELL CATCH A NAZI FOR YOU--
HOURS LATER --- IN FAIRVIEW ---
WELL, HERE WE ARE, TORO!
IT LOOKS LIKE A QUIET PLACE, TORCH!
WELCOME TO FAIRVIEW MANOR, BOYS! IT'S QUITE AN HONOR HAVING SUCH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS!
THANK YOU! THE PLEASURE IS ALL OURS!
DECIDING ON A SHORT WALK BEFORE RETIRING, THE PAIR ARE SHOCKED BY A STAGGERING, VIRTUALLY FACELESS HORROR ---
TORCH, HE LOOKS AS IF --- AS IF ---- GOLLY, THE POOR FELLOW CAN'T SEE-- HAS NO FACE ---
CAN WE HELP YOU ---
DON'T TOUCH HIM! HE'S ESCAPED FROM A LEPER COLONY, AND --- SAY, YOU'RE TORCH AND TORO! I WISH YOU'D KEEP THIS QUIET-- DON'T WANT TO ALARM PEOPLE ---.
WE TRIED TO HELP HIM--POOR DEVIL! GLAD YOU PICKED HIM UP BEFORE ANY OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE SAW HIM!
MINUTES LATER ---
WELL, LET'S EDIT THAT SPEECH BEFORE WE CALL IT A NIGHT!
ANYTHING TO GET MY MIND OFF THAT POOR FELLOW!


A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND.......
I BROUGHT THESE FLOWERS---I-I-HOPE YOU DON'T MIND--OH, I AM SO THRILLED AND--
WHY--WHY! TH-THANKS! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET TORO!
LATER THAT NIGHT----
GAS--MY HEAD---IT'S A PECULIAR ODOR---LIKE GERANIUMS--TORO--- HE ISN'T BREATHING!
SLOWLY, LABORIOUSLY, TORCH DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS TORO OUT OF THE ROOM----
IF WE DON'T GET SOME FRESH AIR QUICKLY, WE'LL BOTH BE DEAD! THE ODOR---IT'S SICKENING! WHY---- THAT'S LEWISITE GAS---- GERANIUMS!
AFTER REVIVING TORO, TORCH DISCOVERS THE SOURCE OF THE DEADLY FUMES---
I DON'T GET IT! THE FLOWERS THE GIRL GAVE US WERE LOADED WITH GAS! IT WASN'T ACCIDENTAL! SOMEONE TRIED TO MURDER US! WHO?
WHO? WHO ELSE BUT THAT SWEET INNOCENT-FACED GIRL! IT BEARS OUT WHAT I'VE ALWAYS SAID--GIRLS ARE POISON!
MEANWHILE----
HAW! HAW! THAT WAS A NEAT TRICK!
THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF! SHE SAID THEY WERE HER HEROES! BUT MORE IMPORTANT, TORCH AND TORO SHOULD BE DEAD NOW, KILLED IN THEIR SLEEP!
NOW WE CAN CONTINUE OUR WORK WITHOUT INTERFERENCE! TOMORROW WE WILL TAKE THE GUN ON THE PROVING GROUNDS! THE DAY AFTER--WE WILL WIPE FAIRVIEW OFF THE FACE OF THE MAP! AND AFTER THAT---


BY THE WAY, ERIC, BRING THE FACELESS ONE ON THE PROVING GROUND TOMORROW! WE'LL TRY OUR LAST EXPERIMENT ON HIM TOGETHER WITH THE DOGS---GOODNIGHT!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, TORCH AND TORO DELIVER THEIR LECTURE WHICH IS BROADCAST OVER A NATIONWIDE HOOKUP---
---WE HAVE SEEN YOUR SONS, SWEETHEARTS, BROTHERS AND FATHERS ON MANY FAR-FLUNG BATTLEFIELDS--WE HAVE TALKED TO THEM AND----
---FOUGHT THE ENEMY WITH THEM---YES, THEY ASKED US TO BRING BACK A MESSAGE TO THEIR LOVED ONES---
STARTLED BY TORCH'S RADIO VOICE, RATTER BECOMES MAD WITH RAGE...
DON'T LISTEN TO ENEMY PROPAGANDA! WORK, WORK, WORK TO GIVE YOUR MEN THE TOOLS TO FIGHT!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THAT WILL KILL THOSE FOOLS! THEY ARE MORE DANGEROUS TO OUR CAUSE NOW THAN EVER BEFORE!
ERIC! I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU! WE MUST GET RID OF THAT PAIR--NOW! WHILE THEY ARE STILL TALKING! USE THE MELTING BULLETS AS HAND GRENADES AND---
A WONDERFUL IDEA, BOSS! I'D BETTER HURRY!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER-----
YOU HAVE HEARD, TORCH--SAY, WHAT THE---
DUCK, TORO! QUICK!
FIRE! FIRE!


SUDDENLY---
I SAW THE CULPRIT STAND UP TO THROW THOSE GRENADES AT US--
HELP!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! BE SEATED! PLEASE KEEP YOUR SEATS! THERE IS NO FIRE!
PLEASE BE CALM! THERE'S A FIEND ON THE LOOSE! HE WILL ESCAPE IF YOU DO NOT COOPERATE!
ABOVE THE DIN---
TORCH! OH, TORCH! I SAW THE KILLER! HE CAME IN LATE! HE SAT NEXT TO ME! I SAW HIM THROW THOSE GRENADES!
WHAT! YOU KNOW HIM?? WHO IS HE? DESCRIBE HIM!
I CAN'T BE TOO SURE BECAUSE IT WAS DIM, BUT-- I THINK--- THE MAN WORKS ON THAT ESTATE OUTSIDE FAIRVIEW-- ALMOST SURE THEY CALL HIM ERIC---
WHAT ESTATE? WHO OWNS IT?
MINUTES LATER----
WE'RE HEADED FOR FOR THE RATTER ESTATE! SHE WASN'T POSITIVE, BUT--- THAT PLACE INTRIGUES ME!
I GOT IT, TORCH! ERIC SOUNDS LIKE THE FELLOW WHO TOOK THAT POOR GUY AWAY!


THE FLAMING SLEUTHS CIRCLE THE VAST ESTATE - - -
BY GOLLY, YOU'RE RIGHT, TORO -- THERE COULDN'T BE TWO FELLOWS WITH THE SAME PECULIAR SCARS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PLACE, TORO? THE STORY IS THAT A MULTIMILLIONAIRE BOUGHT IT ABOUT A YEAR AGO AND THAT HE PERMITS NO OUTSIDER WITHIN ITS GATES --
WONDER WHY? NOBODY'S EVER SEEN THIS BATTER! AND WHY DID ERIC TELL US FAIRVIEW HAS A LEPER COLONY ---
WHEW! SO THAT'S THE RICH RECLUSE'S HOBBY --- MAKING BULLETS! WITH THE HELP OF NAZI SOLDIERS!
AND WHAT BULLETS! MELTED THE STAGE WALL INTO NOTHING! BOY, IF ERIC'S AIM HAD BEEN BETTER!
WHILE WITHIN - - - - -
HAVE THE DOGS AND THE FACELESS ONE BROUGHT TO THE PROVING GROUNDS NOW! IF ERIC MISSED HIS AIM ---
YOU MEAN THOSE FOOLS WILL TRACK HIM HERE ---
WE MUST GET THE PERFECTED FORMULA TO BERLIN! HITLER IS WAITING! WE HAVE ENOUGH OF A SUPPLY ON HAND TO WIPE AMERICA OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
FOLLOW ME, BOY! WE'LL BLAZE RIGHT THROUGH THOSE BOILERS AND --
SUDDENLY --- OUT OF THE SHADOWS - - - -
YOU'RE TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY!
HEY!


AS THE BULLY SWINGS OUT, THE NOW FLAMING TORCH SIDESTEPS THE BLOW!
SMART, AREN'T YOU? BUT YOUR FANCY FLAMES WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE----
THEY GOT ME HERE--
GUARDS ATTRACTED BY THE NOISY SCUFFLE, COME RUNNING---
THE RATS ARE COMING OUT OF THEIR TRAPS! HERE'S SOME CHEESE FOR YOU---
GANG UP ON HIM, MEN! DON'T LET HIS FLAME SCARE YOU---
TORCH'S FIRE-BALLS SEND THE DEMONS REELING---
WE'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!
I'LL DIE BEFORE I BETRAY OUR MASTER!
WORD OF TORCH AND TORO'S ARRIVAL REACHES RATTER----
THEY'LL NEVER FIND US! WE'LL CARRY ON IN THE ASBESTOS WALLED UNDERGROUND PASSAGE---
WE CAN WIPE FAIRVIEW OFF THE MAP BY THE TIME THOSE FOOLS WAKE UP TO THE FACT THEY HAVE BEEN OUTWITTED!
IT WILL TAKE THE GLOW-WORMS A LIFE-TIME TO DISCOVER OUR CLEVERLY CONCEALED TUNNELS!
THANKS TO YOUR GENIUS, HERR RATTER, WE, THE MASTER RACE, WILL EMERGE THE VICTORS--
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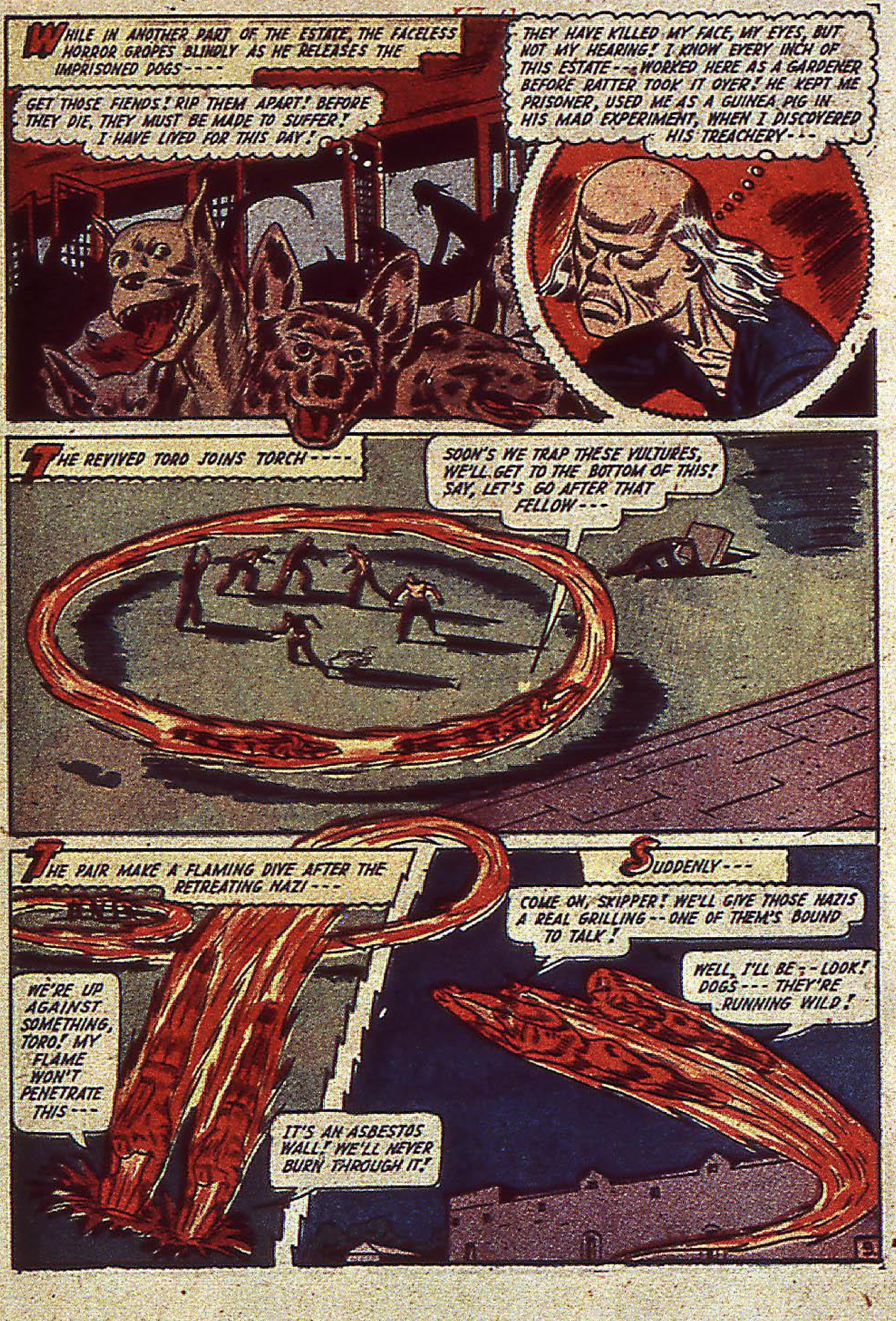
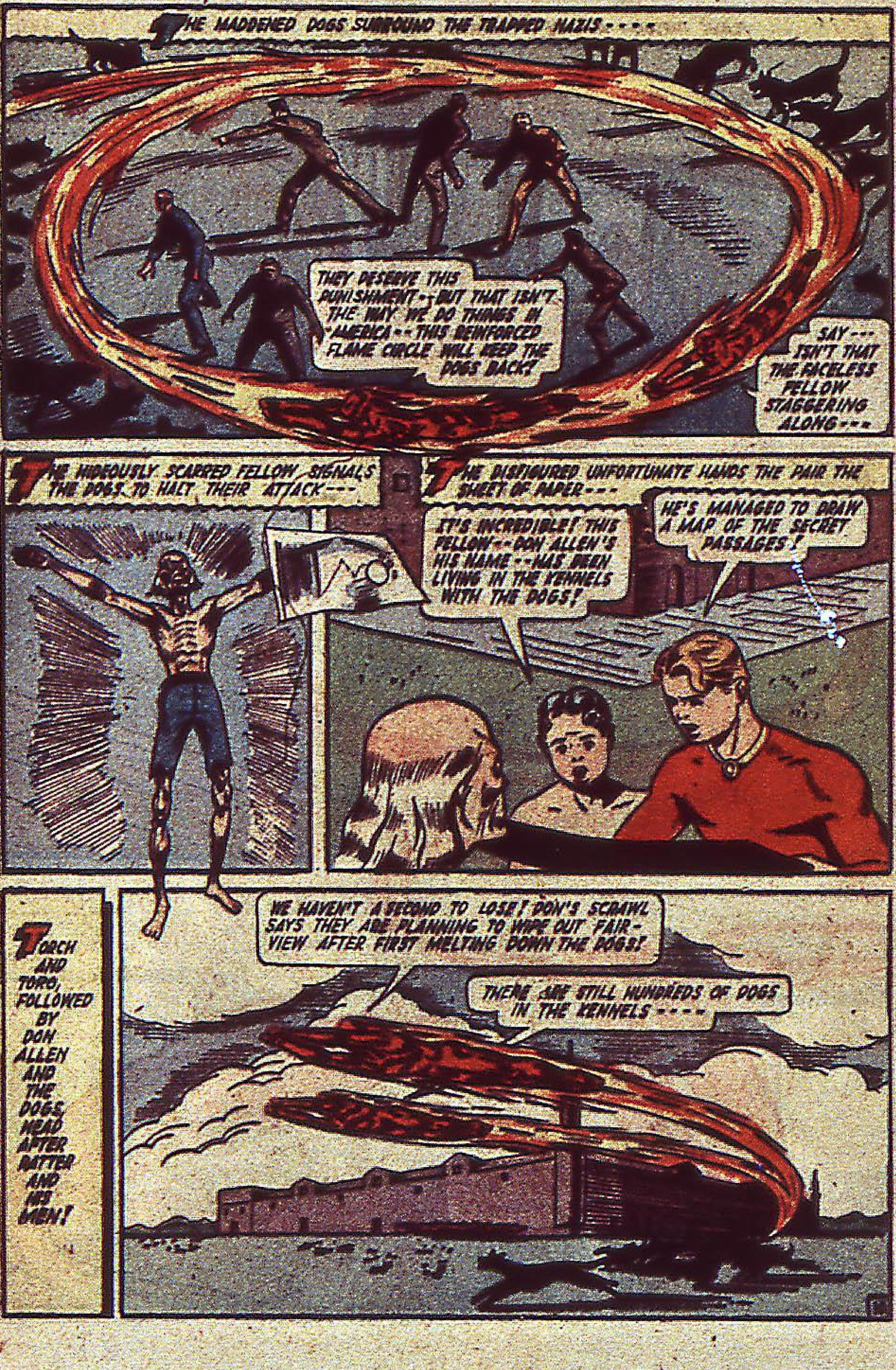
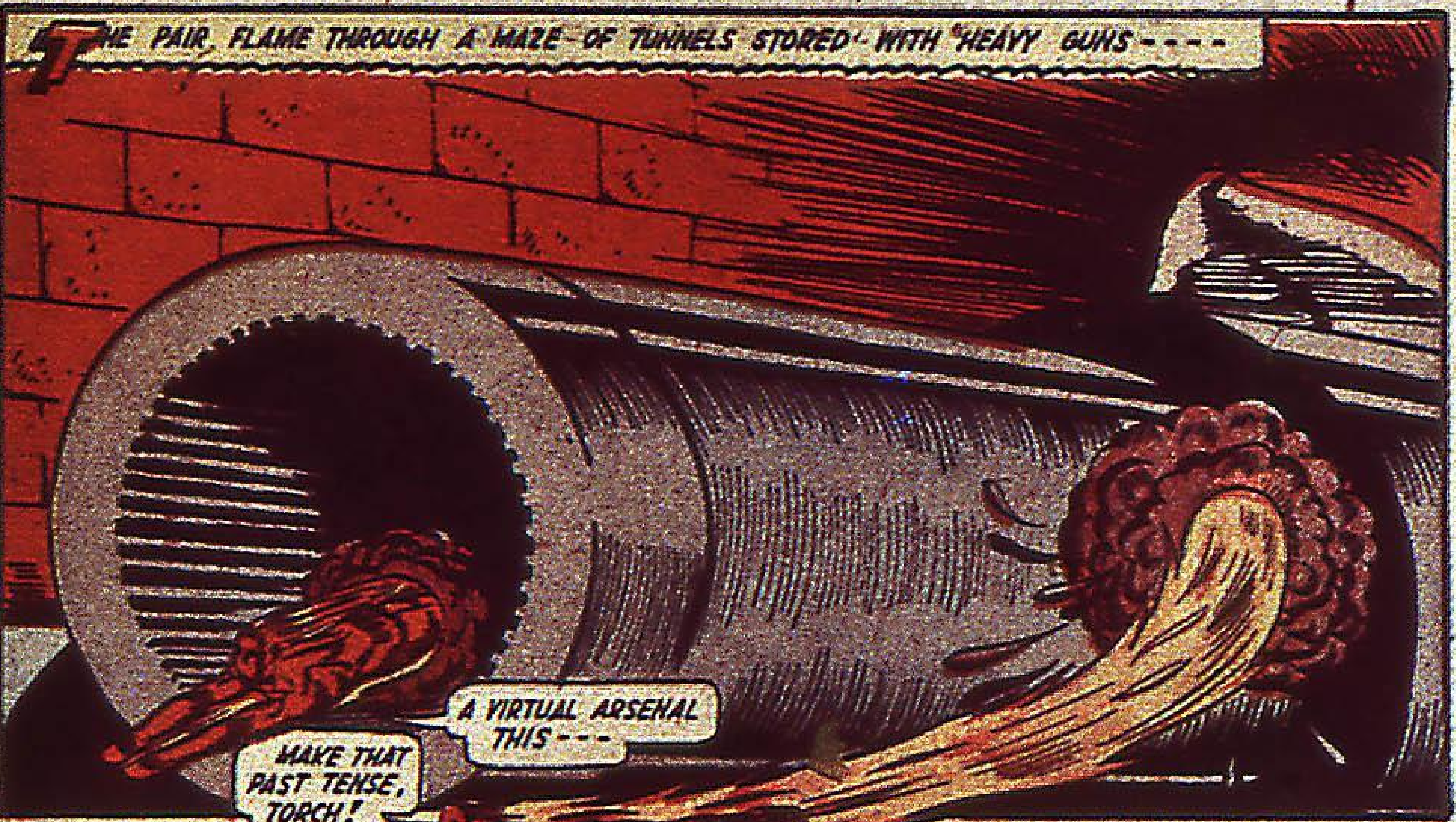
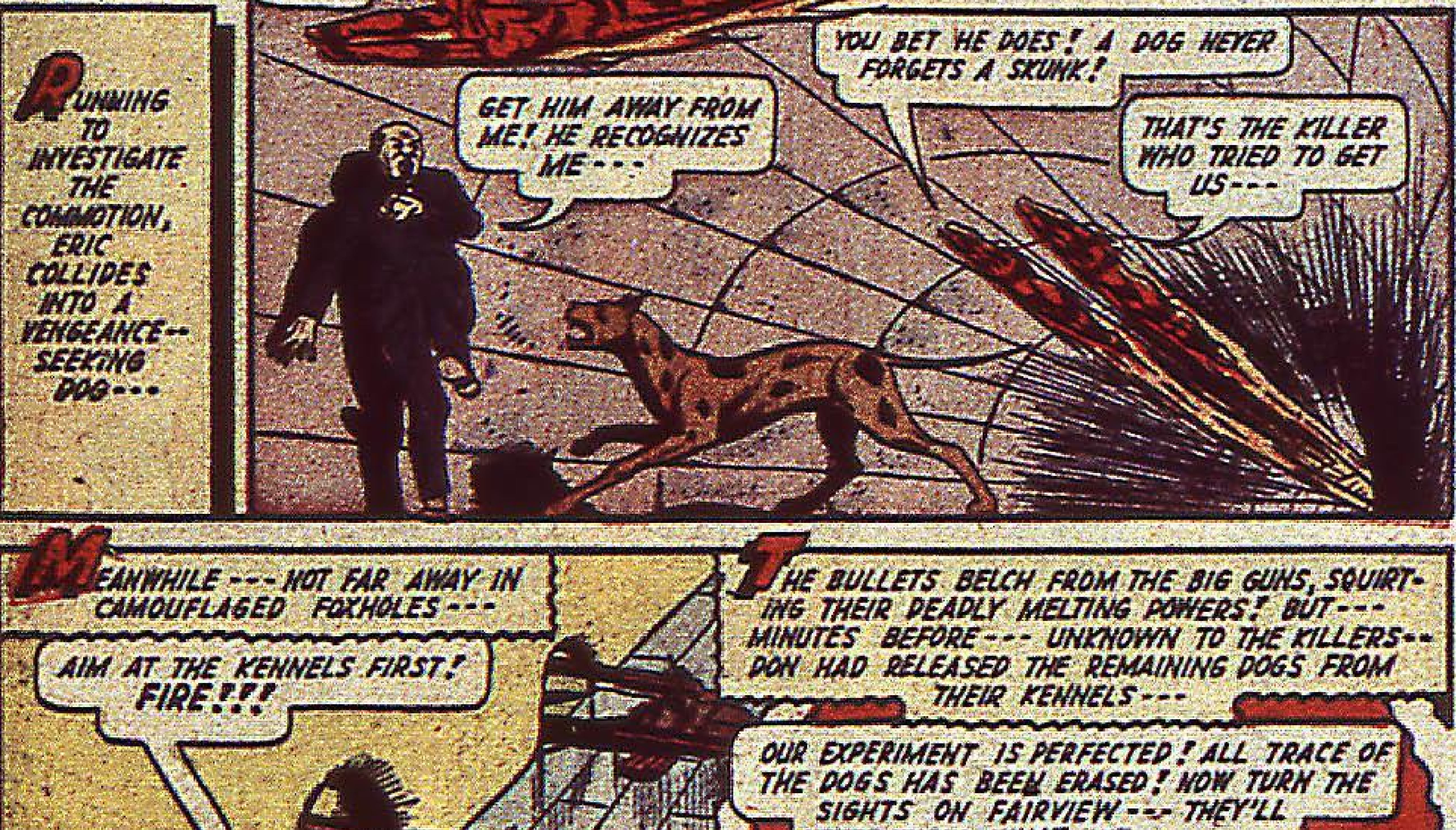
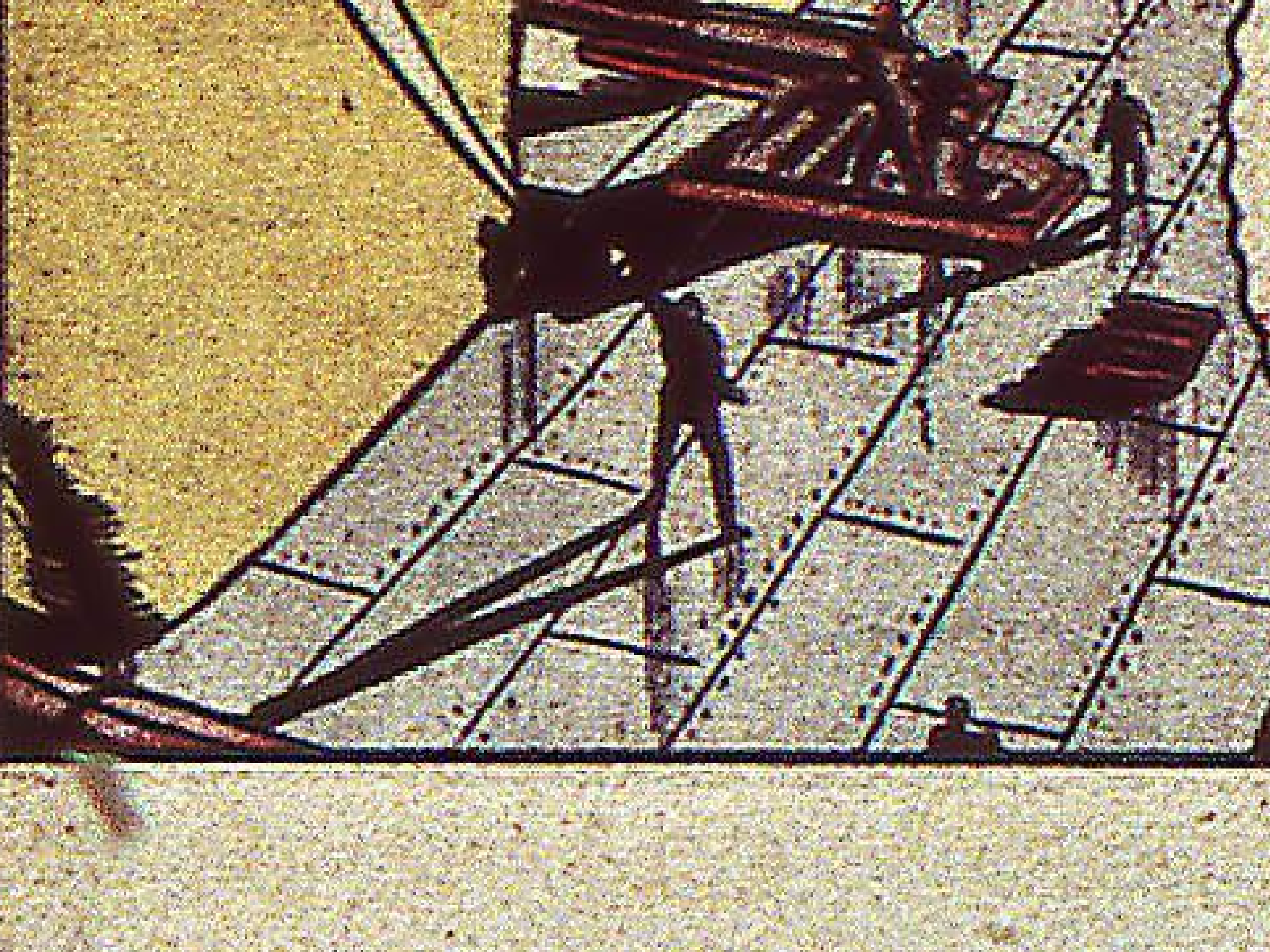
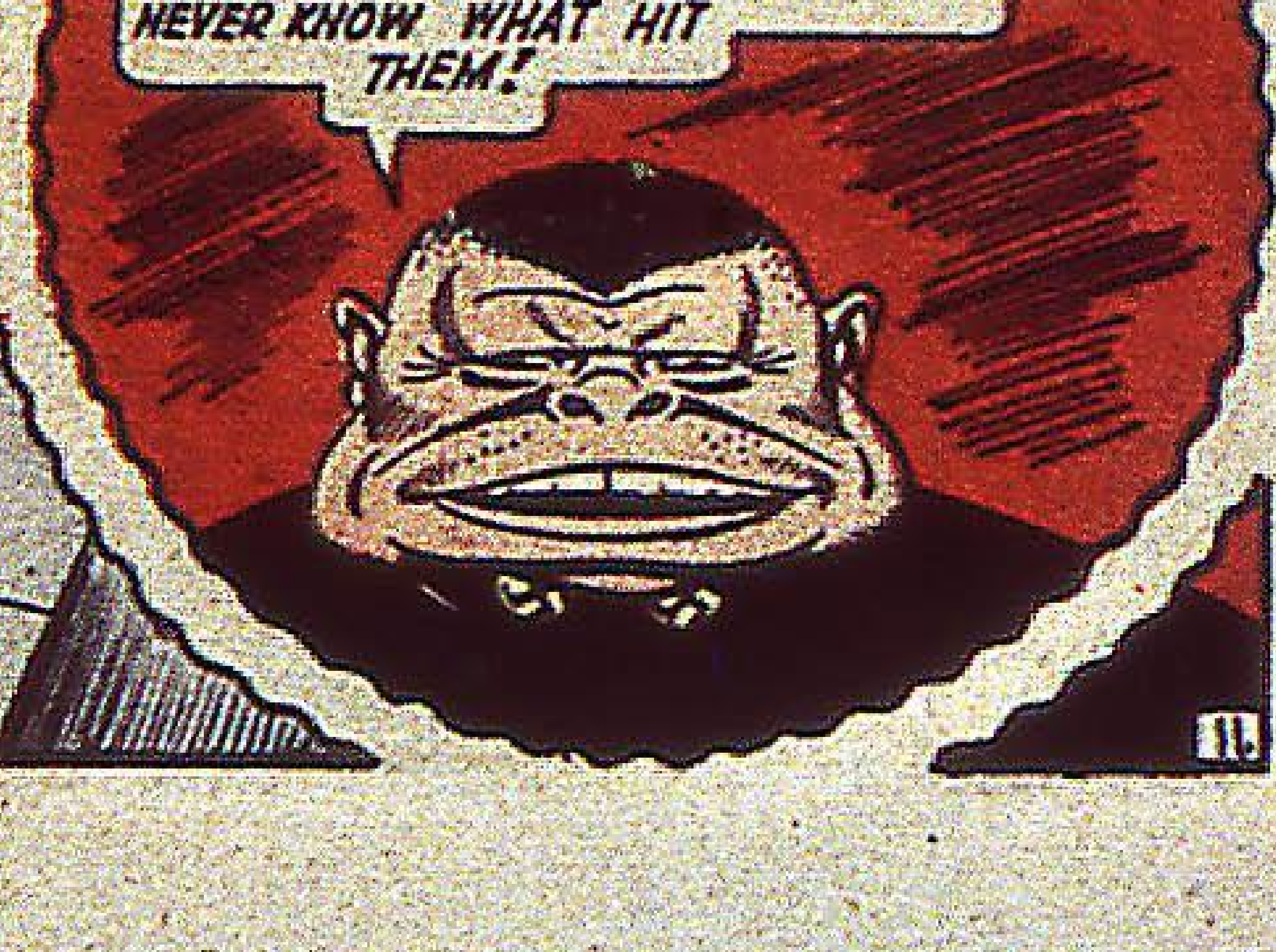

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ESTATE, THE FACELESS HORROR GROPES BLINDLY AS HE RELEASES THE IMPRISONED DOGS---
GET THOSE FIENDS! RIP THEM APART! BEFORE THEY DIE, THEY MUST BE MADE TO SUFFER! I HAVE LIVED FOR THIS DAY!
THEY HAVE KILLED MY FACE, MY EYES, BUT NOT MY HEARING! I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS ESTATE---WORKED HERE AS A GARDENER BEFORE RATTER TOOK IT OVER! HE KEPT ME PRISONER, USED ME AS A GUINEA PIG IN HIS MAD EXPERIMENT, WHEN I DISCOVERED HIS TREACHERY---
THE REVIVED TORO JOINS TORCH---
SOON'S WE TRAP THESE VULTURES, WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! SAY, LET'S GO AFTER THAT FELLOW---
THE PAIR MAKE A FLAMING DIVE AFTER THE RETREATING NAZI---
WE'RE UP AGAINST SOMETHING, TORO! MY FLAME WON'T PENETRATE THIS---
IT'S AN ASBESTOS WALL! WE'LL NEVER BURN THROUGH IT!
SUDDENLY---
COME ON, SKIPPER! WE'LL GIVE THOSE NAZIS A REAL GRILLING--ONE OF THEM'S BOUND TO TALK!
WELL, I'LL BE--LOOK! DOGS--- THEY'RE RUNNING WILD!

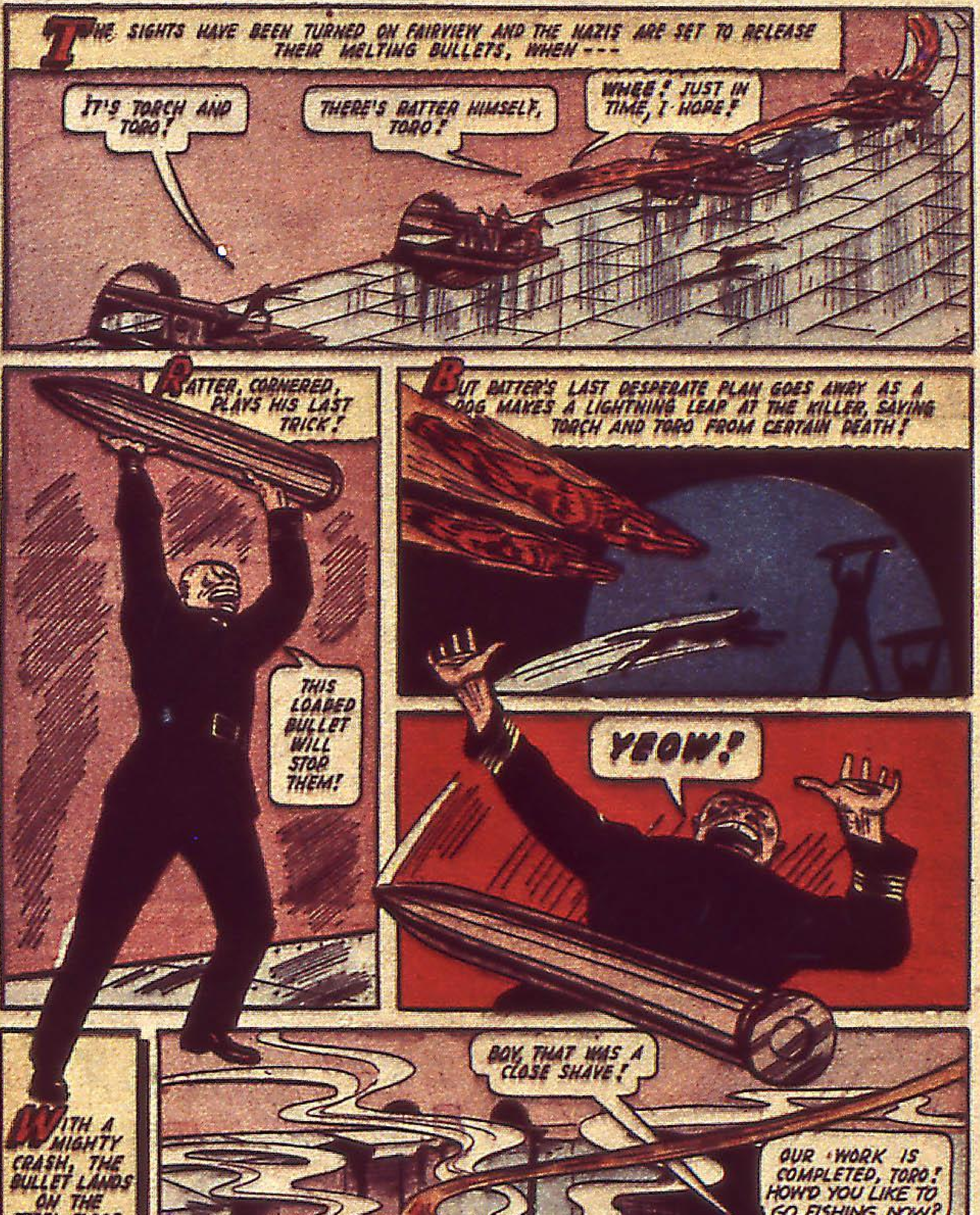

THE MADDENED DOGS SURROUND THE TRAPPED NAZIS---
THEY DESERVE THIS PUNISHMENT--BUT THAT ISN'T THE WAY WE DO THINGS IN AMERICA--THIS REINFORCED FLAME CIRCLE WILL KEEP THE DOGS BACK!
SAY--- ISN'T THAT THE FACELESS FELLOW STAGGERING ALONG---
THE HIDEOUSLY SCARRED FELLOW SIGNALS THE DOGS TO HALT THEIR ATTACK---
THE DISFIGURED UNFORTUNATE HANDS THE PAIR THE SHEET OF PAPER---
IT'S INCREDIBLE! THIS FELLOW--DON ALLEN'S HIS NAME--HAS BEEN LIVING IN THE KENNELS WITH THE DOGS!
HE'S MANAGED TO DRAW A MAP OF THE SECRET PASSAGES!
TORCH AND TORO, FOLLOWED BY DON ALLEN AND THE DOGS, HEAD AFTER RATTER AND HIS MEN!
WE HAVEN'T A SECOND TO LOSE! DON'S SCRAWL SAYS THEY ARE PLANNING TO WIPE OUT FAIRVIEW AFTER FIRST MELTING DOWN THE DOGS!
THERE ARE STILL HUNDREDS OF DOGS IN THE KENNELS---

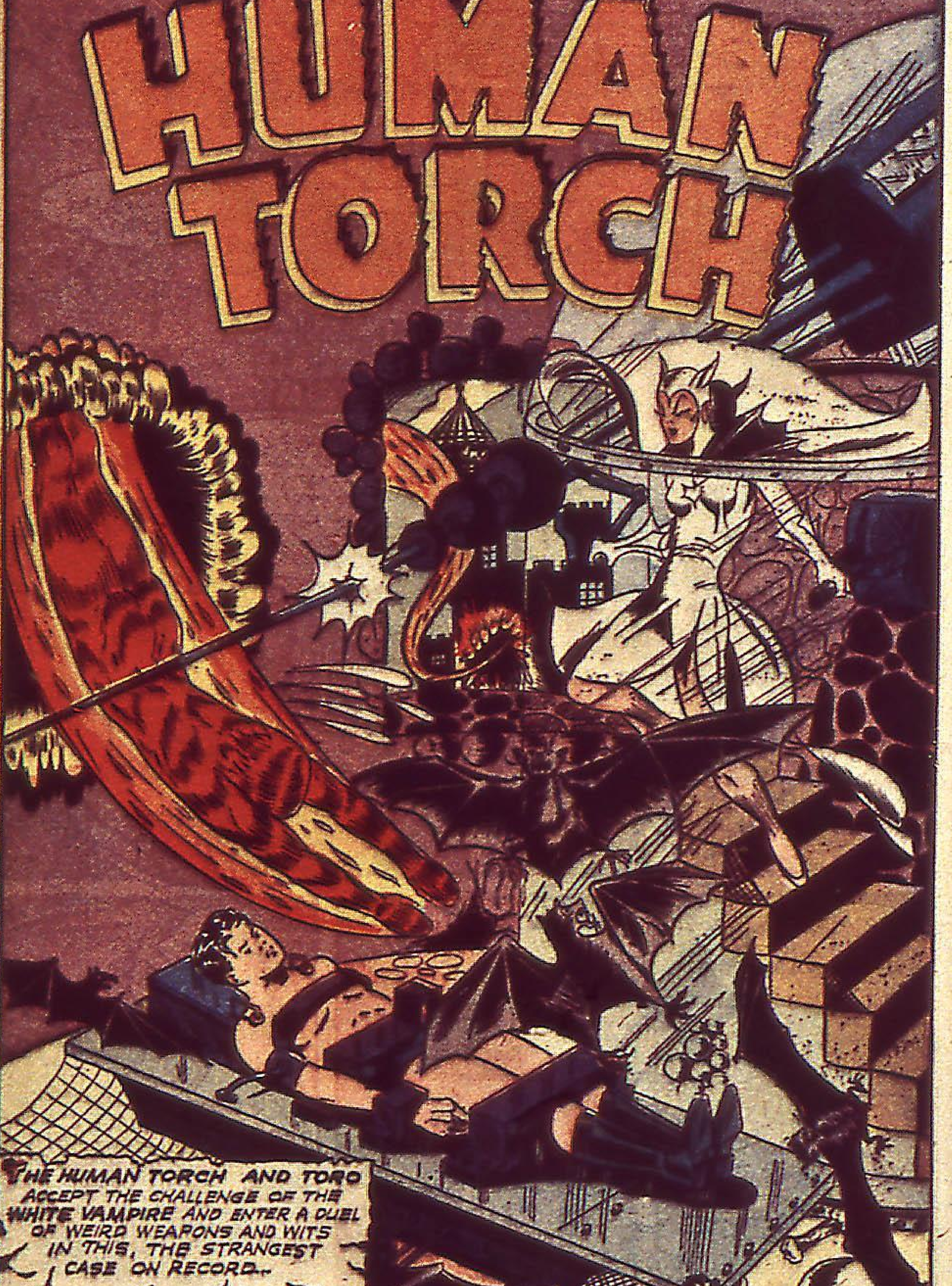

THE PAIR FLAME THROUGH A MAZE OF TUNNELS STORED WITH HEAVY GUNS---
A VIRTUAL ARSENAL THIS---
MAKE THAT PAST TENSE, TORCH!

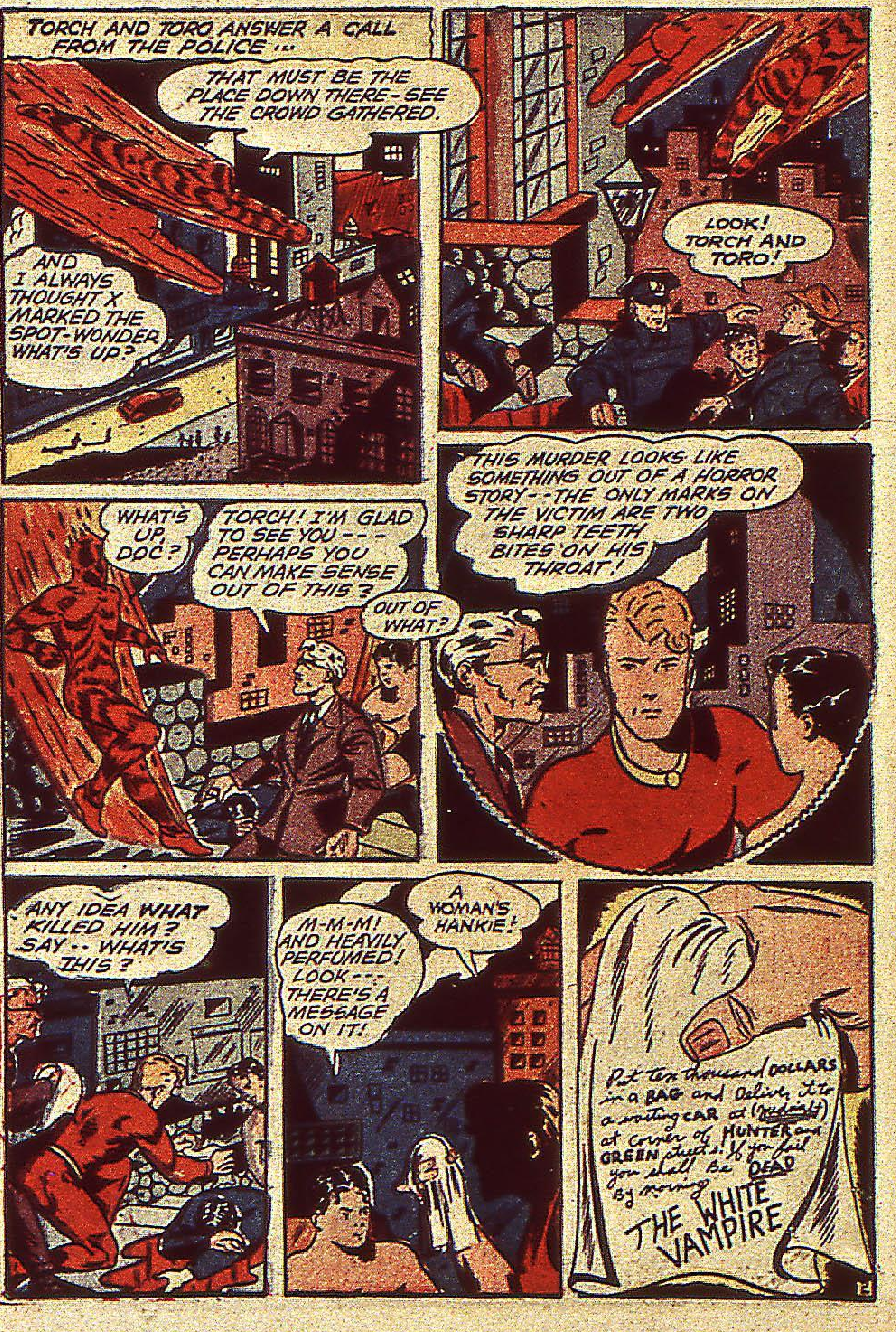

RUNNING TO INVESTIGATE THE COMMOTION, ERIC COLLIDES INTO A VENGEANCE-SEEKING DOG---
GET HIM AWAY FROM ME! HE RECOGNIZES ME---
YOU BET HE DOES! A DOG NEVER FORGETS A SKUNK!
THAT'S THE KILLER WHO TRIED TO GET US---

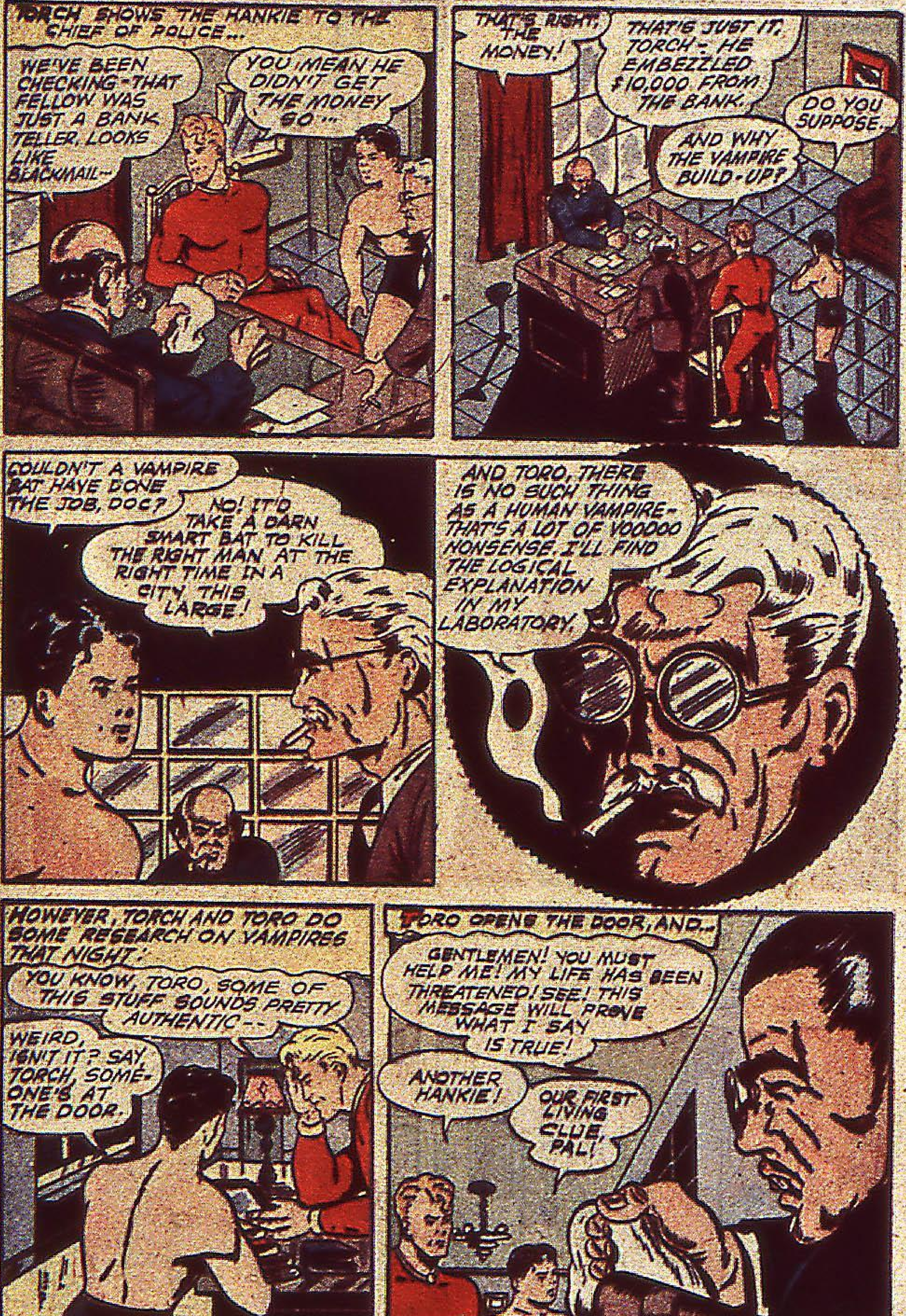

MEANWHILE---NOT FAR AWAY IN CAMOUFLAGED FOXHOLES---
AIM AT THE KENNELS FIRST! FIRE!!!

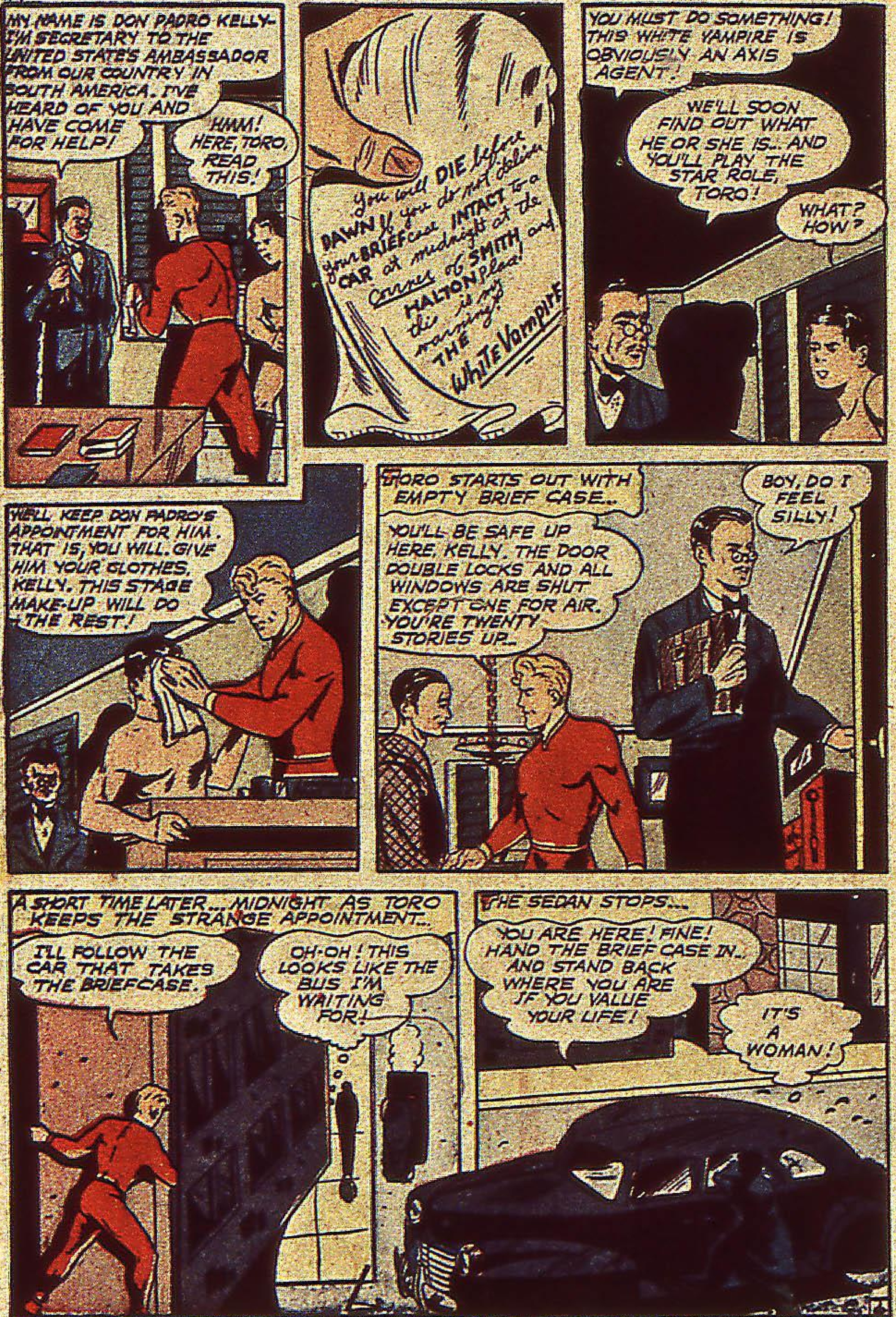

THE BULLETS BELCH FROM THE BIG GUNS, SQUIRTING THEIR DEADLY MELTING POWERS! BUT---MINUTES BEFORE---UNKNOWN TO THE KILLERS--DON HAD RELEASED THE REMAINING DOGS FROM THEIR KENNELS---
OUR EXPERIMENT IS PERFECTED! ALL TRACE OF THE DOGS HAS BEEN ERASED! NOW TURN THE SIGHTS ON FAIRVIEW---THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!

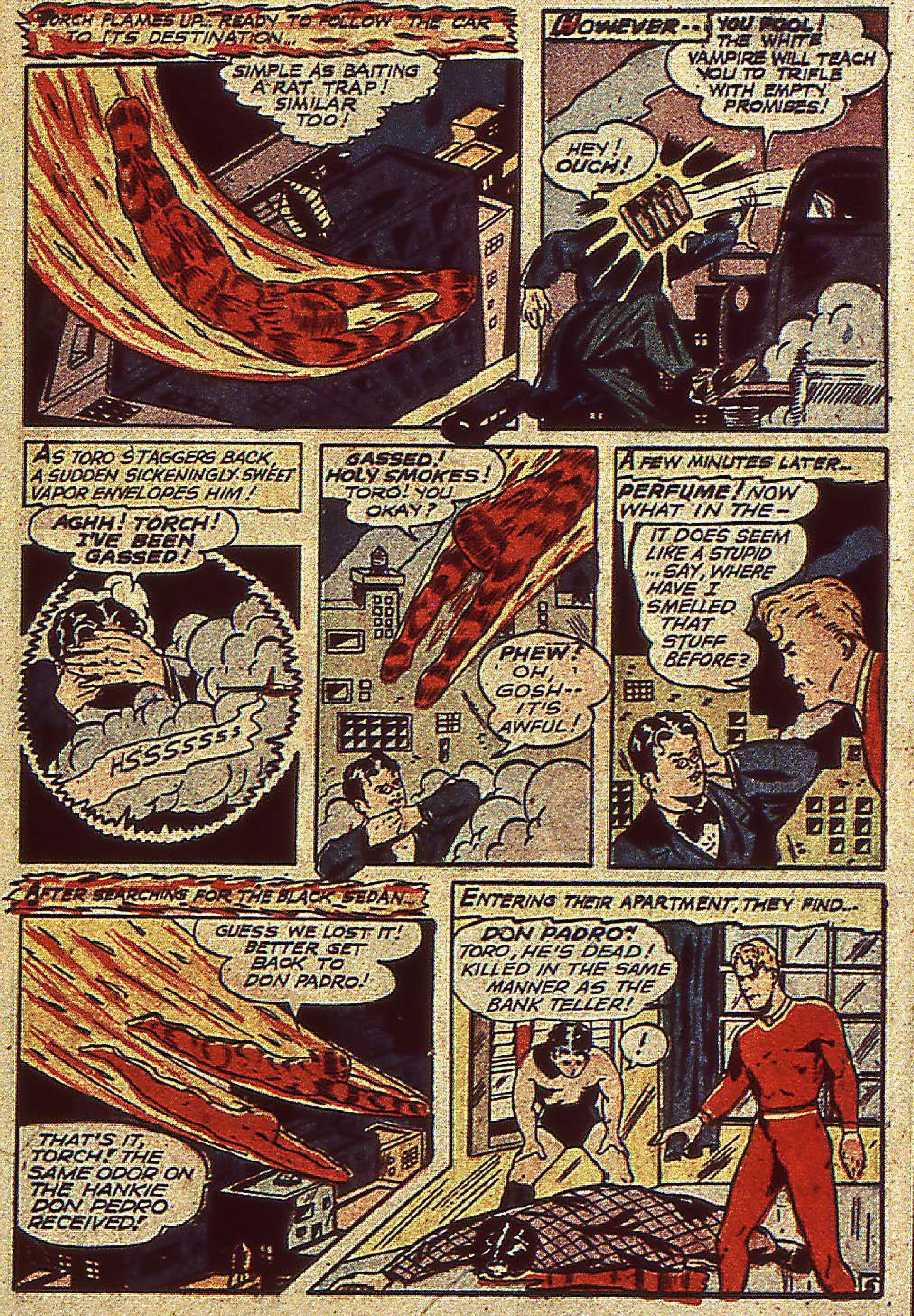

THE SIGHTS HAVE BEEN TURNED ON FAIRVIEW AND THE NAZIS ARE SET TO RELEASE THEIR MELTING BULLETS, WHEN---
IT'S TORCH AND TORO!
THERE'S RATTER HIMSELF, TORO!
WHEE! JUST IN TIME, I HOPE!
RATTER, CORNERED, PLAYS HIS LAST TRICK!
THIS LOADED BULLET WILL STOP THEM!
BUT RATTER'S LAST DESPERATE PLAN GOES AWRY AS A DOG MAKES A LIGHTNING LEAP AT THE KILLER, SAVING TORCH AND TORO FROM CERTAIN DEATH!
YEOW!
WITH A MIGHTY CRASH, THE BULLET LANDS ON THE STEEL FLOOR LEAVING A HUGE BOTTOMLESS PIT AND DESTROYING RATTER AND HIS MEN!
BOY, THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!
OUR WORK IS COMPLETED, TORO! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO FISHING, NOW?
THE END

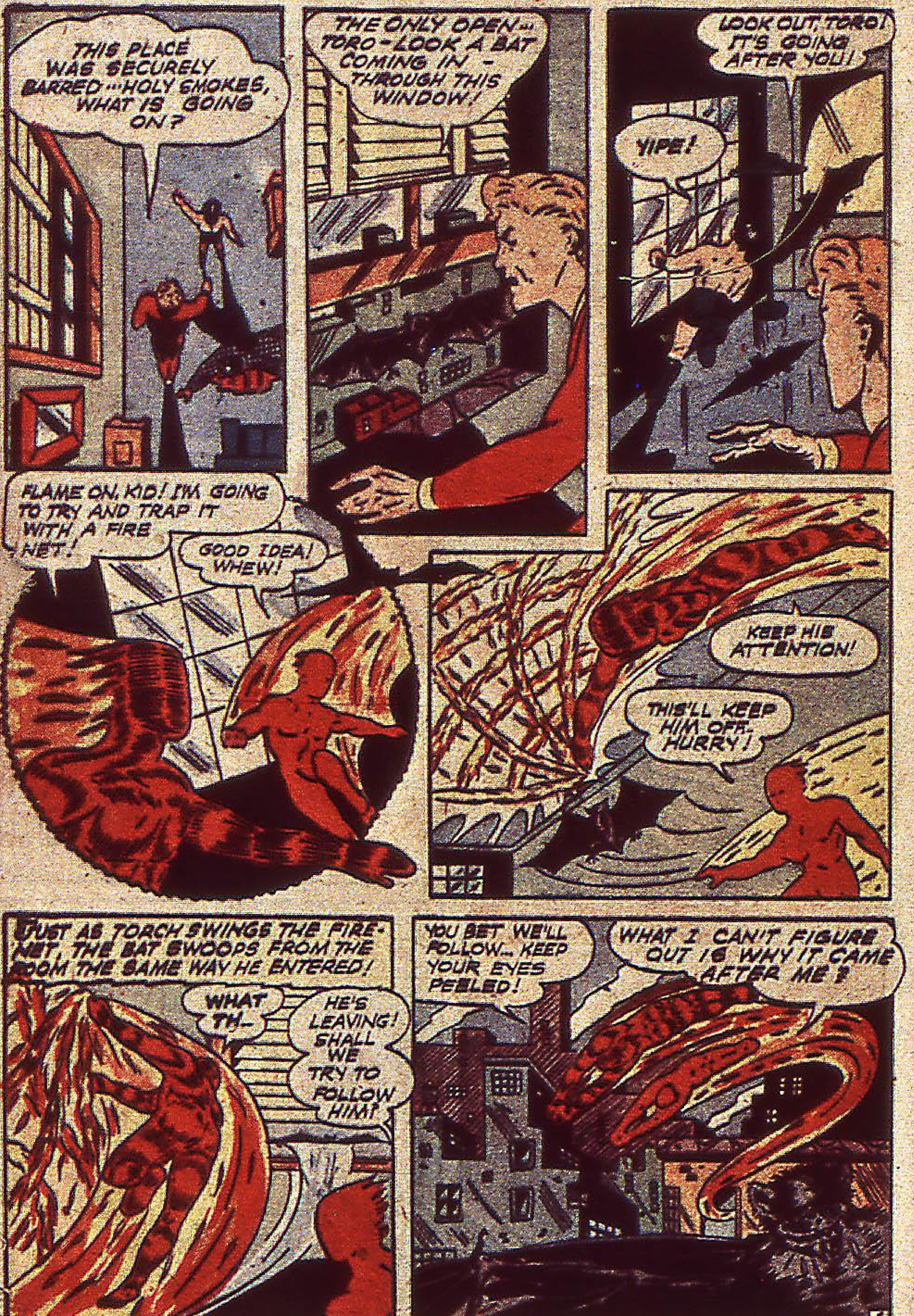

HUMAN TORCH
THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE OF THE WHITE VAMPIRE AND ENTER A DUEL OF WEIRD WEAPONS AND WITS IN THIS, THE STRANGEST CASE ON RECORD..
"WINGS OF DEATH"

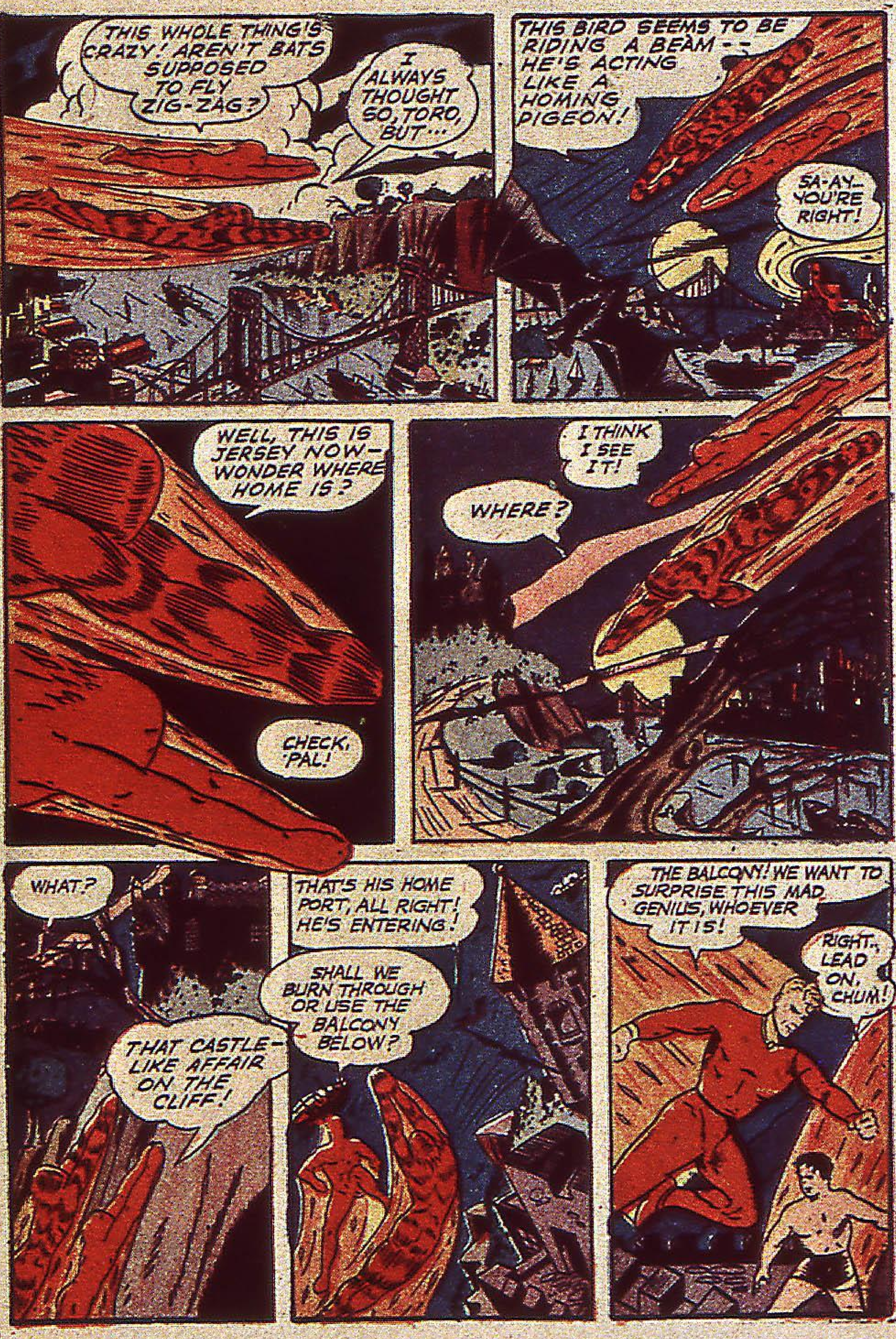

TORCH AND TORO ANSWER A CALL FROM THE POLICE...
THAT MUST BE THE PLACE DOWN THERE - SEE THE CROWD GATHERED.
AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT X MARKED THE SPOT- WONDER WHAT'S UP?
LOOK! TORCH AND TORO!
WHAT'S UP, DOC?
TORCH! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU - - - PERHAPS YOU CAN MAKE SENSE OUT OF THIS ?
OUT OF WHAT?
THIS MURDER LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A HORROR STORY - - THE ONLY MARKS ON THE VICTIM ARE TWO SHARP TEETH BITES ON HIS THROAT!
ANY IDEA WHAT KILLED HIM? SAY -- WHAT'S THIS ?
A WOMAN'S HANKIE!
M-M-M! AND HEAVILY PERFUMED! LOOK - - - THERE'S A MESSAGE ON IT!
Put ten thousand DOLLARS in a BAG and Deliver it to a waiting CAR at (midnight) at corner of HUNTER and GREEN streets! If you fail you shall be DEAD by morning
THE WHITE VAMPIRE

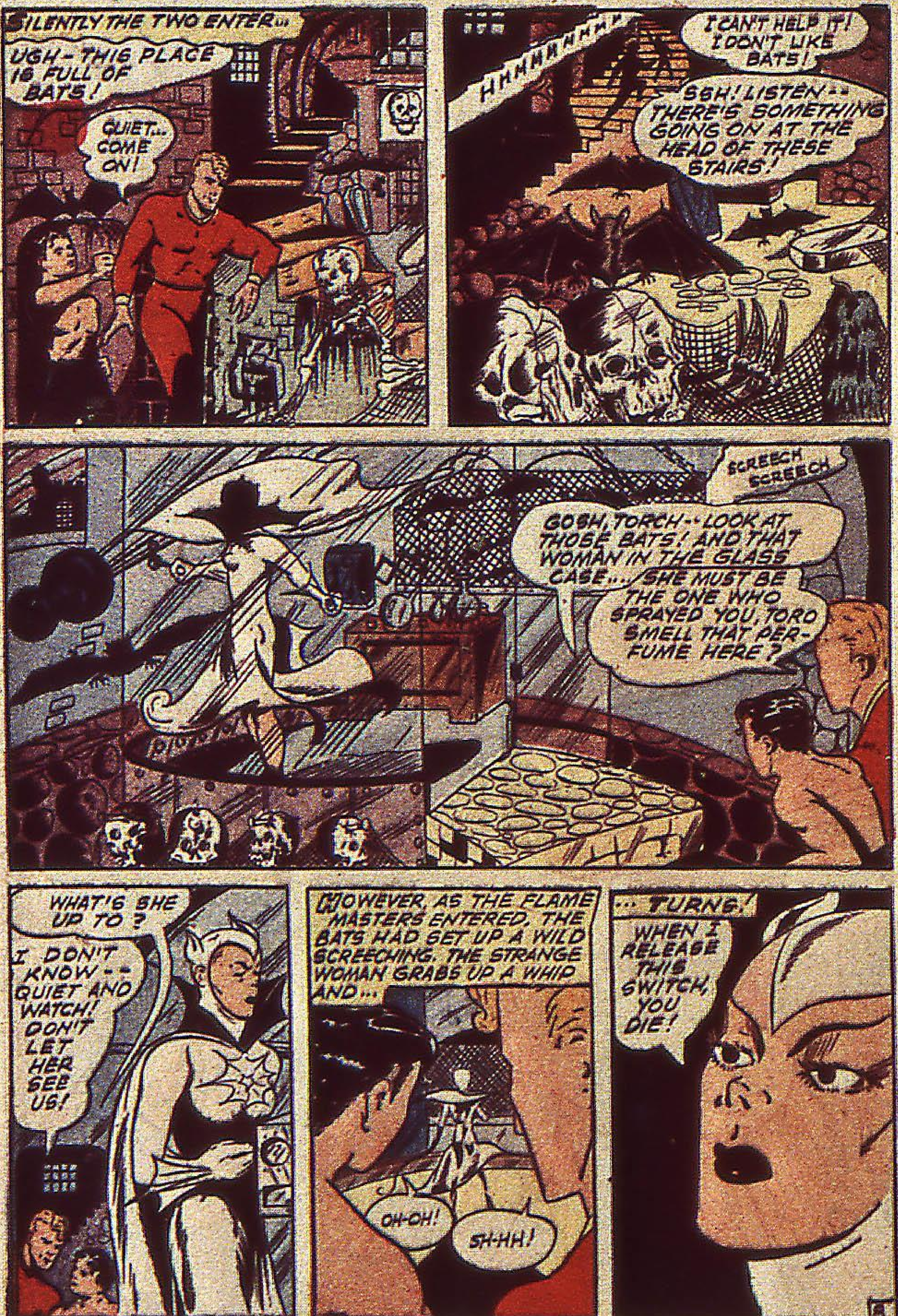

TORCH SHOWS THE HANKIE TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE...
WE'VE BEEN CHECKING—THAT FELLOW WAS JUST A BANK TELLER. LOOKS LIKE BLACKMAIL--
YOU MEAN HE DIDN'T GET THE MONEY SO...
THAT'S RIGHT, THE MONEY!
THAT'S JUST IT, TORCH—HE EMBEZZLED $10,000 FROM THE BANK.
DO YOU SUPPOSE...
AND WHY THE VAMPIRE BUILD-UP?
COULDN'T A VAMPIRE BAT HAVE DONE THE JOB, DOC?
NO! IT'D TAKE A DARN SMART BAT TO KILL THE RIGHT MAN AT THE RIGHT TIME IN A CITY THIS LARGE!
AND TORO, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A HUMAN VAMPIRE—THAT'S A LOT OF VOODOO NONSENSE. I'LL FIND THE LOGICAL EXPLANATION IN MY LABORATORY.
HOWEVER, TORCH AND TORO DO SOME RESEARCH ON VAMPIRES THAT NIGHT:
YOU KNOW, TORO, SOME OF THIS STUFF SOUNDS PRETTY AUTHENTIC--
WEIRD, ISN'T IT? SAY, TORCH, SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR.
TORO OPENS THE DOOR, AND...
GENTLEMEN! YOU MUST HELP ME! MY LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED! SEE! THIS MESSAGE WILL PROVE WHAT I SAY IS TRUE!
ANOTHER HANKIE!
OUR FIRST LIVING CLUE, PAL!

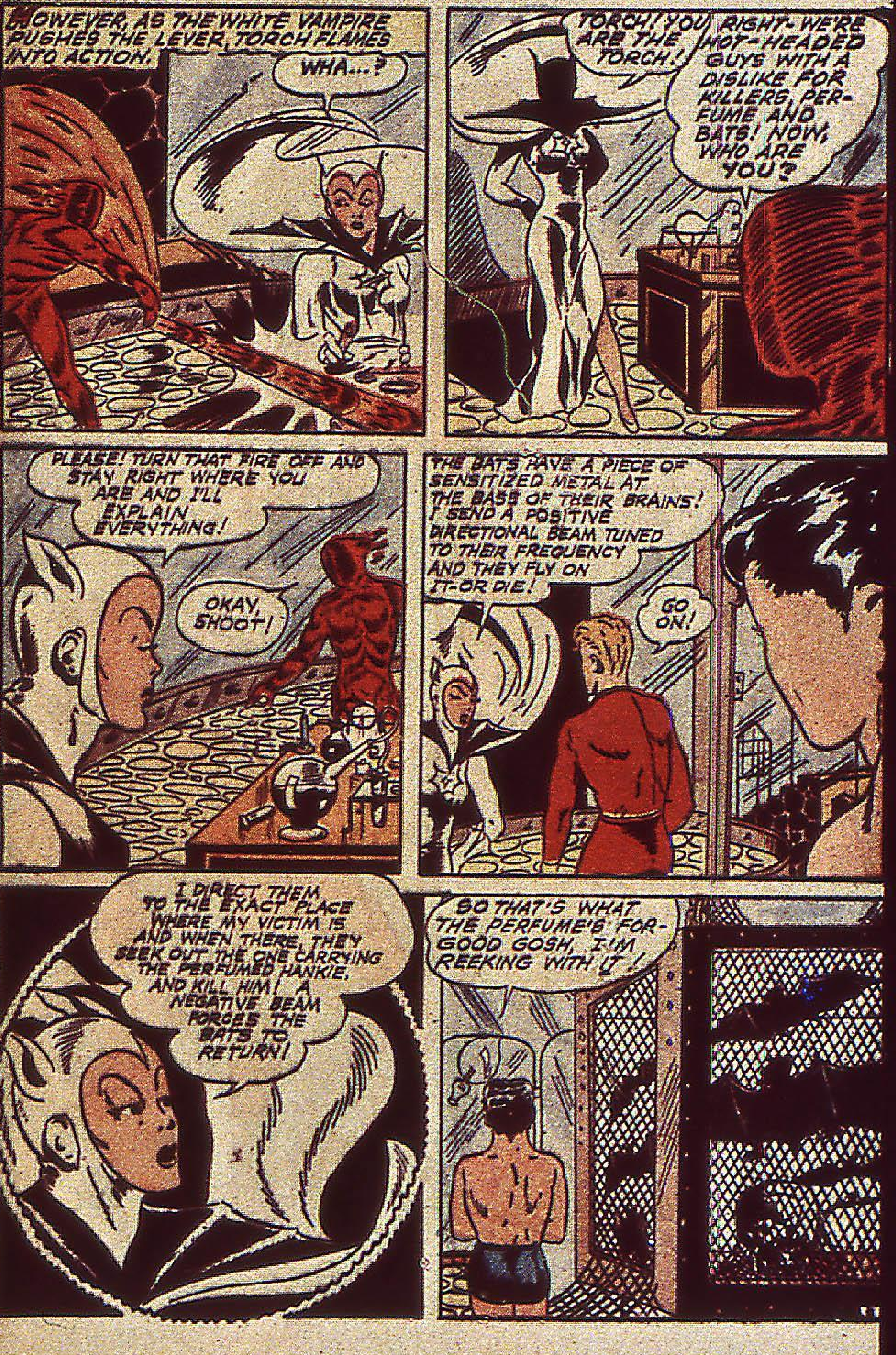

MY NAME IS DON PADRO KELLY- I'M SECRETARY TO THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR FROM OUR COUNTRY IN SOUTH AMERICA. I'VE HEARD OF YOU AND HAVE COME FOR HELP!
HMM! HERE, TORO, READ THIS!
You will DIE before DAWN if you do not deliv your BRIEFcase INTACT to a CAR at midnight at the corner of SMITH and HALTON place! this is my warning! THE White Vampire
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING! THIS WHITE VAMPIRE IS OBVIOUSLY AN AXIS AGENT!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT HE OR SHE IS.. AND YOU'LL PLAY THE STAR ROLE, TORO!
WHAT? HOW?
WE'LL KEEP DON PADRO'S APPOINTMENT FOR HIM. THAT IS, YOU WILL. GIVE HIM YOUR CLOTHES, KELLY. THIS STAGE MAKE-UP WILL DO THE REST!
TORO STARTS OUT WITH EMPTY BRIEF CASE..
YOU'LL BE SAFE UP HERE, KELLY. THE DOOR DOUBLE LOCKS AND ALL WINDOWS ARE SHUT EXCEPT ONE FOR AIR. YOU'RE TWENTY STORIES UP..
BOY, DO I FEEL SILLY!
A SHORT TIME LATER... MIDNIGHT AS TORO KEEPS THE STRANGE APPOINTMENT..
I'LL FOLLOW THE CAR THAT TAKES THE BRIEFCASE.
OH-OH! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BUS I'M WAITING FOR!
THE SEDAN STOPS...
YOU ARE HERE! FINE! HAND THE BRIEF CASE IN.. AND STAND BACK WHERE YOU ARE IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!
IT'S A WOMAN!

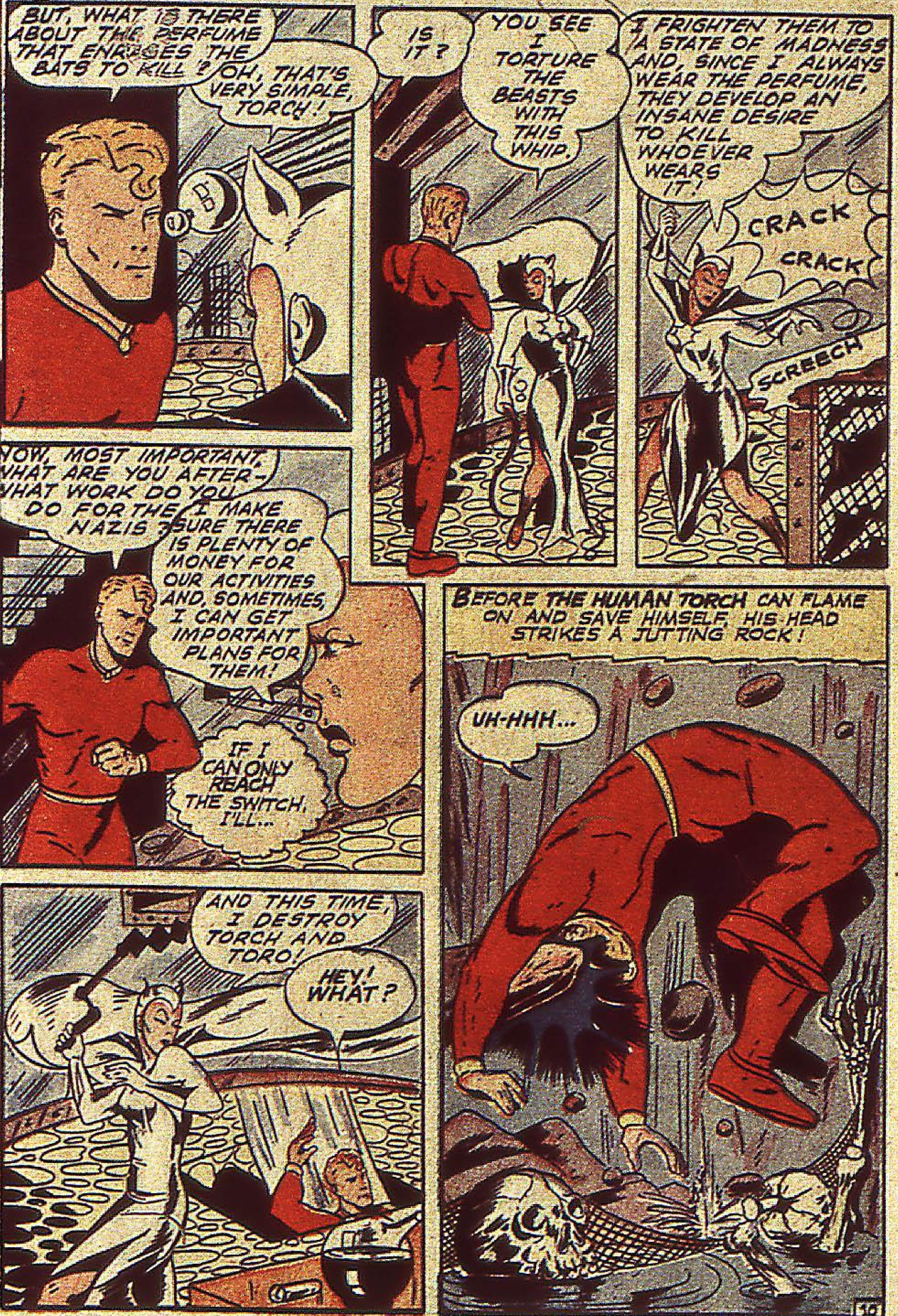

TORCH FLAMES UP.. READY TO FOLLOW THE CAR TO ITS DESTINATION..
SIMPLE AS BAITING A RAT TRAP! SIMILAR TOO!
HOWEVER--
YOU FOOL! THE WHITE VAMPIRE WILL TEACH YOU TO TRIFLE WITH EMPTY PROMISES!
HEY! OUCH!
AS TORO STAGGERS BACK, A SUDDEN SICKENINGLY SWEET VAPOR ENVELOPES HIM!
AGHH! TORCH! I'VE BEEN GASSED!
HSSSSSSS
GASSED! HOLY SMOKES! TORO! YOU OKAY?
PHEW! OH, GOSH-- IT'S AWFUL!
A FEW MINUTES LATER..
PERFUME! NOW WHAT IN THE-
IT DOES SEEM LIKE A STUPID ...SAY, WHERE HAVE I SMELLED THAT STUFF BEFORE?
AFTER SEARCHING FOR THE BLACK SEDAN..
GUESS WE LOST IT! BETTER GET BACK TO DON PADRO!
THAT'S IT, TORCH! THE SAME ODOR ON THE HANKIE DON PEDRO RECEIVED!
ENTERING THEIR APARTMENT, THEY FIND..
DON PADRO!! TORO, HE'S DEAD! KILLED IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE BANK TELLER!
!

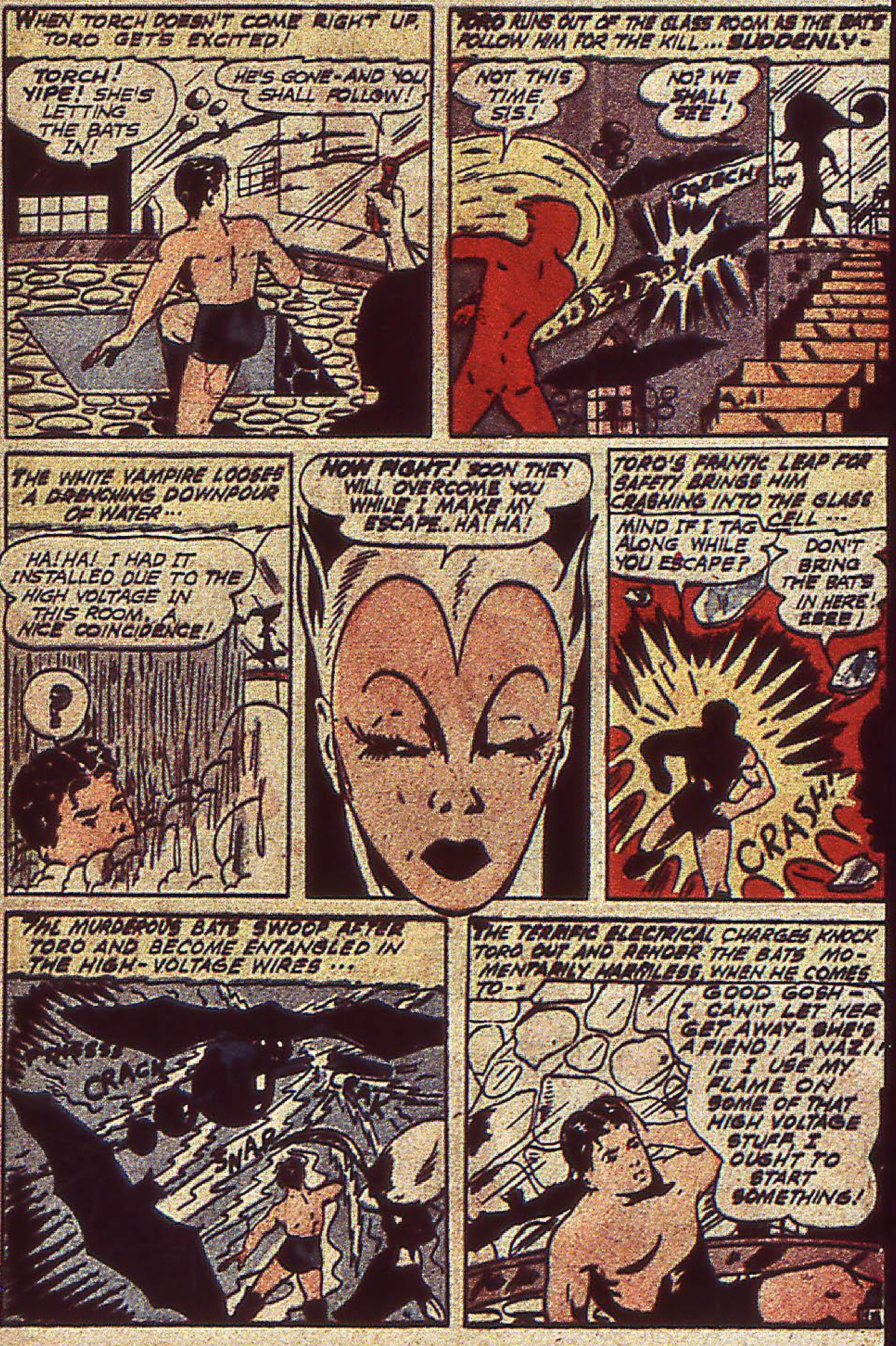

THIS PLACE WAS SECURELY BARRED...HOLY SMOKES, WHAT IS GOING ON?
THE ONLY OPEN... TORO-LOOK A BAT COMING IN - THROUGH THIS WINDOW!
LOOK OUT, TORO! IT'S GOING AFTER YOU!
YIPE!
FLAME ON, KID! I'M GOING TO TRY AND TRAP IT WITH A FIRE NET!
GOOD IDEA! WHEW!
KEEP HIS ATTENTION!
THIS'LL KEEP HIM OFF. HURRY!
JUST AS TORCH SWINGS THE FIRE-NET, THE BAT SWOOPS FROM THE ROOM THE SAME WAY HE ENTERED!
WHAT TH-
HE'S LEAVING! SHALL WE TRY TO FOLLOW HIM?
YOU BET WE'LL FOLLOW... KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED!
WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS WHY IT CAME AFTER ME?

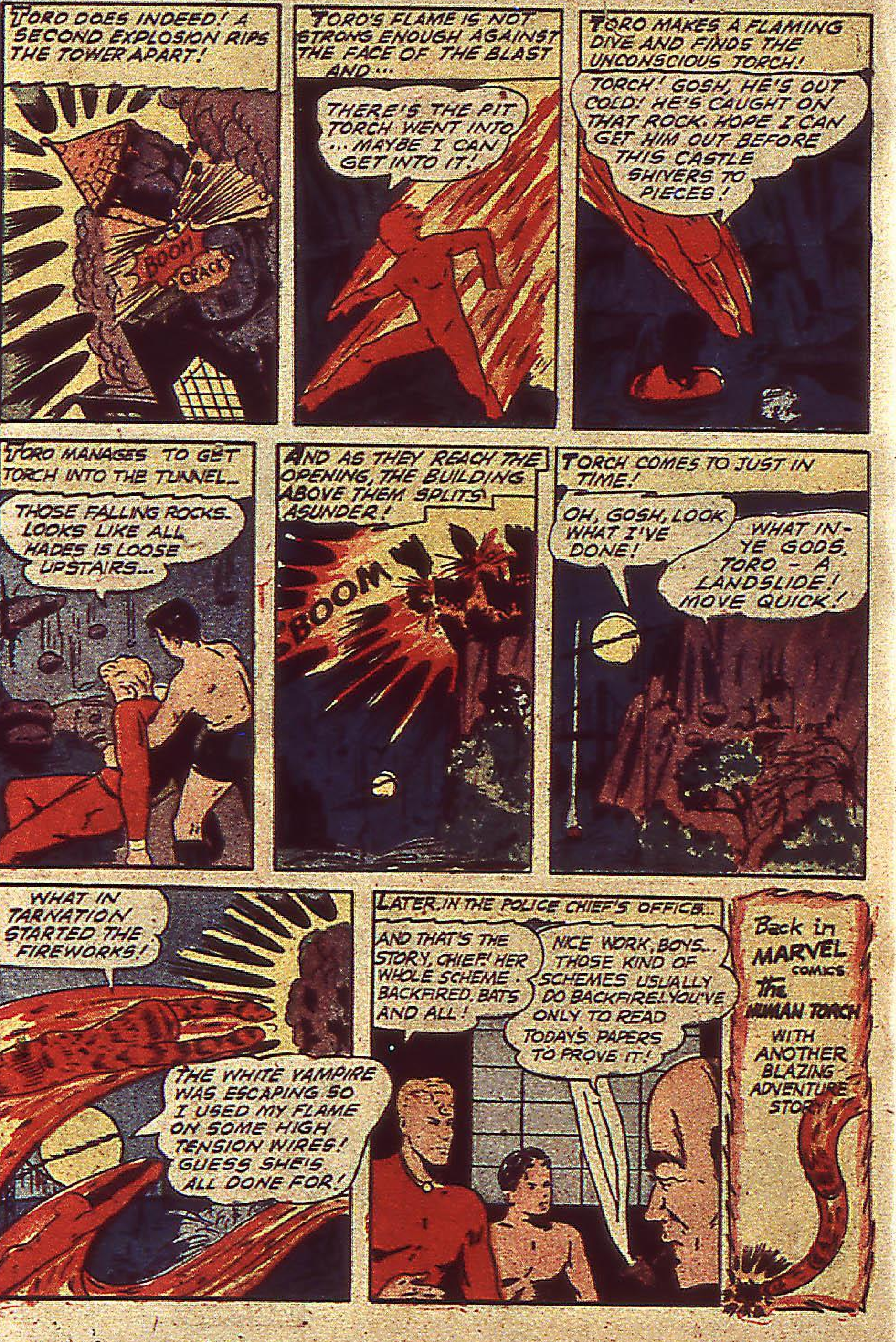

THIS WHOLE THING'S CRAZY! AREN'T BATS SUPPOSED TO FLY ZIG-ZAG?
I ALWAYS THOUGHT SO, TORO, BUT...
THIS BIRD SEEMS TO BE RIDING A BEAM -- HE'S ACTING LIKE A HOMING PIGEON!
SA-AY-- YOU'RE RIGHT!
WELL, THIS IS JERSEY NOW-- WONDER WHERE HOME IS?
CHECK, PAL!
I THINK I SEE IT!
WHERE?
WHAT?
THAT CASTLE-LIKE AFFAIR ON THE CLIFF!
THAT'S HIS HOME PORT, ALL RIGHT! HE'S ENTERING!
SHALL WE BURN THROUGH OR USE THE BALCONY BELOW?
THE BALCONY! WE WANT TO SURPRISE THIS MAD GENIUS, WHOEVER IT IS!
RIGHT... LEAD ON, CHUM!


SILENTLY THE TWO ENTER...
UGH - THIS PLACE IS FULL OF BATS!
QUIET... COME ON!
HHHHHHHHHH
I CAN'T HELP IT! I DON'T LIKE BATS!
SSH! LISTEN -- THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON AT THE HEAD OF THESE STAIRS!
SCREECH SCREECH
GOSH, TORCH -- LOOK AT THOSE BATS! AND THAT WOMAN IN THE GLASS CASE... SHE MUST BE THE ONE WHO SPRAYED YOU, TORO SMELL THAT PERFUME HERE?
WHAT'S SHE UP TO?
I DON'T KNOW -- QUIET AND WATCH! DON'T LET HER SEE US!
HOWEVER, AS THE FLAME MASTERS ENTERED, THE BATS HAD SET UP A WILD SCREECHING. THE STRANGE WOMAN GRABS UP A WHIP AND...
OH-OH!
SH-HH!
... TURNS!
WHEN I RELEASE THIS SWITCH, YOU DIE!


HOWEVER, AS THE WHITE VAMPIRE PUSHES THE LEVER, TORCH FLAMES INTO ACTION.
WHA...?
TORCH! YOU ARE THE TORCH!
RIGHT-WE'RE HOT-HEADED GUYS WITH A DISLIKE FOR KILLERS, PERFUME AND BATS! NOW, WHO ARE YOU?
PLEASE! TURN THAT FIRE OFF AND STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE AND I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
OKAY, SHOOT!
THE BATS HAVE A PIECE OF SENSITIZED METAL AT THE BASE OF THEIR BRAINS! I SEND A POSITIVE DIRECTIONAL BEAM TUNED TO THEIR FREQUENCY AND THEY FLY ON IT-OR DIE!
GO ON!
I DIRECT THEM TO THE EXACT PLACE WHERE MY VICTIM IS AND WHEN THERE, THEY SEEK OUT THE ONE CARRYING THE PERFUMED HANKIE, AND KILL HIM! A NEGATIVE BEAM FORCES THE BATS TO RETURN!
SO THAT'S WHAT THE PERFUME'S FOR-GOOD GOSH, I'M REEKING WITH IT!


BUT, WHAT IS THERE ABOUT THE PERFUME THAT ENRAGES THE BATS TO KILL?
OH, THAT'S VERY SIMPLE, TORCH!
IS IT?
YOU SEE I TORTURE THE BEASTS WITH THIS WHIP.
I FRIGHTEN THEM TO A STATE OF MADNESS AND, SINCE I ALWAYS WEAR THE PERFUME, THEY DEVELOP AN INSANE DESIRE TO KILL WHOEVER WEARS IT!
CRACK
CRACK
SCREECH
NOW, MOST IMPORTANT, WHAT ARE YOU AFTER– WHAT WORK DO YOU DO FOR THE NAZIS?
I MAKE SURE THERE IS PLENTY OF MONEY FOR OUR ACTIVITIES AND, SOMETIMES, I CAN GET IMPORTANT PLANS FOR THEM!
IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE SWITCH, I'LL...
AND THIS TIME, I DESTROY TORCH AND TORO!
HEY! WHAT?
BEFORE THE HUMAN TORCH CAN FLAME ON AND SAVE HIMSELF, HIS HEAD STRIKES A JUTTING ROCK!
UH-HHH...

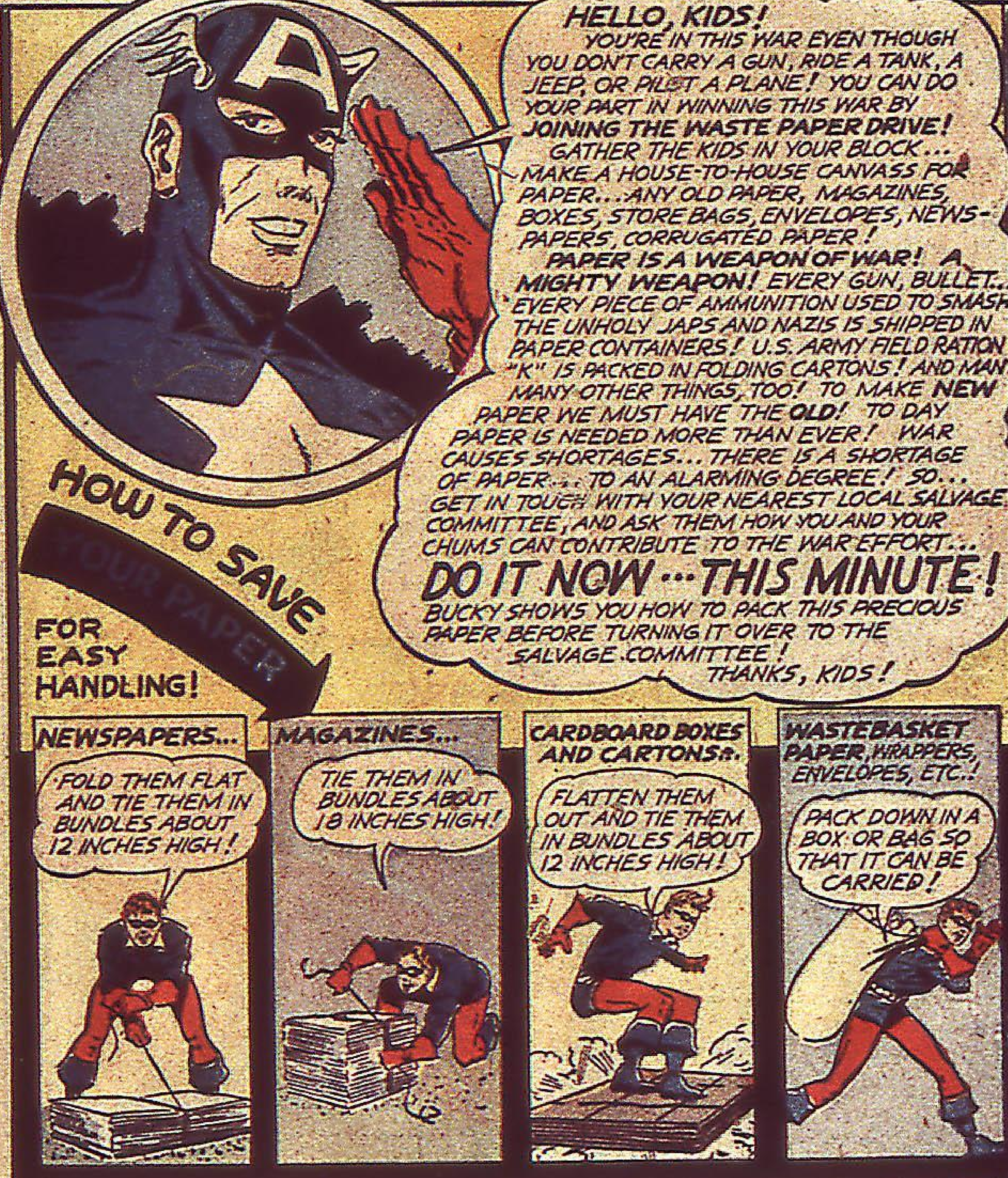

WHEN TORCH DOESN'T COME RIGHT UP, TORO GETS EXCITED!
TORCH! YIPE! SHE'S LETTING THE BATS IN!
HE'S GONE - AND YOU SHALL FOLLOW!
TORO RUNS OUT OF THE GLASS ROOM AS THE BATS FOLLOW HIM FOR THE KILL... SUDDENLY -
NOT THIS TIME, SIS!
NO? WE SHALL SEE!
SCREECH
THE WHITE VAMPIRE LOOSES A DRENCHING DOWNPOUR OF WATER...
HA! HA! I HAD IT INSTALLED DUE TO THE HIGH VOLTAGE IN THIS ROOM. A NICE COINCIDENCE!
?
NOW FIGHT! SOON THEY WILL OVERCOME YOU WHILE I MAKE MY ESCAPE.. HA! HA!
TORO'S FRANTIC LEAP FOR SAFETY BRINGS HIM CRASHING INTO THE GLASS CELL...
MIND IF I TAG ALONG WHILE YOU ESCAPE?
DON'T BRING THE BATS IN HERE! EEEE!
CRASH!
THE MURDEROUS BATS SWOOP AFTER TORO AND BECOME ENTANGLED IN THE HIGH-VOLTAGE WIRES...
CRACK
SNAP
THE TERRIFIC ELECTRICAL CHARGES KNOCK TORO OUT AND RENDER THE BATS MOMENTARILY HARMLESS. WHEN HE COMES TO--
GOOD GOSH - I CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY - SHE'S A FIEND! A NAZI! IF I USE MY FLAME ON SOME OF THAT HIGH VOLTAGE STUFF, I OUGHT TO START SOMETHING!

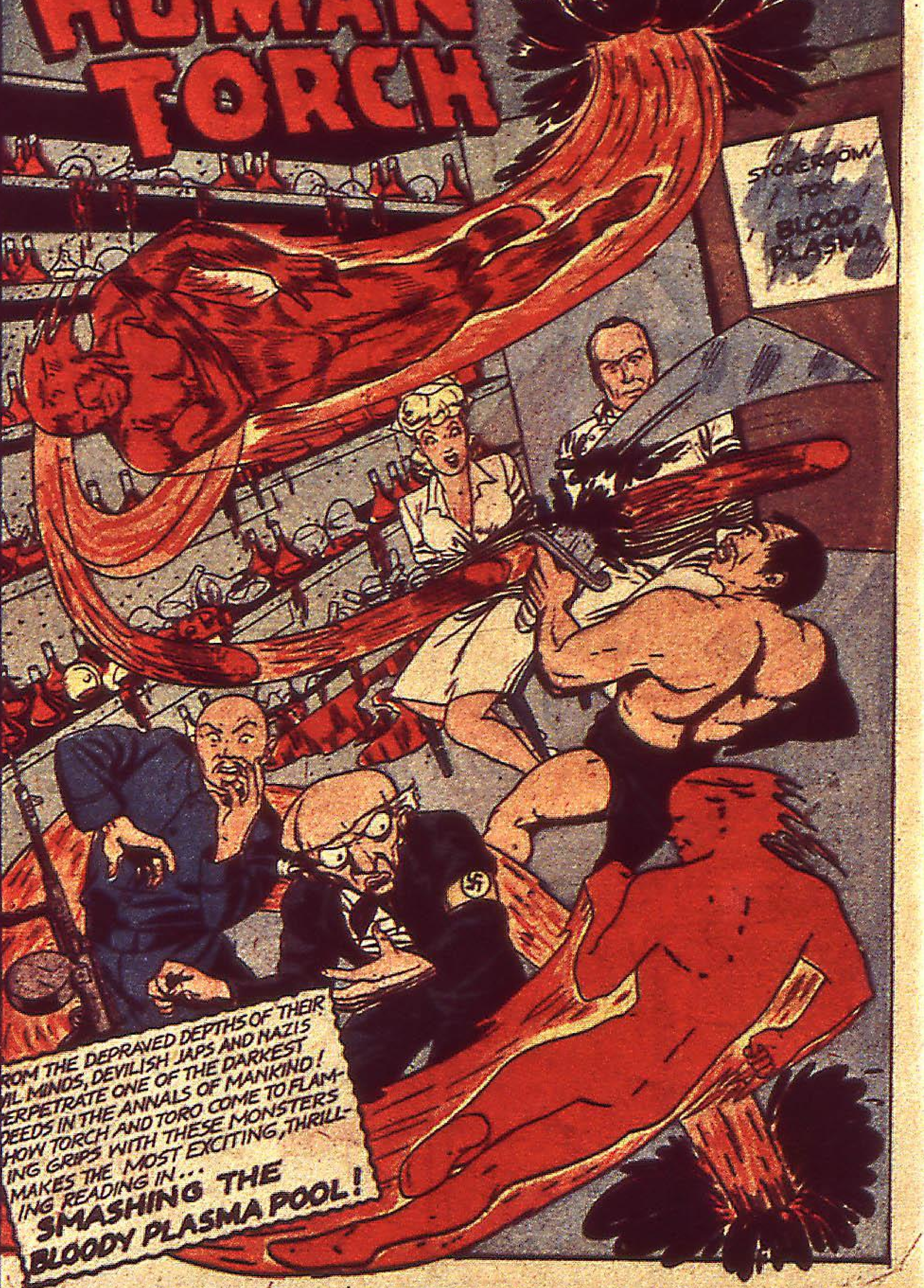

TORO DOES INDEED! A SECOND EXPLOSION RIPS THE TOWER APART!
BOOM
CRACK
TORO'S FLAME IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH AGAINST THE FACE OF THE BLAST AND...
THERE'S THE PIT TORCH WENT INTO ...MAYBE I CAN GET INTO IT!
TORO MAKES A FLAMING DIVE AND FINDS THE UNCONSCIOUS TORCH!
TORCH! GOSH, HE'S OUT COLD! HE'S CAUGHT ON THAT ROCK. HOPE I CAN GET HIM OUT BEFORE THIS CASTLE SHIVERS TO PIECES!
TORO MANAGES TO GET TORCH INTO THE TUNNEL..
THOSE FALLING ROCKS.. LOOKS LIKE ALL HADES IS LOOSE UPSTAIRS...
AND AS THEY REACH THE OPENING, THE BUILDING ABOVE THEM SPLITS ASUNDER!
BOOM
BOOM
TORCH COMES TO JUST IN TIME!
OH, GOSH, LOOK WHAT I'VE DONE!
WHAT IN-YE GODS, TORO - A LANDSLIDE! MOVE QUICK!
WHAT IN TARNATION STARTED THE FIREWORKS!
THE WHITE VAMPIRE WAS ESCAPING SO I USED MY FLAME ON SOME HIGH TENSION WIRES! GUESS SHE'S ALL DONE FOR!
LATER IN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE..
AND THAT'S THE STORY, CHIEF! HER WHOLE SCHEME BACKFIRED, BATS AND ALL!
NICE WORK, BOYS.. THOSE KIND OF SCHEMES USUALLY DO BACKFIRE! YOU'VE ONLY TO READ TODAYS PAPERS TO PROVE IT!
Back in MARVEL COMICS the HUMAN TORCH WITH ANOTHER BLAZING ADVENTURE STORY!

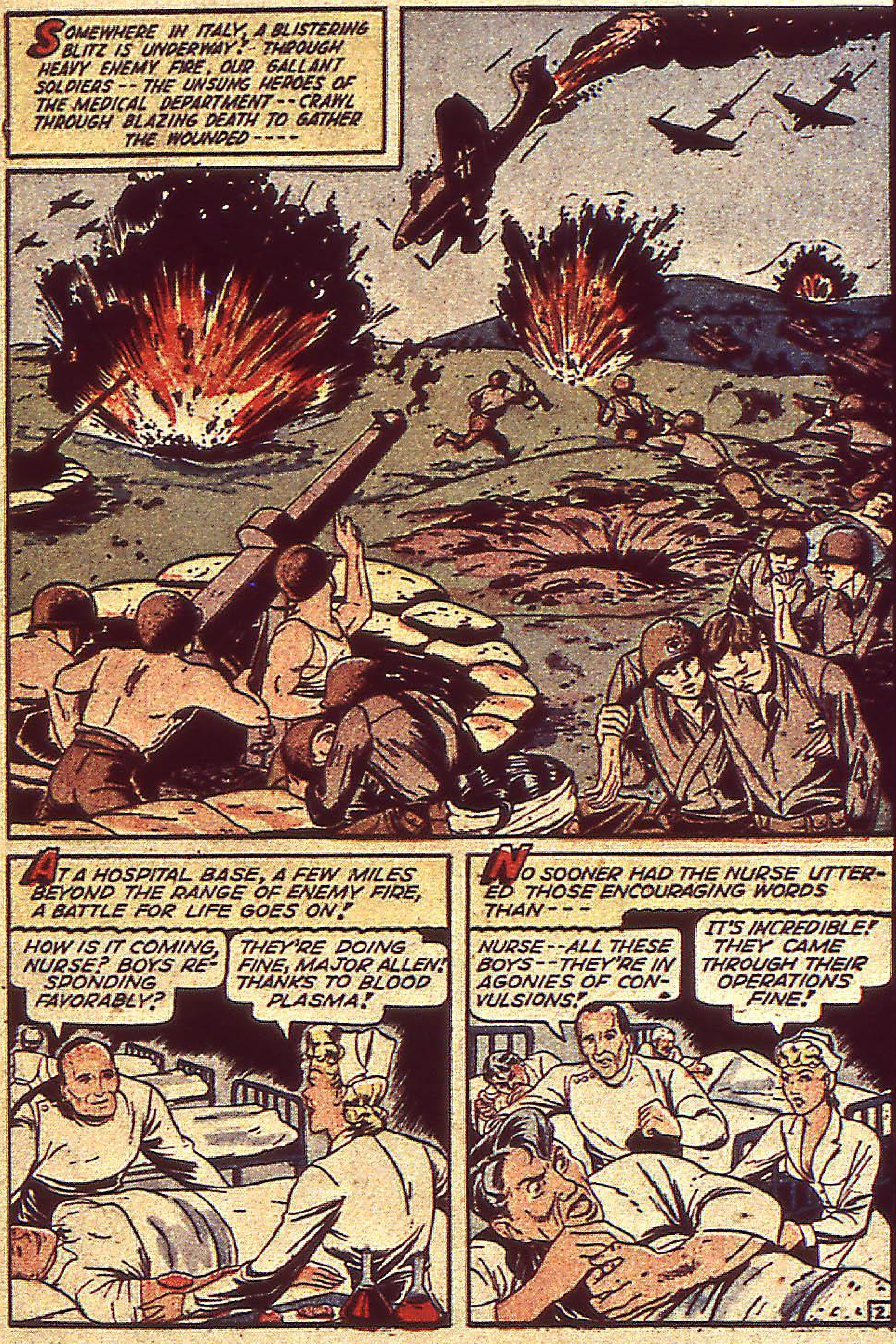
URGENT!

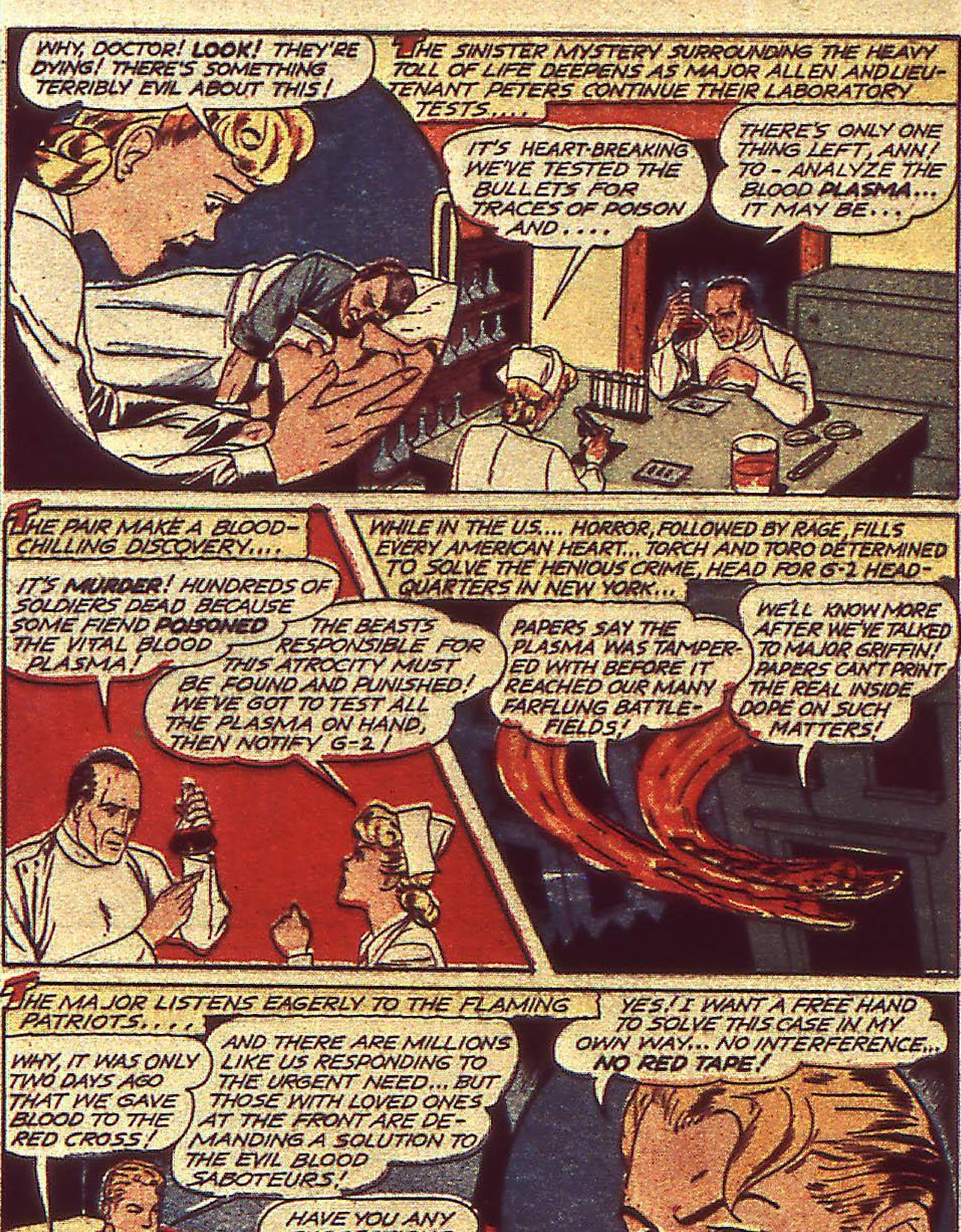
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

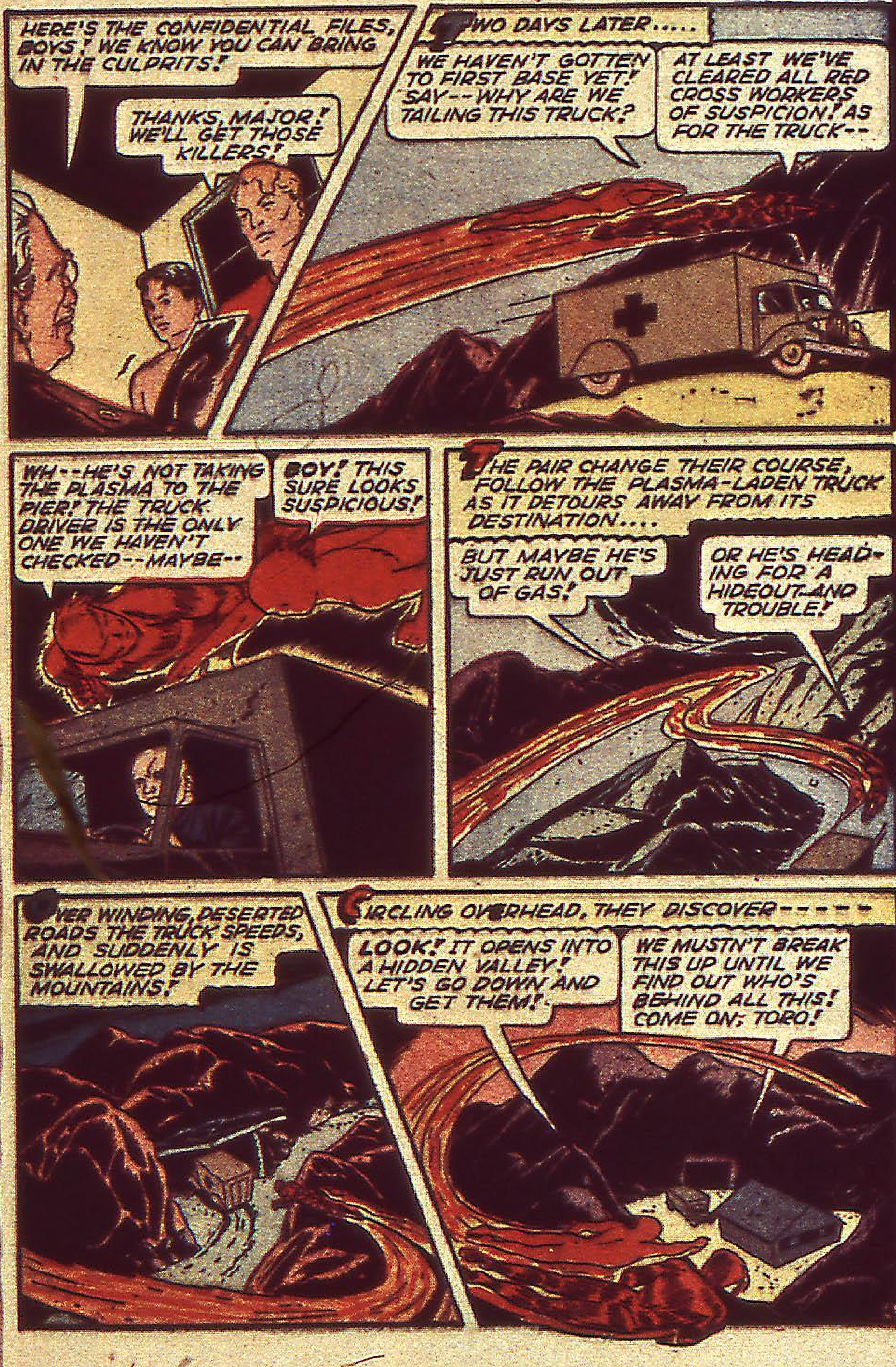
A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

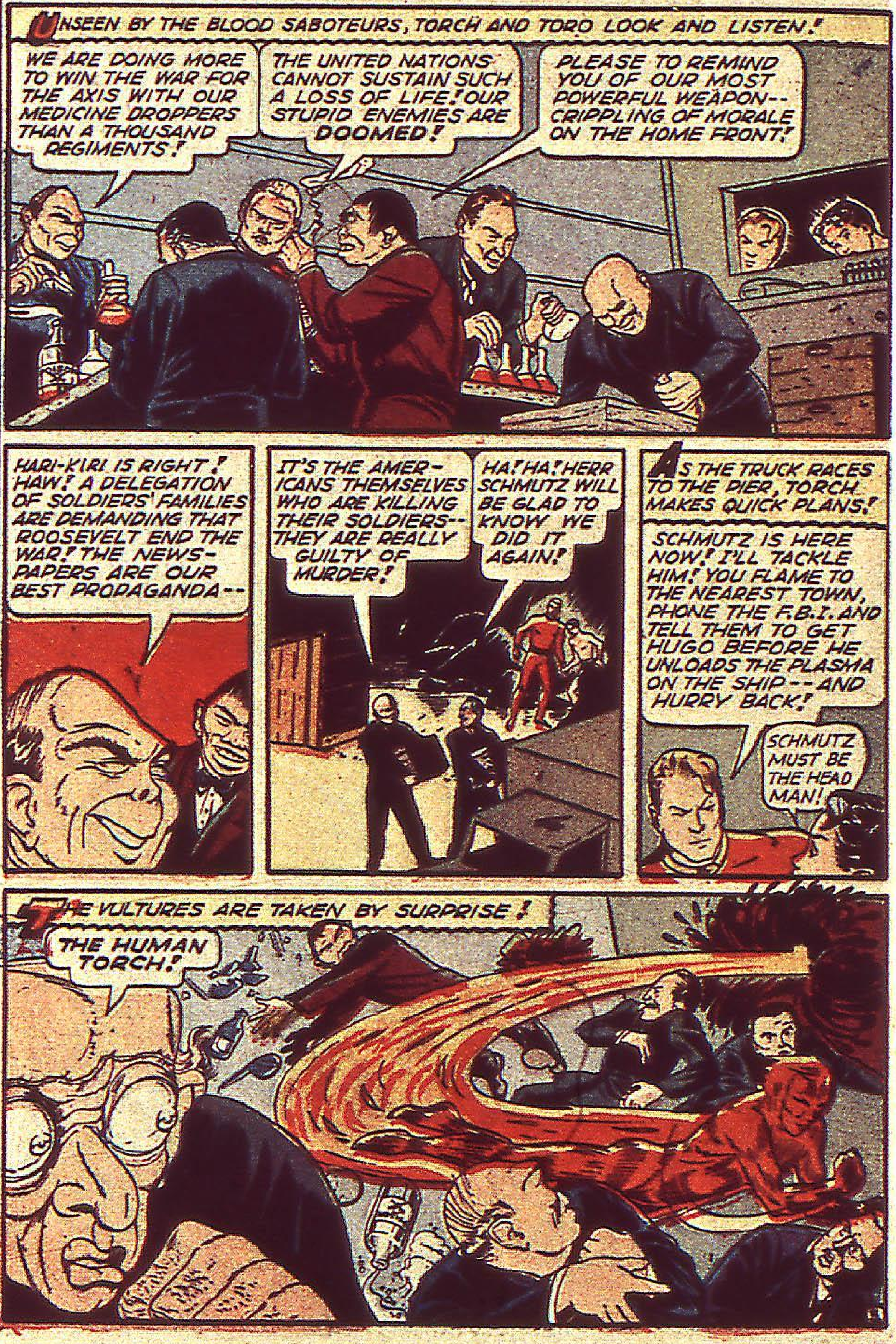

HELLO, KIDS! YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!** GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER! **PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON!** EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD!** TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT... **DO IT NOW... THIS MINUTE!** BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE! THANKS, KIDS!
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER
FOR EASY HANDLING!
NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES...
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

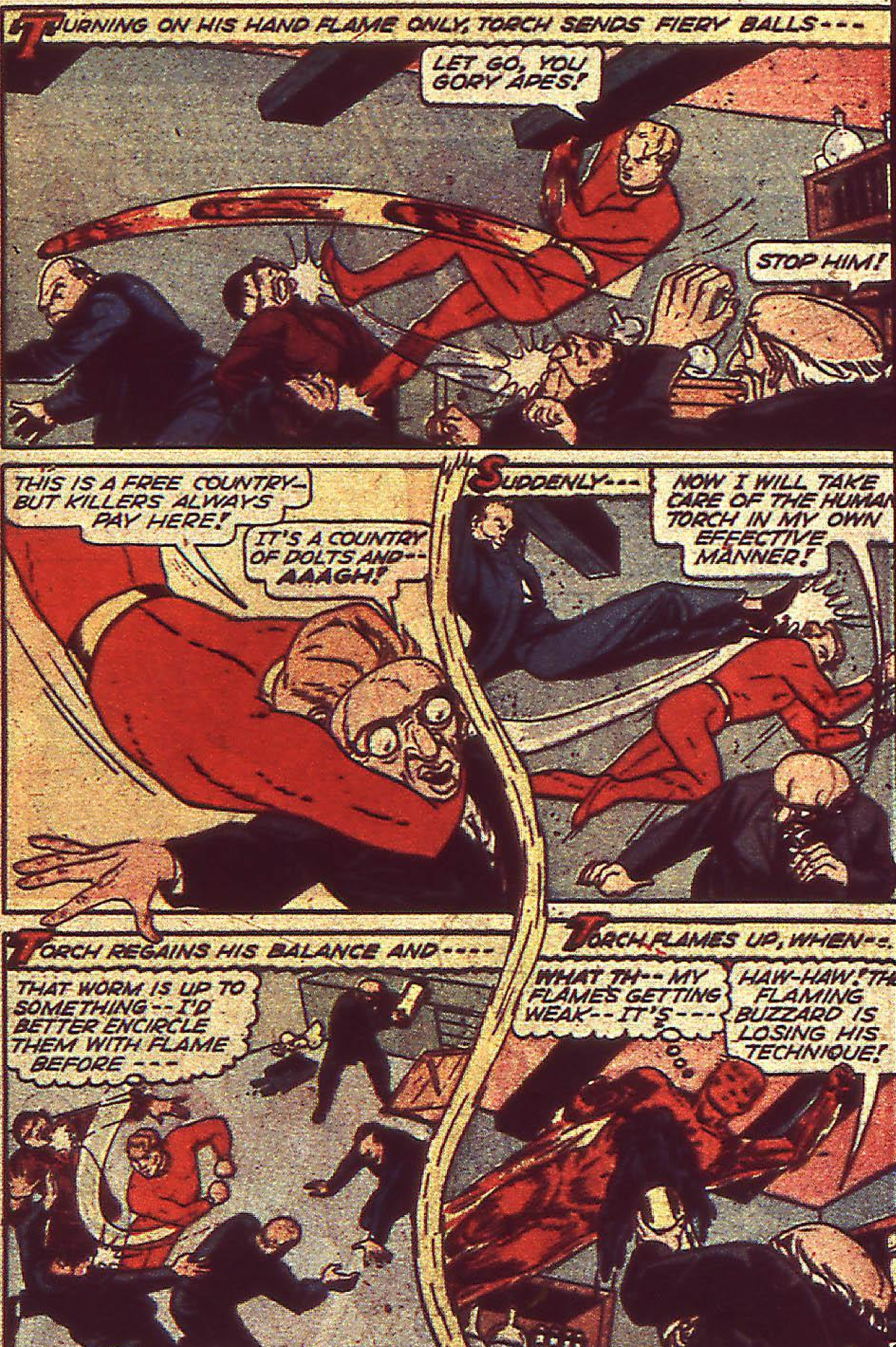

THE HUMAN TORCH
STOREROOM FOR BLOOD PLASMA
ROM THE DEPRAVED DEPTHS OF THEIR VIL MINDS, DEVILISH JAPS AND NAZIS ERPETRATE ONE OF THE DARKEST DEEDS IN THE ANNALS OF MANKIND! HOW TORCH AND TORO COME TO FLAMING GRIPS WITH THESE MONSTERS MAKES THE MOST EXCITING, THRILLING READING IN...
SMASHING THE BLOODY PLASMA POOL!

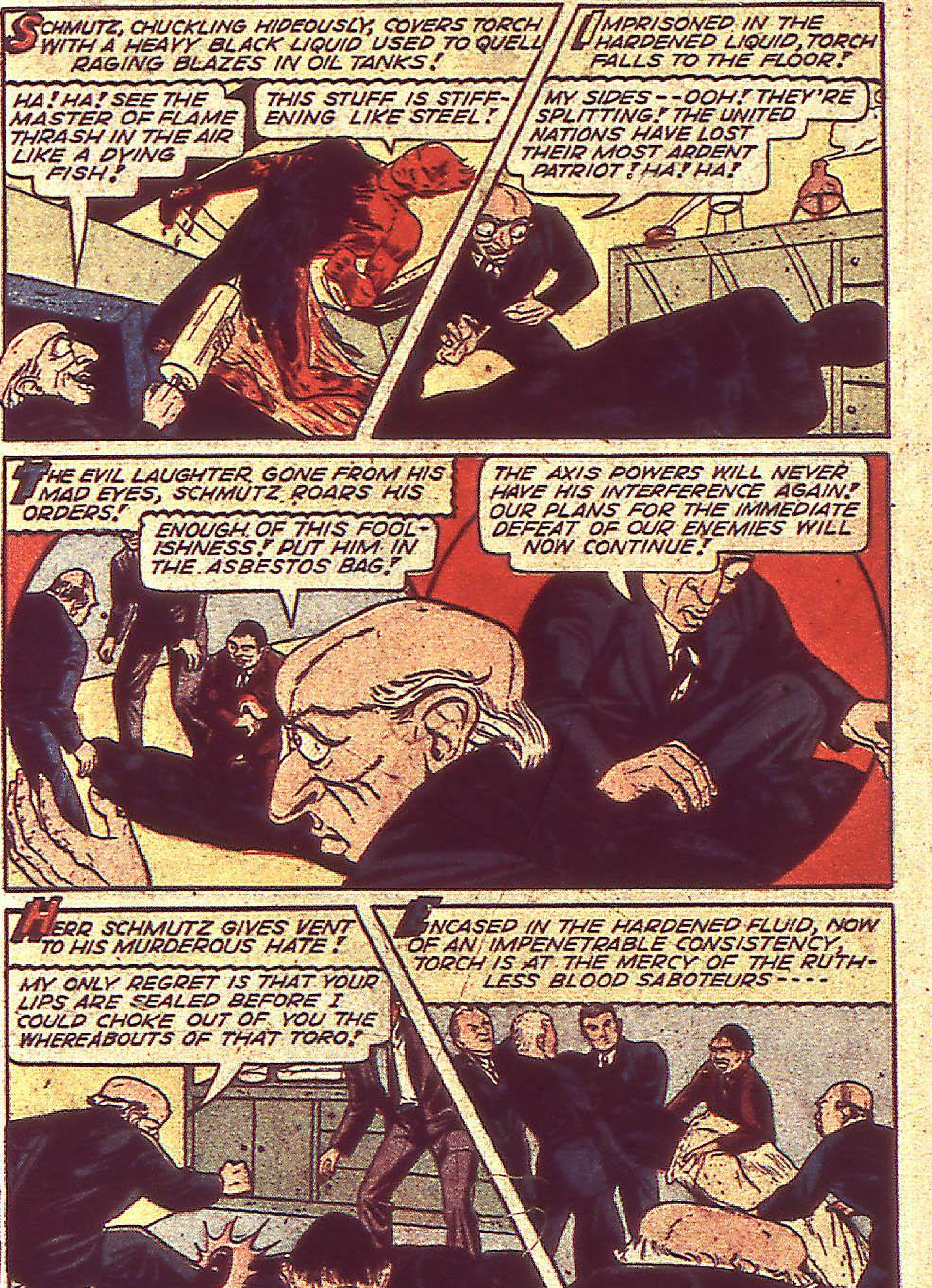

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY, A BLISTERING BLITZ IS UNDERWAY! THROUGH HEAVY ENEMY FIRE, OUR GALLANT SOLDIERS -- THE UNSUNG HEROES OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT -- CRAWL THROUGH BLAZING DEATH TO GATHER THE WOUNDED ----
AT A HOSPITAL BASE, A FEW MILES BEYOND THE RANGE OF ENEMY FIRE, A BATTLE FOR LIFE GOES ON!
HOW IS IT COMING, NURSE? BOYS RESPONDING FAVORABLY?
THEY'RE DOING FINE, MAJOR ALLEN! THANKS TO BLOOD PLASMA!
NO SOONER HAD THE NURSE UTTERED THOSE ENCOURAGING WORDS THAN---
NURSE--ALL THESE BOYS--THEY'RE IN AGONIES OF CONVULSIONS!
IT'S INCREDIBLE! THEY CAME THROUGH THEIR OPERATIONS FINE!

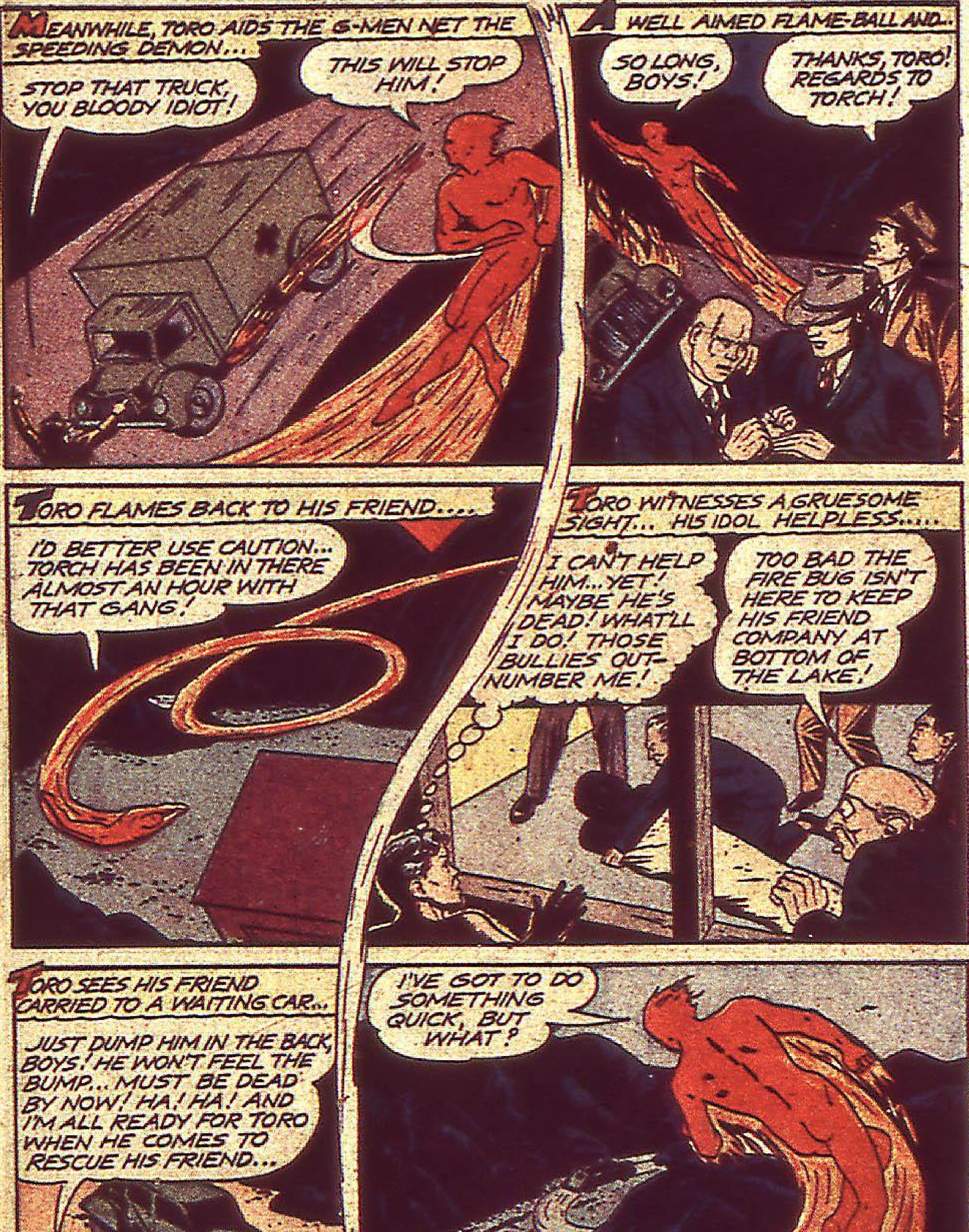

WHY, DOCTOR! LOOK! THEY'RE DYING! THERE'S SOMETHING TERRIBLY EVIL ABOUT THIS!
THE SINISTER MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE HEAVY TOLL OF LIFE DEEPENS AS MAJOR ALLEN AND LIEUTENANT PETERS CONTINUE THEIR LABORATORY TESTS....
IT'S HEART-BREAKING WE'VE TESTED THE BULLETS FOR TRACES OF POISON AND....
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT, ANN! TO - ANALYZE THE BLOOD PLASMA... IT MAY BE...
THE PAIR MAKE A BLOOD-CHILLING DISCOVERY....
IT'S MURDER! HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS DEAD BECAUSE SOME FIEND POISONED THE VITAL BLOOD PLASMA!
THE BEASTS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ATROCITY MUST BE FOUND AND PUNISHED! WE'VE GOT TO TEST ALL THE PLASMA ON HAND, THEN NOTIFY G-2!
WHILE IN THE US.... HORROR, FOLLOWED BY RAGE, FILLS EVERY AMERICAN HEART... TORCH AND TORO DETERMINED TO SOLVE THE HENIOUS CRIME, HEAD FOR G-2 HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK...
PAPERS SAY THE PLASMA WAS TAMPERED WITH BEFORE IT REACHED OUR MANY FARFLUNG BATTLEFIELDS!
WE'LL KNOW MORE AFTER WE'VE TALKED TO MAJOR GRIFFIN! PAPERS CAN'T PRINT THE REAL INSIDE DOPE ON SUCH MATTERS!
THE MAJOR LISTENS EAGERLY TO THE FLAMING PATRIOTS....
WHY, IT WAS ONLY TWO DAYS AGO THAT WE GAVE BLOOD TO THE RED CROSS!
AND THERE ARE MILLIONS LIKE US RESPONDING TO THE URGENT NEED... BUT THOSE WITH LOVED ONES AT THE FRONT ARE DEMANDING A SOLUTION TO THE EVIL BLOOD SABOTEURS!
HAVE YOU ANY SUGGESTIONS, TORCH?
YES! I WANT A FREE HAND TO SOLVE THIS CASE IN MY OWN WAY... NO INTERFERENCE... NO RED TAPE!

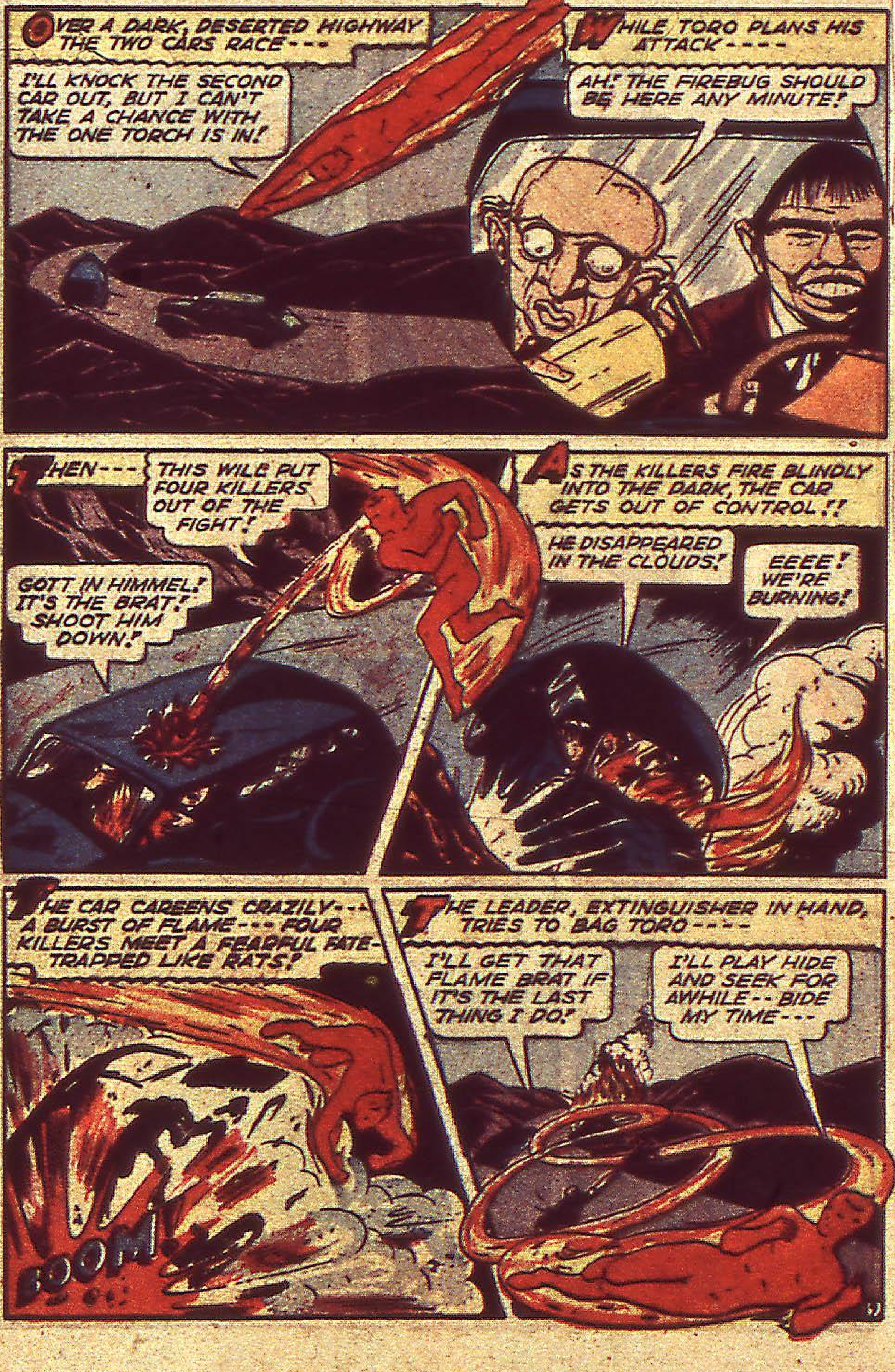

HERE'S THE CONFIDENTIAL FILES, BOYS! WE KNOW YOU CAN BRING IN THE CULPRITS!
THANKS, MAJOR! WE'LL GET THOSE KILLERS!
TWO DAYS LATER.....
WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO FIRST BASE YET! SAY--WHY ARE WE TAILING THIS TRUCK?
AT LEAST WE'VE CLEARED ALL RED CROSS WORKERS OF SUSPICION! AS FOR THE TRUCK--
WH--HE'S NOT TAKING THE PLASMA TO THE PIER! THE TRUCK DRIVER IS THE ONLY ONE WE HAVEN'T CHECKED--MAYBE--
BOY! THIS SURE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS!
THE PAIR CHANGE THEIR COURSE, FOLLOW THE PLASMA-LADEN TRUCK AS IT DETOURS AWAY FROM ITS DESTINATION....
BUT MAYBE HE'S JUST RUN OUT OF GAS!
OR HE'S HEADING FOR A HIDEOUT-AND TROUBLE!
OVER WINDING, DESERTED ROADS THE TRUCK SPEEDS, AND SUDDENLY IS SWALLOWED BY THE MOUNTAINS!
CIRCLING OVERHEAD, THEY DISCOVER-----
LOOK! IT OPENS INTO A HIDDEN VALLEY! LET'S GO DOWN AND GET THEM!
WE MUSTN'T BREAK THIS UP UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS! COME ON; TORO!

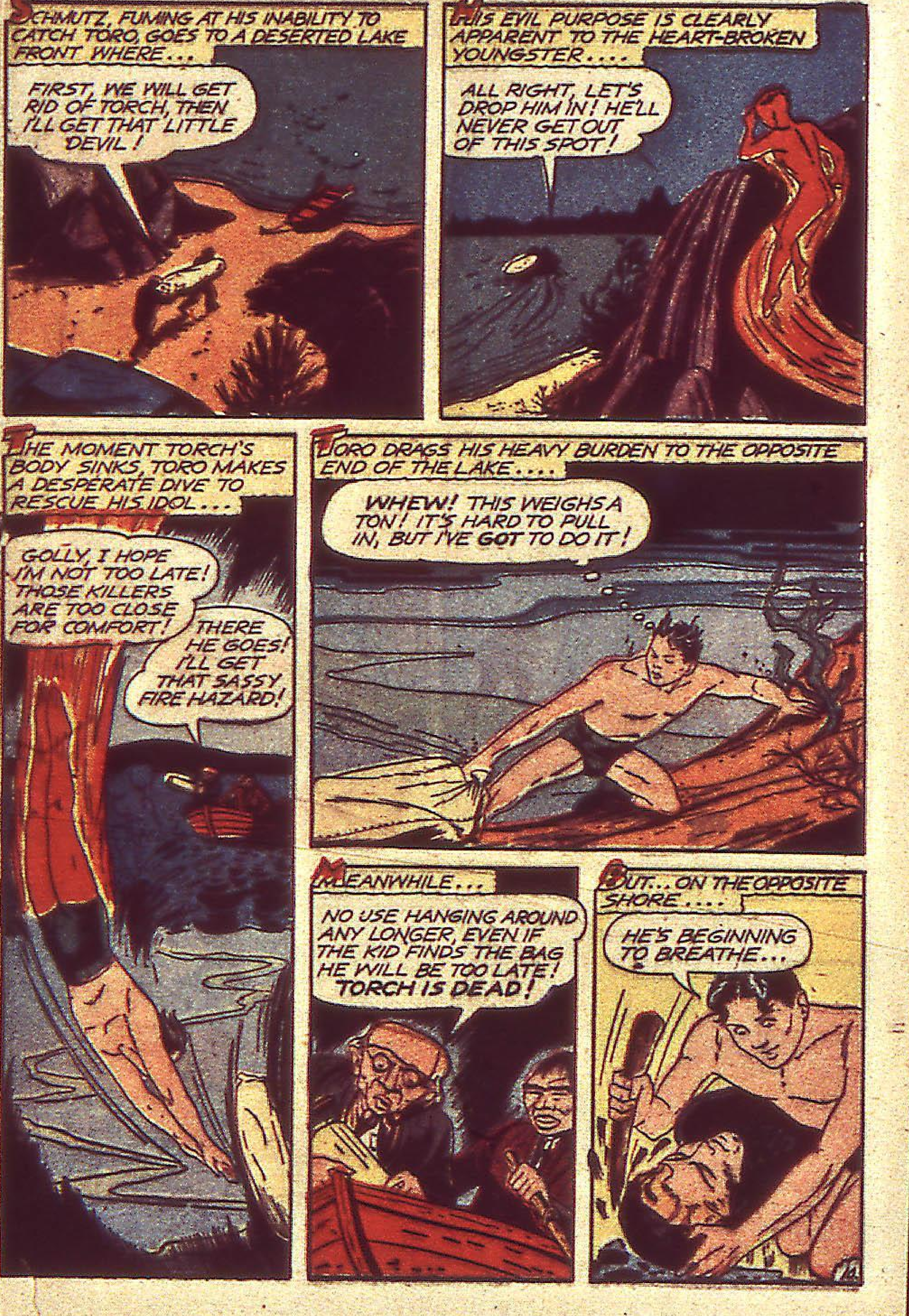

UNSEEN BY THE BLOOD SABOTEURS, TORCH AND TORO LOOK AND LISTEN!
WE ARE DOING MORE TO WIN THE WAR FOR THE AXIS WITH OUR MEDICINE DROPPERS THAN A THOUSAND REGIMENTS!
THE UNITED NATIONS CANNOT SUSTAIN SUCH A LOSS OF LIFE! OUR STUPID ENEMIES ARE DOOMED!
PLEASE TO REMIND YOU OF OUR MOST POWERFUL WEAPON-- CRIPPLING OF MORALE ON THE HOME FRONT!
HARI-KIRI IS RIGHT! HAW! A DELEGATION OF SOLDIERS' FAMILIES ARE DEMANDING THAT ROOSEVELT END THE WAR! THE NEWSPAPERS ARE OUR BEST PROPAGANDA--
IT'S THE AMERICANS THEMSELVES WHO ARE KILLING THEIR SOLDIERS-- THEY ARE REALLY GUILTY OF MURDER!
HA! HA! HERR SCHMUTZ WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW WE DID IT AGAIN!
AS THE TRUCK RACES TO THE PIER, TORCH MAKES QUICK PLANS!
SCHMUTZ IS HERE NOW! I'LL TACKLE HIM! YOU FLAME TO THE NEAREST TOWN, PHONE THE F.B.I. AND TELL THEM TO GET HUGO BEFORE HE UNLOADS THE PLASMA ON THE SHIP-- AND HURRY BACK!
SCHMUTZ MUST BE THE HEAD MAN!
THE VULTURES ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE!
THE HUMAN TORCH!

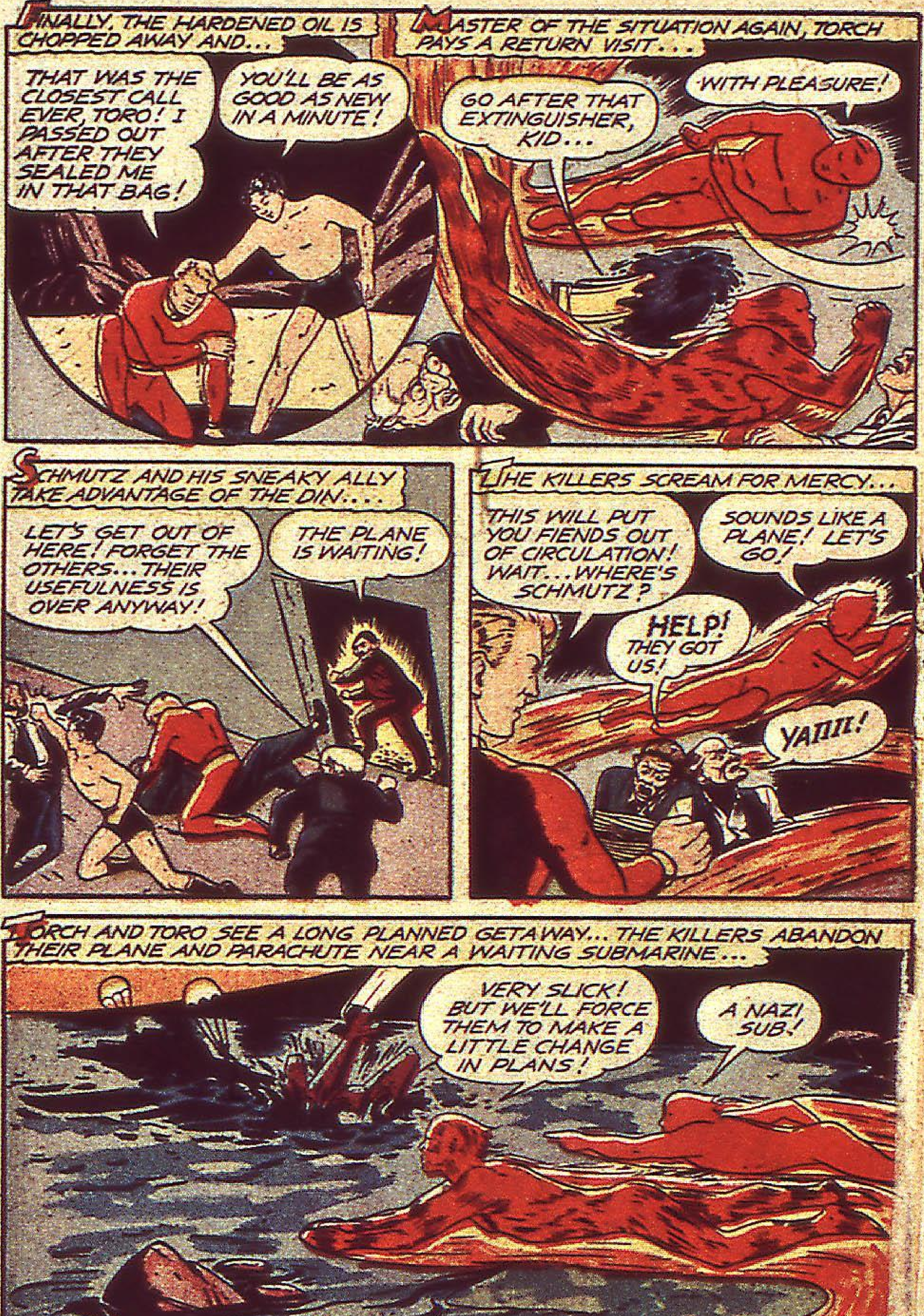

TURNING ON HIS HAND FLAME ONLY, TORCH SENDS FIERY BALLS---
LET GO, YOU GORY APES!
STOP HIM!
THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY-- BUT KILLERS ALWAYS PAY HERE!
IT'S A COUNTRY OF DOLTS AND-- AAAGH!
SUDDENLY---
NOW I WILL TAKE CARE OF THE HUMA TORCH IN MY OWN EFFECTIVE MANNER!
TORCH REGAINS HIS BALANCE AND----
THAT WORM IS UP TO SOMETHING--I'D BETTER ENCIRCLE THEM WITH FLAME BEFORE---
TORCH FLAMES UP, WHEN---
WHAT TH-- MY FLAMES GETTING WEAK-- IT'S---
HAW-HAW! TH FLAMING BUZZARD IS LOSING HIS TECHNIQUE!

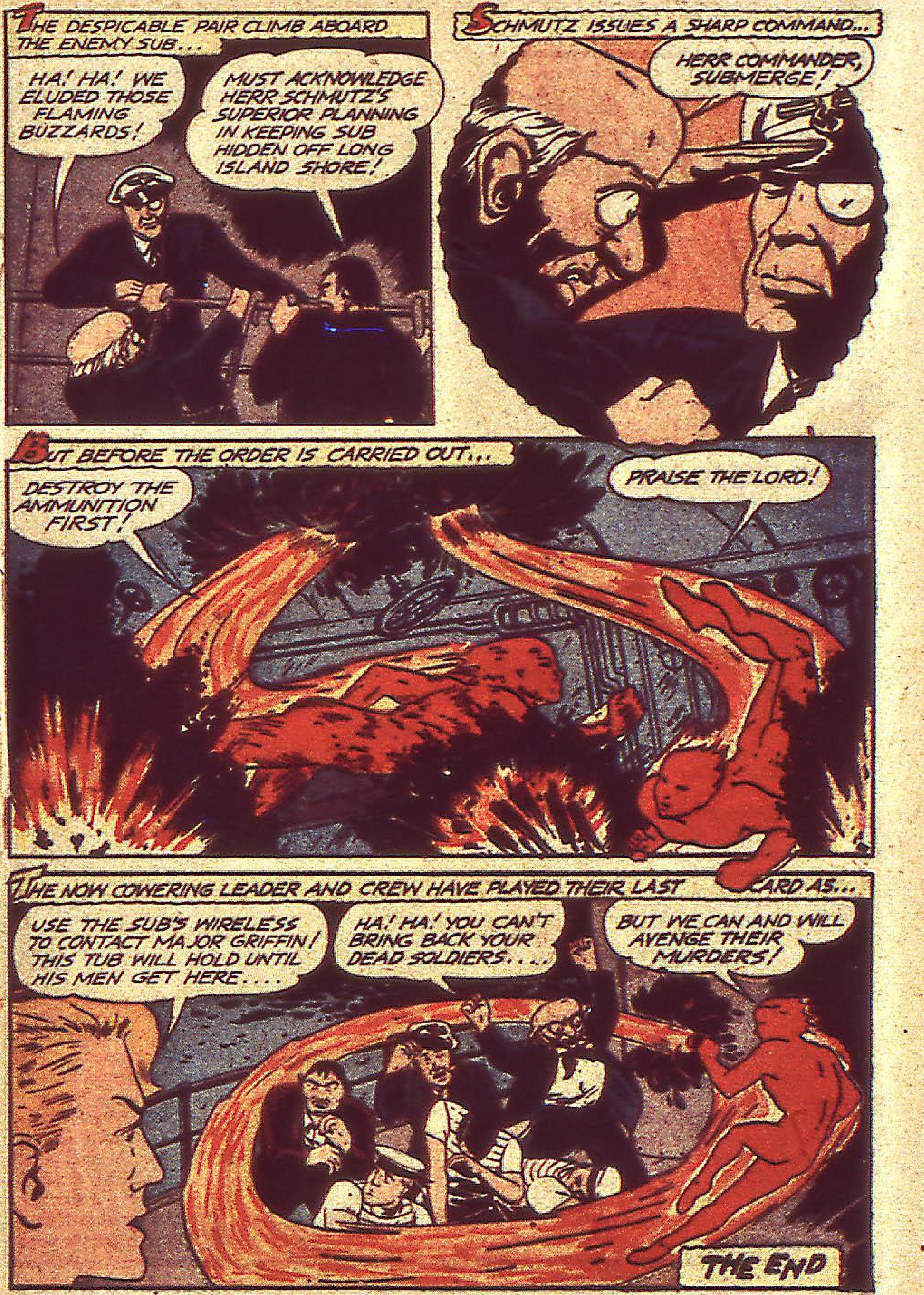

SCHMUTZ, CHUCKLING HIDEOUSLY, COVERS TORCH WITH A HEAVY BLACK LIQUID USED TO QUELL RAGING BLAZES IN OIL TANKS!
HA! HA! SEE THE MASTER OF FLAME THRASH IN THE AIR LIKE A DYING FISH!
THIS STUFF IS STIFFENING LIKE STEEL!
IMPRISONED IN THE HARDENED LIQUID, TORCH FALLS TO THE FLOOR!
MY SIDES--OOH! THEY'RE SPLITTING! THE UNITED NATIONS HAVE LOST THEIR MOST ARDENT PATRIOT! HA! HA!
THE EVIL LAUGHTER GONE FROM HIS MAD EYES, SCHMUTZ ROARS HIS ORDERS!
ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS! PUT HIM IN THE ASBESTOS BAG!
THE AXIS POWERS WILL NEVER HAVE HIS INTERFERENCE AGAIN! OUR PLANS FOR THE IMMEDIATE DEFEAT OF OUR ENEMIES WILL NOW CONTINUE!
HERR SCHMUTZ GIVES VENT TO HIS MURDEROUS HATE!
MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT YOUR LIPS ARE SEALED BEFORE I COULD CHOKE OUT OF YOU THE WHEREABOUTS OF THAT TORO!
ENCASED IN THE HARDENED FLUID, NOW OF AN IMPENETRABLE CONSISTENCY, TORCH IS AT THE MERCY OF THE RUTHLESS BLOOD SABOTEURS---


MEANWHILE, TORO AIDS THE G-MEN NET THE SPEEDING DEMON...
STOP THAT TRUCK, YOU BLOODY IDIOT!
THIS WILL STOP HIM!
A WELL AIMED FLAME-BALL AND..
SO LONG, BOYS!
THANKS, TORO! REGARDS TO TORCH!
TORO FLAMES BACK TO HIS FRIEND....
I'D BETTER USE CAUTION... TORCH HAS BEEN IN THERE ALMOST AN HOUR WITH THAT GANG!
TORO WITNESSES A GRUESOME SIGHT... HIS IDOL HELPLESS.....
I CAN'T HELP HIM...YET! MAYBE HE'S DEAD! WHAT'LL I DO! THOSE BULLIES OUTNUMBER ME!
TOO BAD THE FIRE BUG ISN'T HERE TO KEEP HIS FRIEND COMPANY AT BOTTOM OF THE LAKE!
TORO SEES HIS FRIEND CARRIED TO A WAITING CAR...
JUST DUMP HIM IN THE BACK, BOYS! HE WON'T FEEL THE BUMP... MUST BE DEAD BY NOW! HA! HA! AND I'M ALL READY FOR TORO WHEN HE COMES TO RESCUE HIS FRIEND...
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING QUICK, BUT WHAT?


OVER A DARK, DESERTED HIGHWAY THE TWO CARS RACE---
I'LL KNOCK THE SECOND CAR OUT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE WITH THE ONE TORCH IS IN!
WHILE TORO PLANS HIS ATTACK----
AH! THE FIREBUG SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
THEN---
THIS WILL PUT FOUR KILLERS OUT OF THE FIGHT!
GOTT IN HIMMEL! IT'S THE BRAT! SHOOT HIM DOWN!
AS THE KILLERS FIRE BLINDLY INTO THE DARK, THE CAR GETS OUT OF CONTROL!!
HE DISAPPEARED IN THE CLOUDS!
EEEE! WE'RE BURNING!
THE CAR CAREENS CRAZILY--- A BURST OF FLAME--- FOUR KILLERS MEET A FEARFUL FATE- TRAPPED LIKE RATS!
BOOM!
THE LEADER, EXTINGUISHER IN HAND, TRIES TO BAG TORO---
I'LL GET THAT FLAME BRAT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
I'LL PLAY HIDE AND SEEK FOR AWHILE-- BIDE MY TIME---


SCHMUTZ, FUMING AT HIS INABILITY TO CATCH TORO, GOES TO A DESERTED LAKE FRONT WHERE...
FIRST, WE WILL GET RID OF TORCH, THEN I'LL GET THAT LITTLE DEVIL!
HIS EVIL PURPOSE IS CLEARLY APPARENT TO THE HEART-BROKEN YOUNGSTER....
ALL RIGHT, LET'S DROP HIM IN! HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS SPOT!
THE MOMENT TORCH'S BODY SINKS, TORO MAKES A DESPERATE DIVE TO RESCUE HIS IDOL...
GOLLY, I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE! THOSE KILLERS ARE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
THERE HE GOES! I'LL GET THAT SASSY FIRE HAZARD!
TORO DRAGS HIS HEAVY BURDEN TO THE OPPOSITE END OF THE LAKE....
WHEW! THIS WEIGHS A TON! IT'S HARD TO PULL IN, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT!
MEANWHILE...
NO USE HANGING AROUND ANY LONGER, EVEN IF THE KID FINDS THE BAG HE WILL BE TOO LATE! TORCH IS DEAD!
OUT...ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE....
HE'S BEGINNING TO BREATHE...


FINALLY, THE HARDENED OIL IS CHOPPED AWAY AND...
THAT WAS THE CLOSEST CALL EVER, TORO! I PASSED OUT AFTER THEY SEALED ME IN THAT BAG!
YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW IN A MINUTE!
MASTER OF THE SITUATION AGAIN, TORCH PAYS A RETURN VISIT...
GO AFTER THAT EXTINGUISHER, KID...
WITH PLEASURE!
SCHMUTZ AND HIS SNEAKY ALLY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE DIN...
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! FORGET THE OTHERS...THEIR USEFULNESS IS OVER ANYWAY!
THE PLANE IS WAITING!
THE KILLERS SCREAM FOR MERCY...
THIS WILL PUT YOU FIENDS OUT OF CIRCULATION! WAIT...WHERE'S SCHMUTZ?
SOUNDS LIKE A PLANE! LET'S GO!
HELP! THEY GOT US!
YAIII!
TORCH AND TORO SEE A LONG PLANNED GETAWAY... THE KILLERS ABANDON THEIR PLANE AND PARACHUTE NEAR A WAITING SUBMARINE...
VERY SLICK! BUT WE'LL FORCE THEM TO MAKE A LITTLE CHANGE IN PLANS!
A NAZI SUB!


THE DESPICABLE PAIR CLIMB ABOARD THE ENEMY SUB...
HA! HA! WE ELUDED THOSE FLAMING BUZZARDS!
MUST ACKNOWLEDGE HERR SCHMUTZ'S SUPERIOR PLANNING IN KEEPING SUB HIDDEN OFF LONG ISLAND SHORE!
SCHMUTZ ISSUES A SHARP COMMAND...
HERR COMMANDER, SUBMERGE!
BUT BEFORE THE ORDER IS CARRIED OUT...
DESTROY THE AMMUNITION FIRST!
PRAISE THE LORD!
THE NOW COWERING LEADER AND CREW HAVE PLAYED THEIR LAST CARD AS...
USE THE SUB'S WIRELESS TO CONTACT MAJOR GRIFFIN! THIS TUB WILL HOLD UNTIL HIS MEN GET HERE....
HA! HA! YOU CAN'T BRING BACK YOUR DEAD SOLDIERS....
BUT WE CAN AND WILL AVENGE THEIR MURDERS!
THE END

Painted Proof

LOOKING down at the body sprawled on the floor of the paint department, Eddie Twill, senior night guard, wished he'd made more of his opportunities when he'd been on the police force. Now, here on the floor at his feet was a job that would need head-work.

It was Jackson. He had been a guard on the four to midnight trick. Eddie could see enough of the face, twisted to one side, to identify the man. Clearly it was murder. Which meant calling Captain Gleason and the police. Detective Steve Randall and the coroner and a few of the boys from Precinct No. 6 would no doubt get this kick.

Slowly, carefully, Eddie circled the bulk of the army trucks hunched up in the darkness. The smell of paint was strong. He couldn't stand it and switched on the fan on the bench. Again he circled. There seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary. Squaring his shoulders, Eddie headed for a phone. This thing would mean real work. He'd best turn in a report now.

THE lights were all on, and Eddie, standing in the draft of the big fan to avoid the fumes of paint, watched as the Captain and Detective Steve Randall talked. Steve looked over his shoulder, turned finally and approached Eddie.

"Still hanging around?" Randall's voice was heavy with amusement, his round face showing beads of sweat. "Having a little trouble?"

"Nothing we can't iron out. I haven't had a chance yet. Did you," Eddie probed, "find anything?"

"Enough." Steve Randall grinned. "It's in the bag. And the guy who pulled it will be by morning."

Thoughtfully Eddie made his way out into the yard, stood for a moment in the clean air washing his lungs deeply of the taint of paint. He moved on to where hunched up tarps of army trucks showed in the dim light. Across the field, on stilts, stood a guard's shack. Eddie circled a prime mover—

Before him, rising like a startled jackrabbit, appeared a man. Eddie leaped forward. The crush of his feet in gravel brought the rising figure around. For a brief second light gleamed upon glasses, a blacked-out face beneath the brim of a cap.

"Hold it," Eddie snarled, grabbing at the flap over the automatic he carried. "If you move—"

The man did. Before Eddie could yank the gun out, a smashing fist crushed against his chin, drove his head back till the bones cracked and pain tore down into his shoulders. His legs went soggy and he hit the ground. He heard the faint swish of feet, then, no sound at all.

Later Eddie Twill pulled himself erect. The man he'd encountered had been the killer. No doubt about it. Probably he'd escaped over the fence to the railroad tracks. There might be some means of exit. Doggedly Eddie made a careful search. He found nothing. A further search of the parked army trucks revealed no one. There had to be a way out. Which would be another black mark against the guards. Reluctantly Eddie tramped home. He should report what had happened, but he wanted time to investigate further.

THE following morning Eddie showed up at the shop. Near the time clock he encountered Captain Gleason, whose face looked disgruntled, worried. He said, "I hope Randall is wrong. He's sure Jimmy Craig is the guilty man!"

"Jim's innocent!" Eddie protested. "He had a run-in with Johnson a couple of times, but that wasn't enough to force a man to murder. Jim wouldn't do that. He's not crazy!"

"Nevertheless, he picked Jim up last night. Holding him for the murder of Johnson!"

Eddie headed away. The final round last night returned vividly. The first thing was to check the yard, find if there was any way out. Eddie checked. There was none. Later he looked the time cards over. They were all in order.

He remembered the killer had worn glasses. There were men in the shop who wore them. It could be anyone. Unobtrusively Eddie made a check of the shop. After that he dug into personnel files. Histories, however, seemed to indicate all were trusted employees.

One other point returned to Eddie for consideration. Johnson had been killed while on duty. Had he discovered someone attempting to destroy the big installation? If so, the first attempt had failed. Might there be a second?

It was night again and Eddie let himself into the shop. He'd made doubly sure guards were posted at all entrances. Now he moved forward. He'd made a thorough search first, and now—

"Hold it!" The voice was sullen, harsh. "I know what you're looking for. I got wise this afternoon. I knew you had an eye on me!"

A hand flipped Eddie's gun from the holster. He took a chance, looked around. It was Chris Blane. He said, "You've got your man. Now what?"

"What'd you bump Johnson off for?"

"Same reason I'm going to give you the works. He knew about me. This time I'll finish my business here, too!"

"Business?" Eddie's throat was dry.

"Sure. This is one of the biggest repair shops in the country. The equipment is worth a small fortune. Only . . . it won't be after tonight! I'm getting a nice slice of dough for this job!"

"Your country—"

Blane laughed. "My country! It never paid dough like I'm getting. Besides, it isn't my country. I've lived here years, but that doesn't change anything! This is my job. Helping American industry. I'm doing my job. Very well!"

Eddie Twill moved restlessly. Blane was a traitor of the worst kind. Probably a naturalized citizen, dangerous, clever . . . trusted!

Blane moved and Eddie saw his glasses reflect the faint light. "You noticed my glasses from last night, but how come you were sure it was me?"

"You were awake all night," Eddie explained. "You punched your card this morning, but you'd been here all the time. When I saw your face I knew you'd had no sleep."

"Smart. Okay. We'll start in the paint shop. You lead the way. There's plenty of stuff around that'll burn. Paint and thinner on the bench. Soak everything good. Start here. Hustle!"

Slowly Eddie moved forward. The heavy stench of paint struck him. He crossed to the bench, snapped on the fan. "Can't stand the smell—"

"You won't have to long. Get started. Open those cans on the bench."

Slowly Eddie pried the top off one. Blane was close, had his gun ready. Eddie half turned, stepped aside.

Swiftly he up-ended the can of paint over the fan. There was a sharp, splattering sound, and the faint hum of the fan throttled to a roar.

Instantly Eddie spun. Paint was everywhere. It had all but concealed Blane. The killer screamed and the gun in his hand blasted. But Eddie had moved. Fast.

Now he hurled himself forward. Blane grabbed at his glasses. Eddie drove a stiff jab in. Blane's head snapped back, the gun spun from his hand.

His knees gave way. Eddie smashed again, driving Blane's head against the side of the truck. Blane sagged, slid to the floor and lay still.

Eddie Twill finished tying his prisoner and stood looking down, a faint grin on his paint-spattered face. He imagined he must look like some sort of clown . . . or maybe as if he were getting green measles.

All of which didn't matter. He'd got Blane. And he'd cleared Jimmy Craig and beat Randall to the punch. For once. Smiling, Eddie walked out to the phone booth. He'd get the Captain down here and . . . Randall. Randall would have to be in on this. THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933,

of The Human Torch published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Human Torch Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Snap Publishing Company, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Snap Publishing Company, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

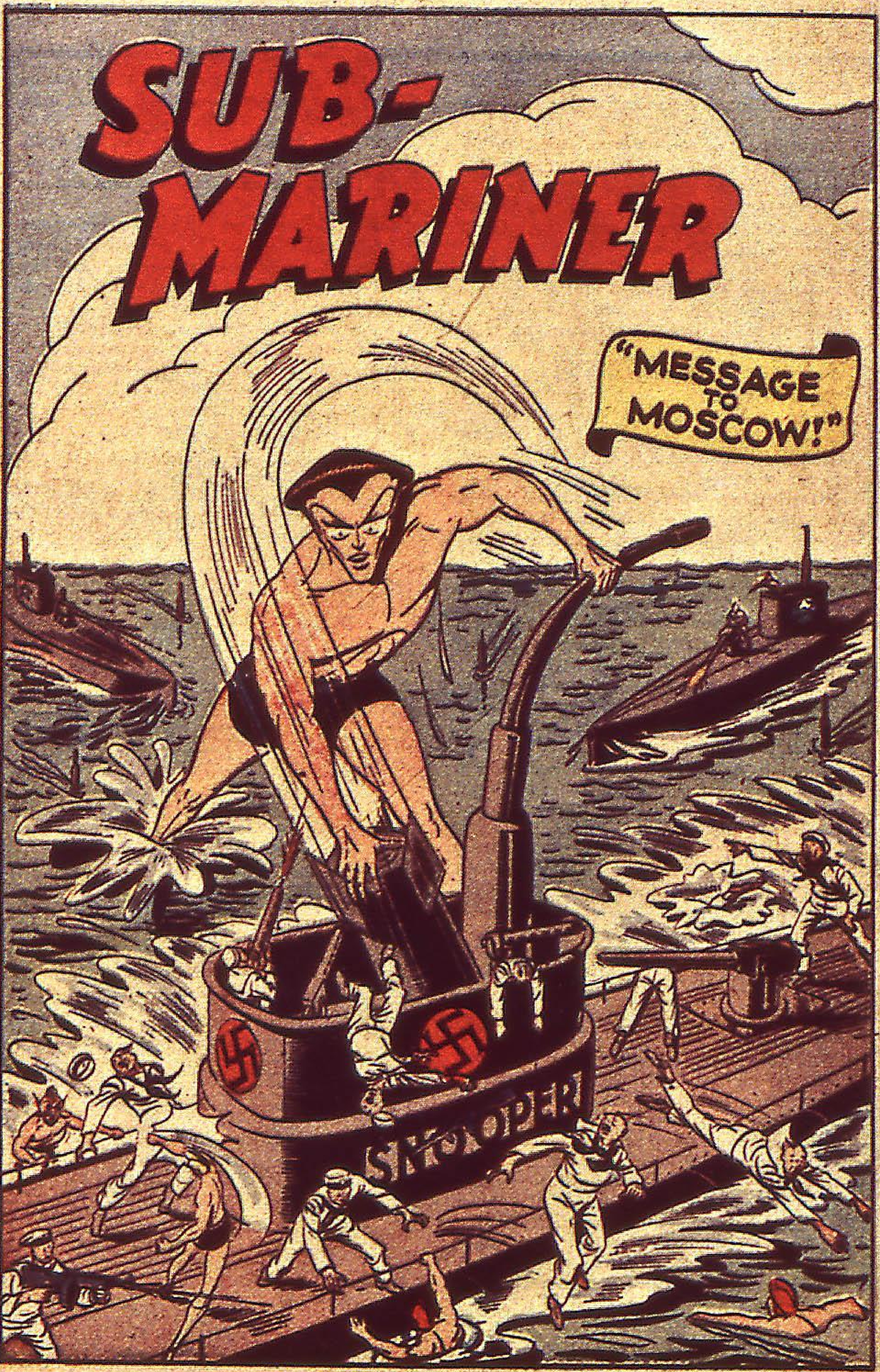
None.

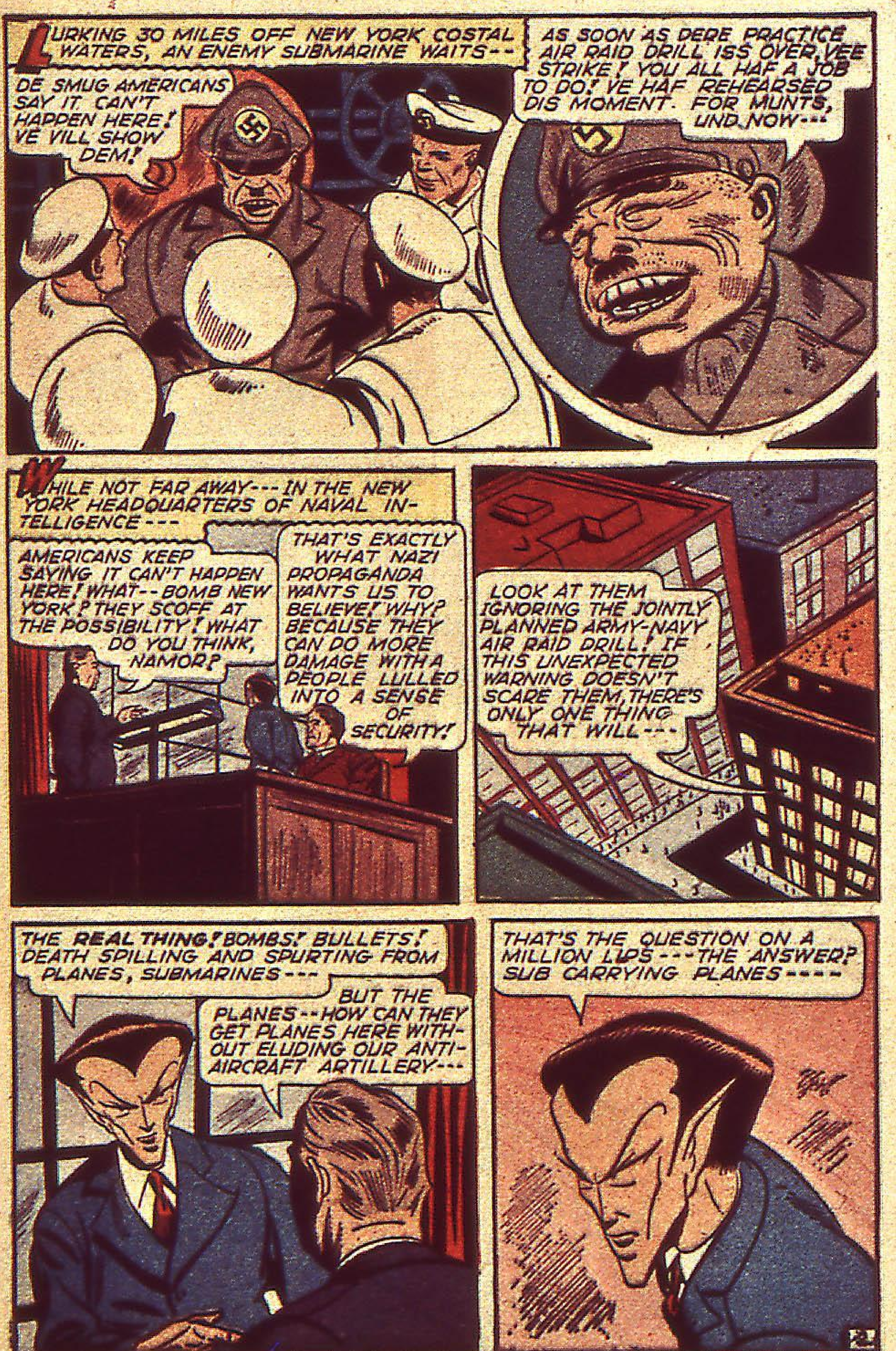
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

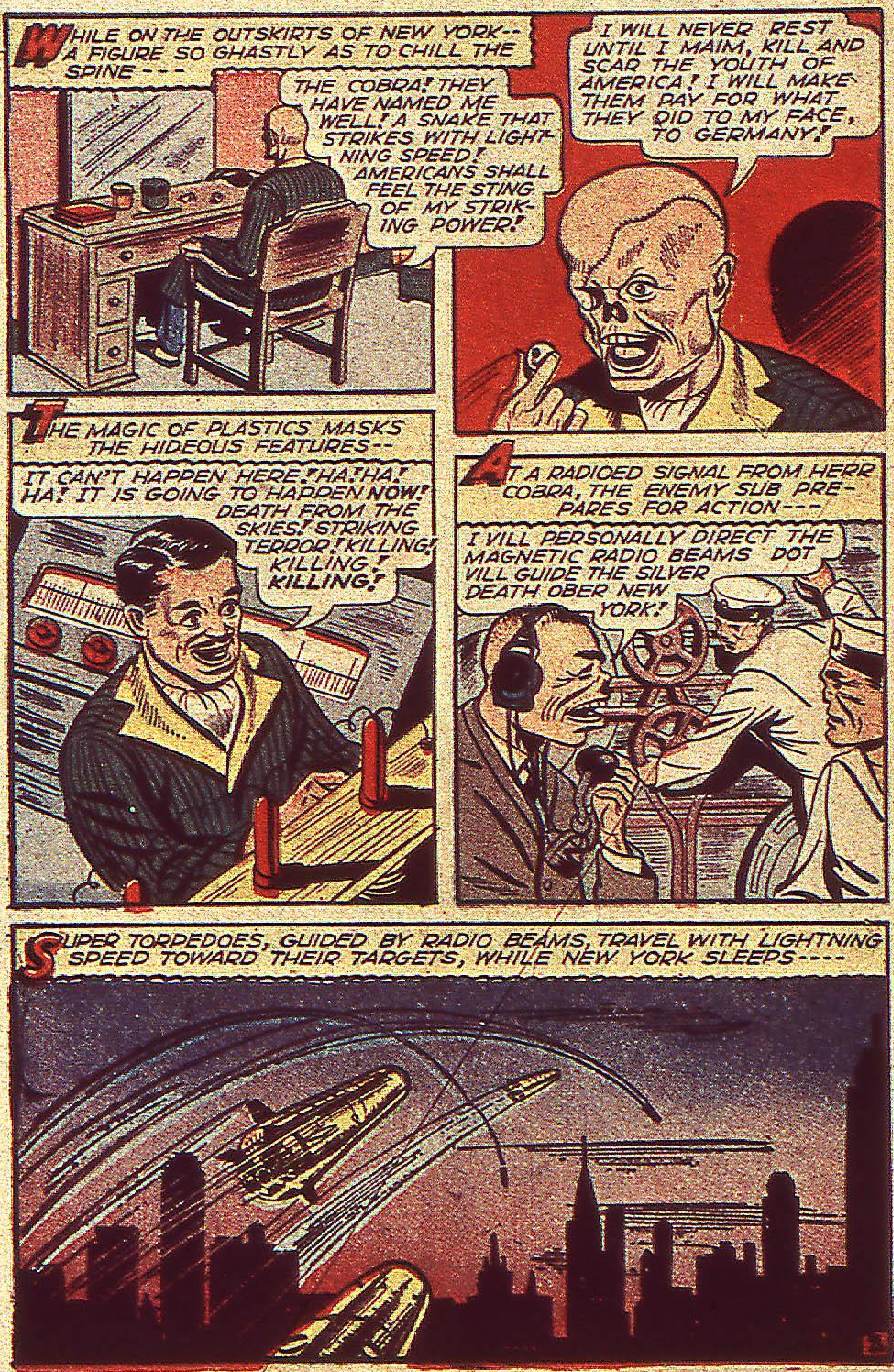
(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

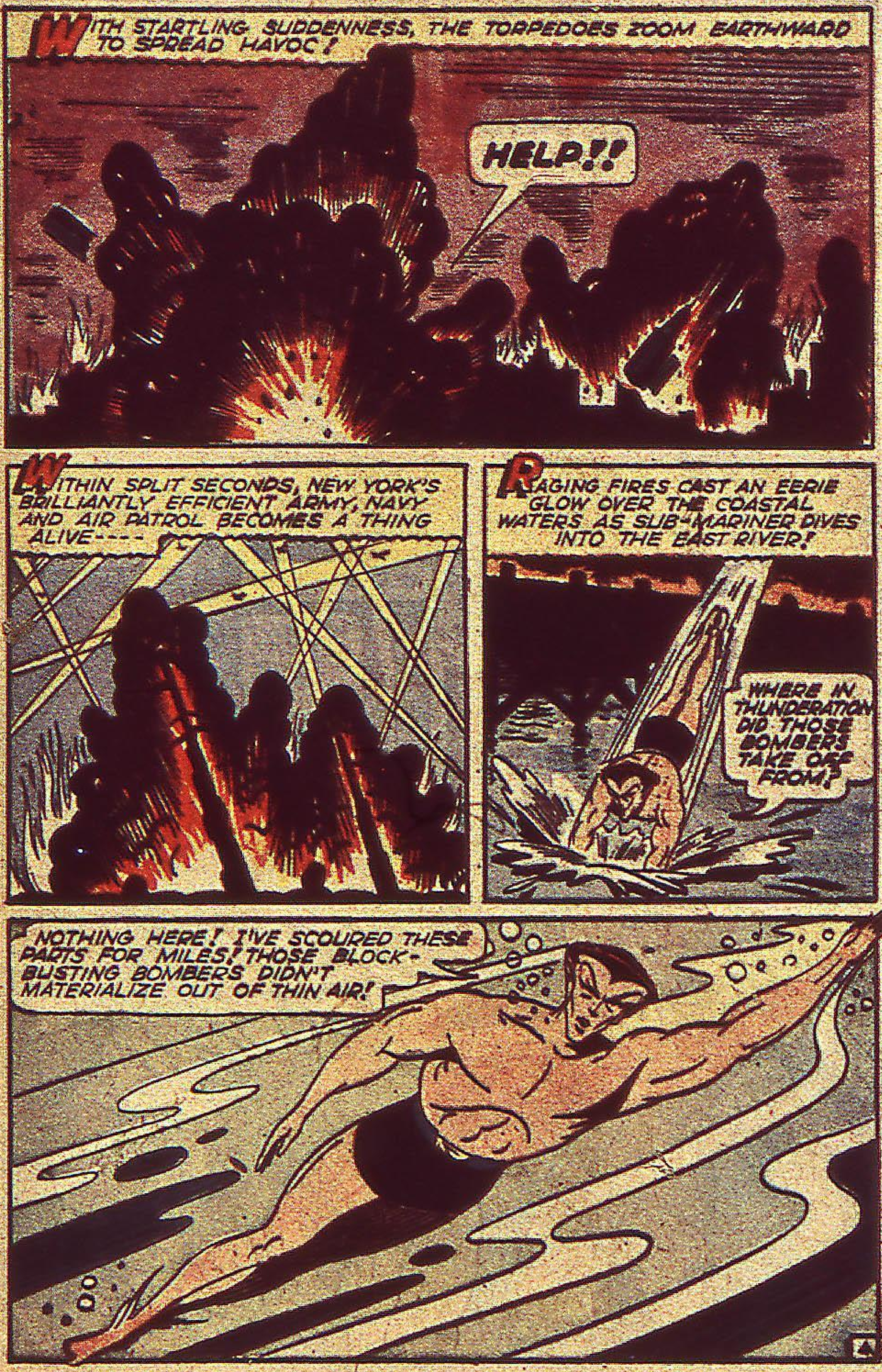
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1943.

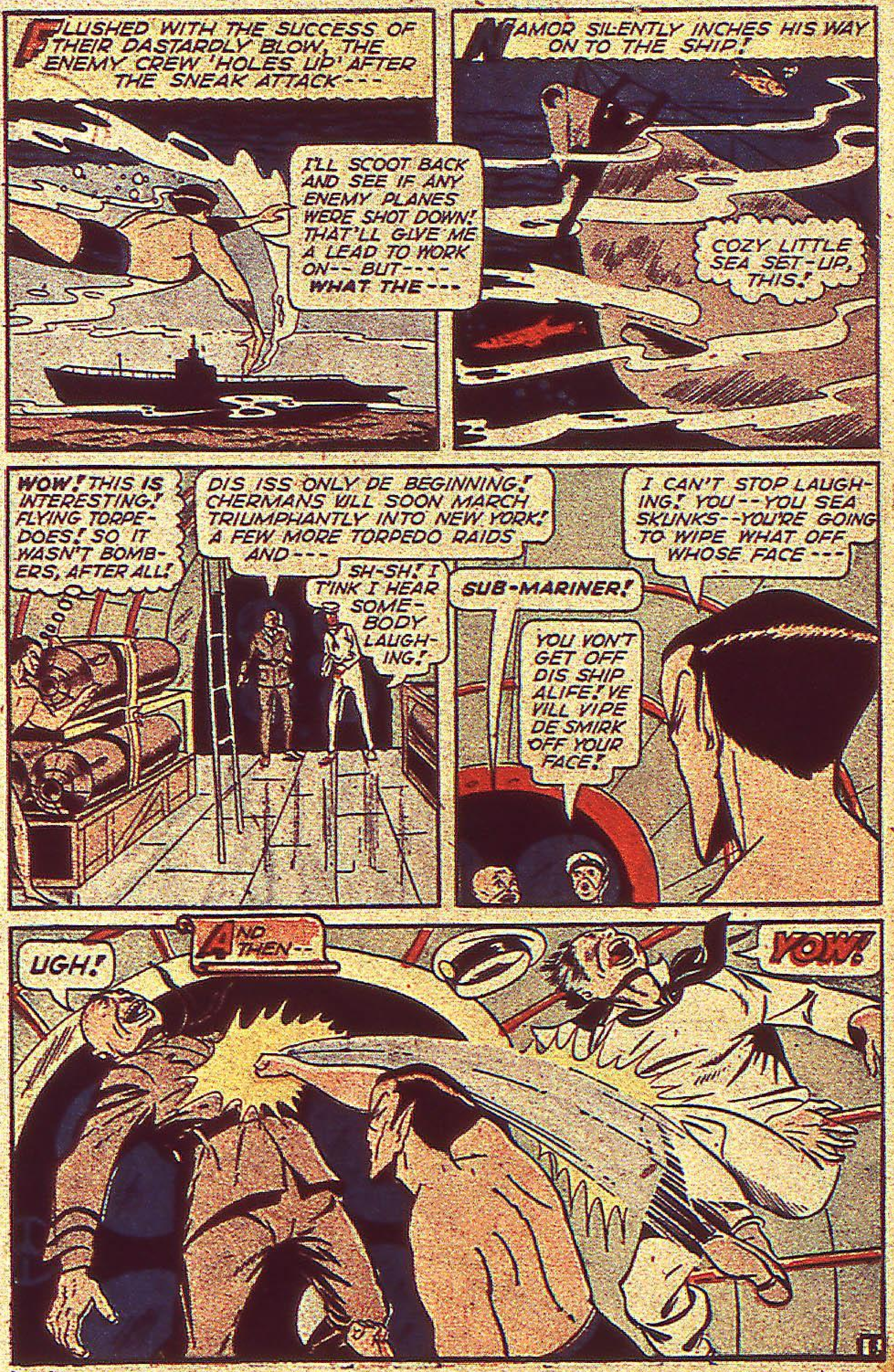
(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires, March 30, 1945.)

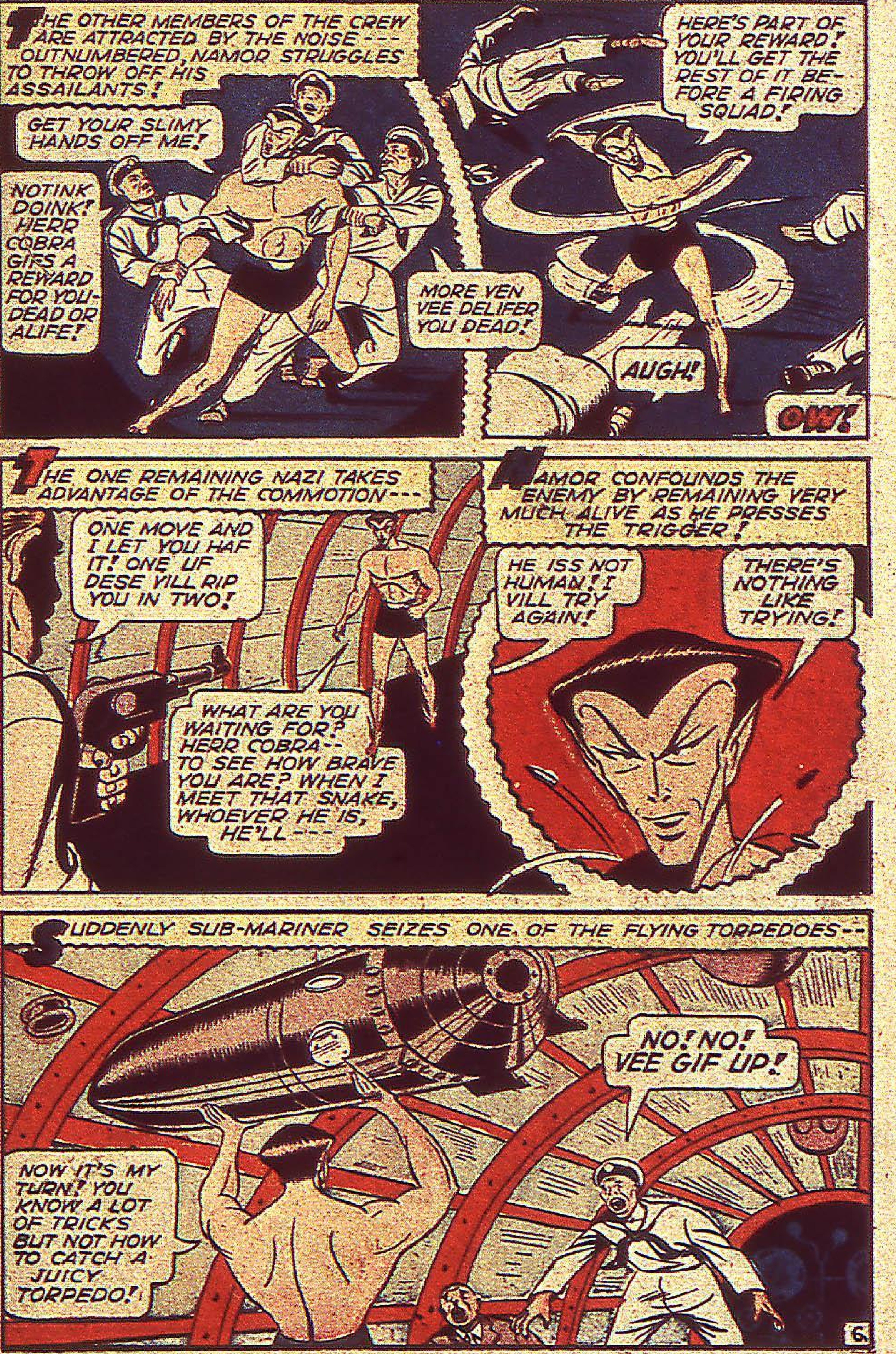

SUB-MARINER
"MESSAGE TO MOSCOW!"
SNOOPER

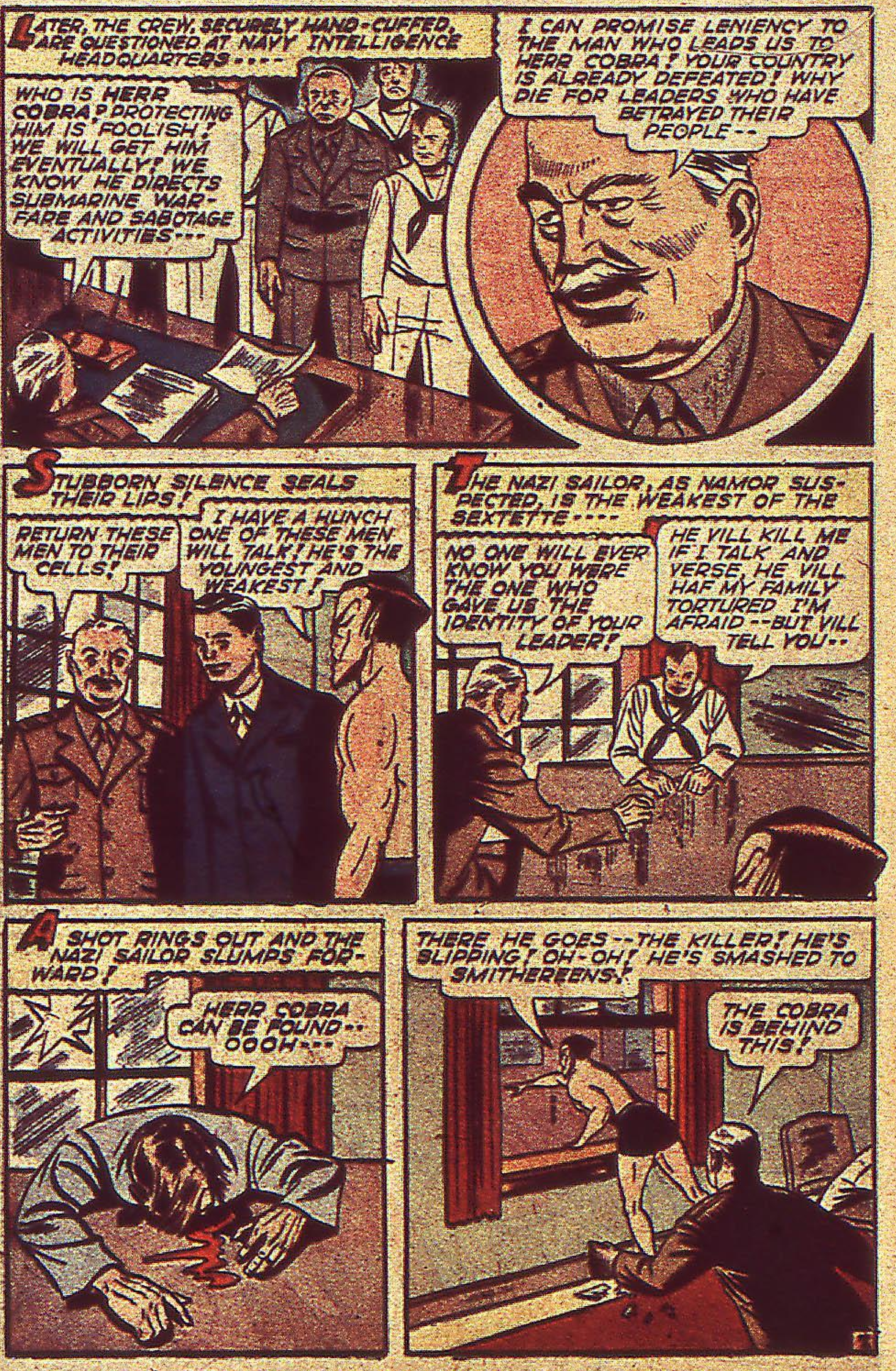

LURKING 30 MILES OFF NEW YORK COSTAL WATERS, AN ENEMY SUBMARINE WAITS--
DE SMUG AMERICANS SAY IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE! VE VILL SHOW DEM!
AS SOON AS DERE PRACTICE AIR RAID DRILL ISS OVER, VEE STRIKE! YOU ALL HAF A JOB TO DO! VE HAF REHEARSED DIS MOMENT FOR MUNTS, UND NOW---
WHILE NOT FAR AWAY--- IN THE NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE---
AMERICANS KEEP SAYING IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE! WHAT-- BOMB NEW YORK? THEY SCOFF AT THE POSSIBILITY! WHAT DO YOU THINK, NAMOR?
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT NAZI PROPAGANDA WANTS US TO BELIEVE! WHY? BECAUSE THEY CAN DO MORE DAMAGE WITH A PEOPLE LULLED INTO A SENSE OF SECURITY!
LOOK AT THEM IGNORING THE JOINTLY PLANNED ARMY-NAVY AIR RAID DRILL! IF THIS UNEXPECTED WARNING DOESN'T SCARE THEM, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WILL---
THE REAL THING! BOMBS! BULLETS! DEATH SPILLING AND SPURTING FROM PLANES, SUBMARINES---
BUT THE PLANES-- HOW CAN THEY GET PLANES HERE WITHOUT ELUDING OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY---
THAT'S THE QUESTION ON A MILLION LIPS---THE ANSWER? SUB CARRYING PLANES----
2

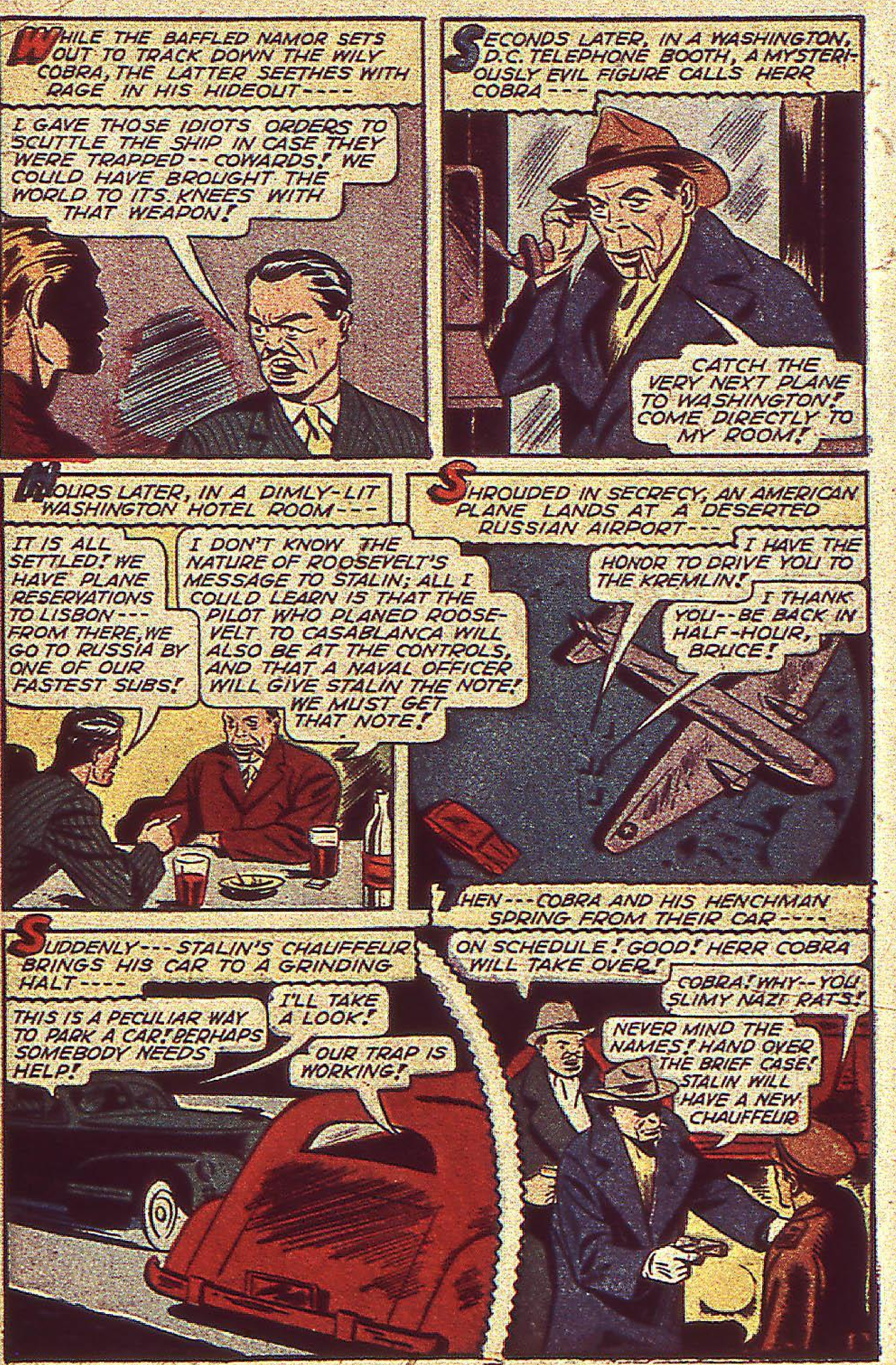

WHILE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK--A FIGURE SO GHASTLY AS TO CHILL THE SPINE---
THE COBRA! THEY HAVE NAMED ME WELL! A SNAKE THAT STRIKES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED! AMERICANS SHALL FEEL THE STING OF MY STRIKING POWER!
I WILL NEVER REST UNTIL I MAIM, KILL AND SCAR THE YOUTH OF AMERICA! I WILL MAKE THEM PAY FOR WHAT THEY DID TO MY FACE, TO GERMANY!
THE MAGIC OF PLASTICS MASKS THE HIDEOUS FEATURES--
IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE! HA! HA! HA! IT IS GOING TO HAPPEN NOW! DEATH FROM THE SKIES! STRIKING TERROR! KILLING! KILLING! KILLING!
AT A RADIOED SIGNAL FROM HERR COBRA, THE ENEMY SUB PREPARES FOR ACTION---
I VILL PERSONALLY DIRECT THE MAGNETIC RADIO BEAMS DOT VILL GUIDE THE SILVER DEATH OBER NEW YORK!
SUPER TORPEDOES, GUIDED BY RADIO BEAMS, TRAVEL WITH LIGHTNING SPEED TOWARD THEIR TARGETS, WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS----

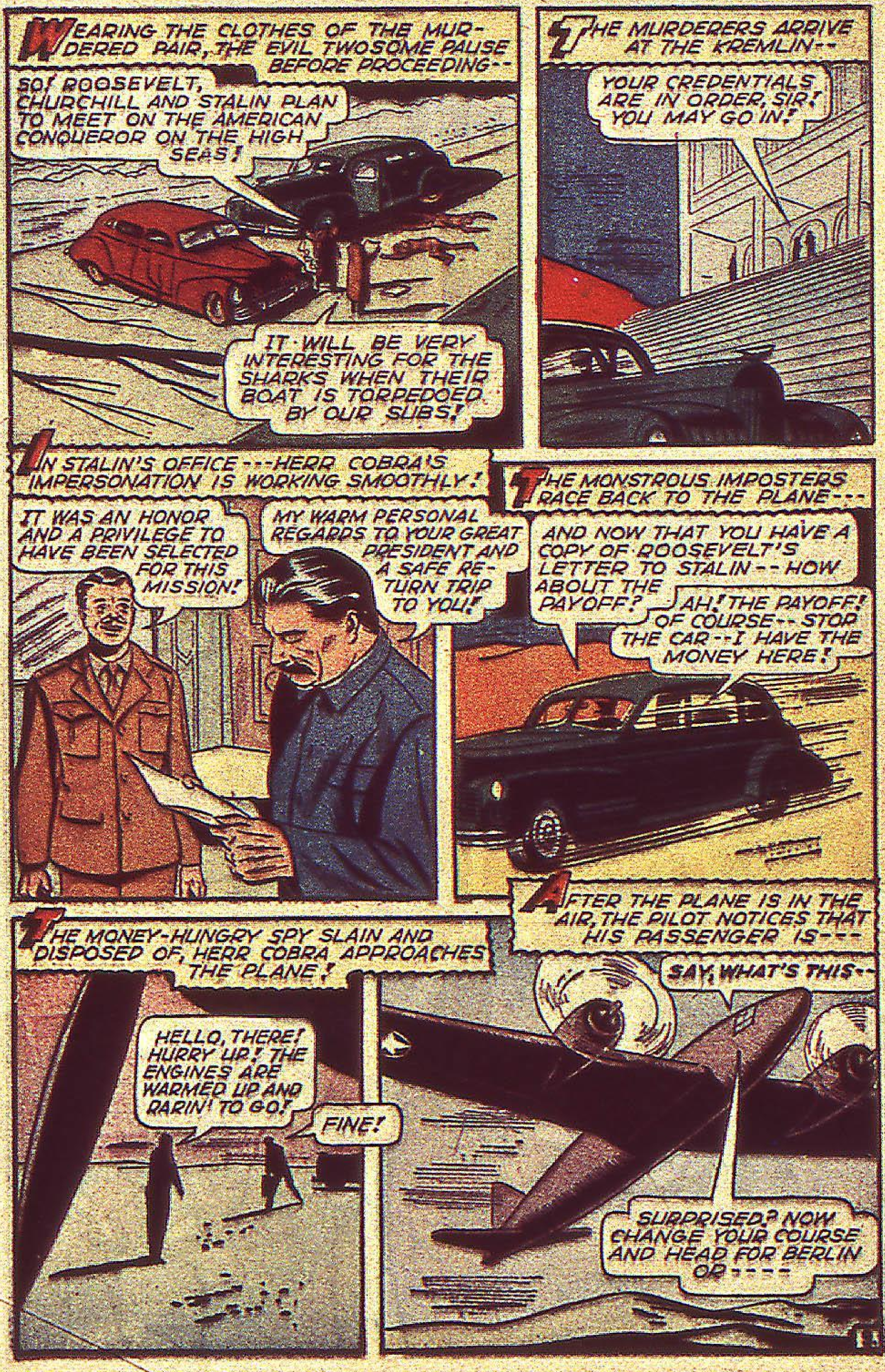

WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS, THE TORPEDOES ZOOM EARTHWARD TO SPREAD HAVOC!
HELP!!
WITHIN SPLIT SECONDS, NEW YORK'S BRILLIANTLY EFFICIENT ARMY, NAVY AND AIR PATROL BECOMES A THING ALIVE----
RAGING FIRES CAST AN EERIE GLOW OVER THE COASTAL WATERS AS SUB-MARINER DIVES INTO THE EAST RIVER!
WHERE IN THUNDERATION DID THOSE BOMBERS TAKE OFF FROM!
NOTHING HERE! I'VE SCOURED THESE PARTS FOR MILES! THOSE BLOCK-BUSTING BOMBERS DIDN'T MATERIALIZE OUT OF THIN AIR!

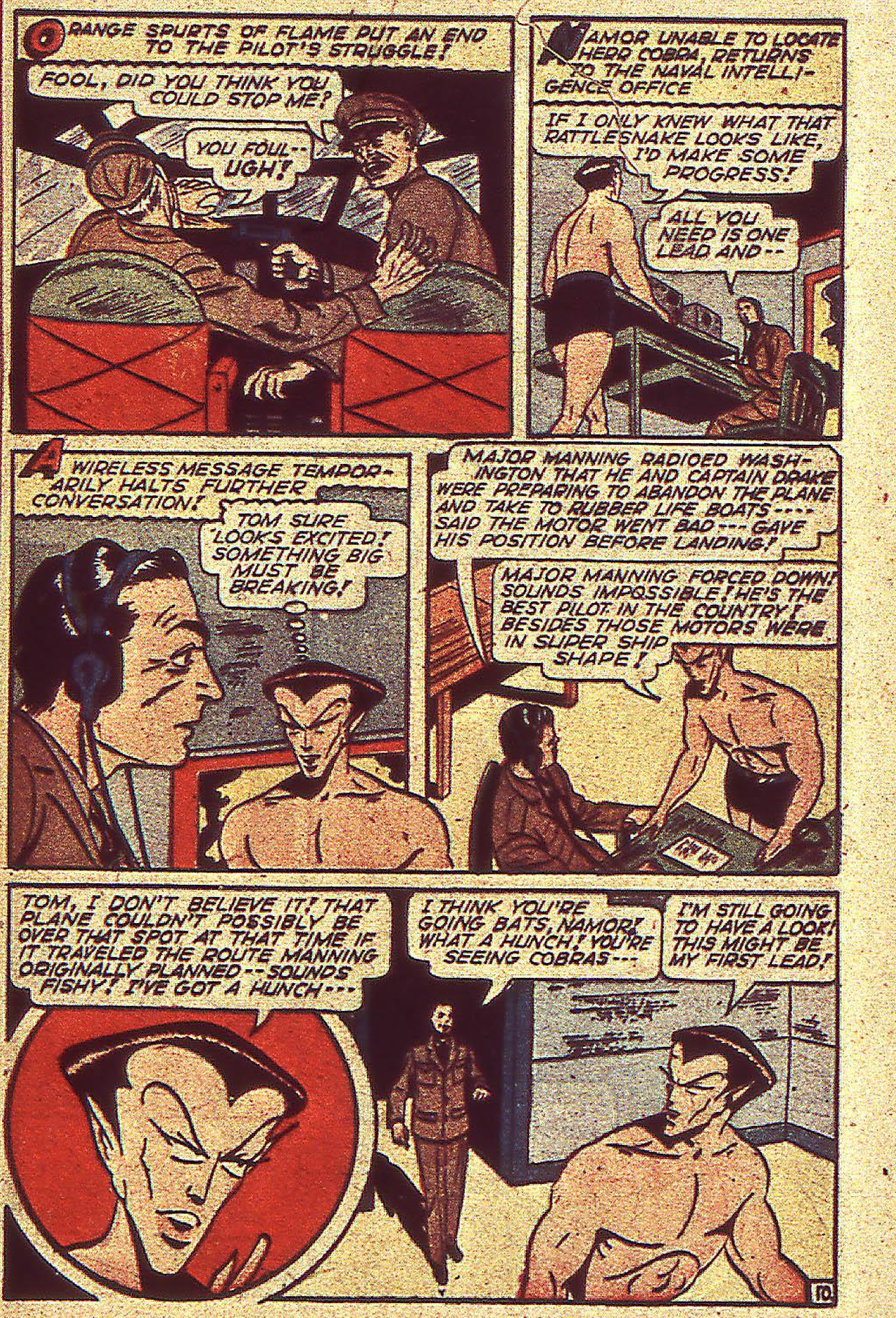

FLUSHED WITH THE SUCCESS OF THEIR DASTARDLY BLOW, THE ENEMY CREW 'HOLES UP' AFTER THE SNEAK ATTACK---
I'LL SCOOT BACK AND SEE IF ANY ENEMY PLANES WERE SHOT DOWN! THAT'LL GIVE ME A LEAD TO WORK ON-- BUT---- WHAT THE---
NAMOR SILENTLY INCHES HIS WAY ON TO THE SHIP!
COZY LITTLE SEA SET-UP, THIS!
WOW! THIS IS INTERESTING! FLYING TORPEDOES! SO IT WASN'T BOMBERS, AFTER ALL!
DIS ISS ONLY DE BEGINNING! CHERMANS VILL SOON MARCH TRIUMPHANTLY INTO NEW YORK! A FEW MORE TORPEDO RAIDS AND---
SH-SH! I T'INK I HEAR SOMEBODY LAUGHING!
I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING! YOU--YOU SEA SKUNKS--YOU'RE GOING TO WIPE WHAT OFF WHOSE FACE---
SUB-MARINER!
YOU VON'T GET OFF DIS SHIP ALIFE! VE VILL VIPE DE SMIRK OFF YOUR FACE!
AND THEN--
UGH!
YOW!

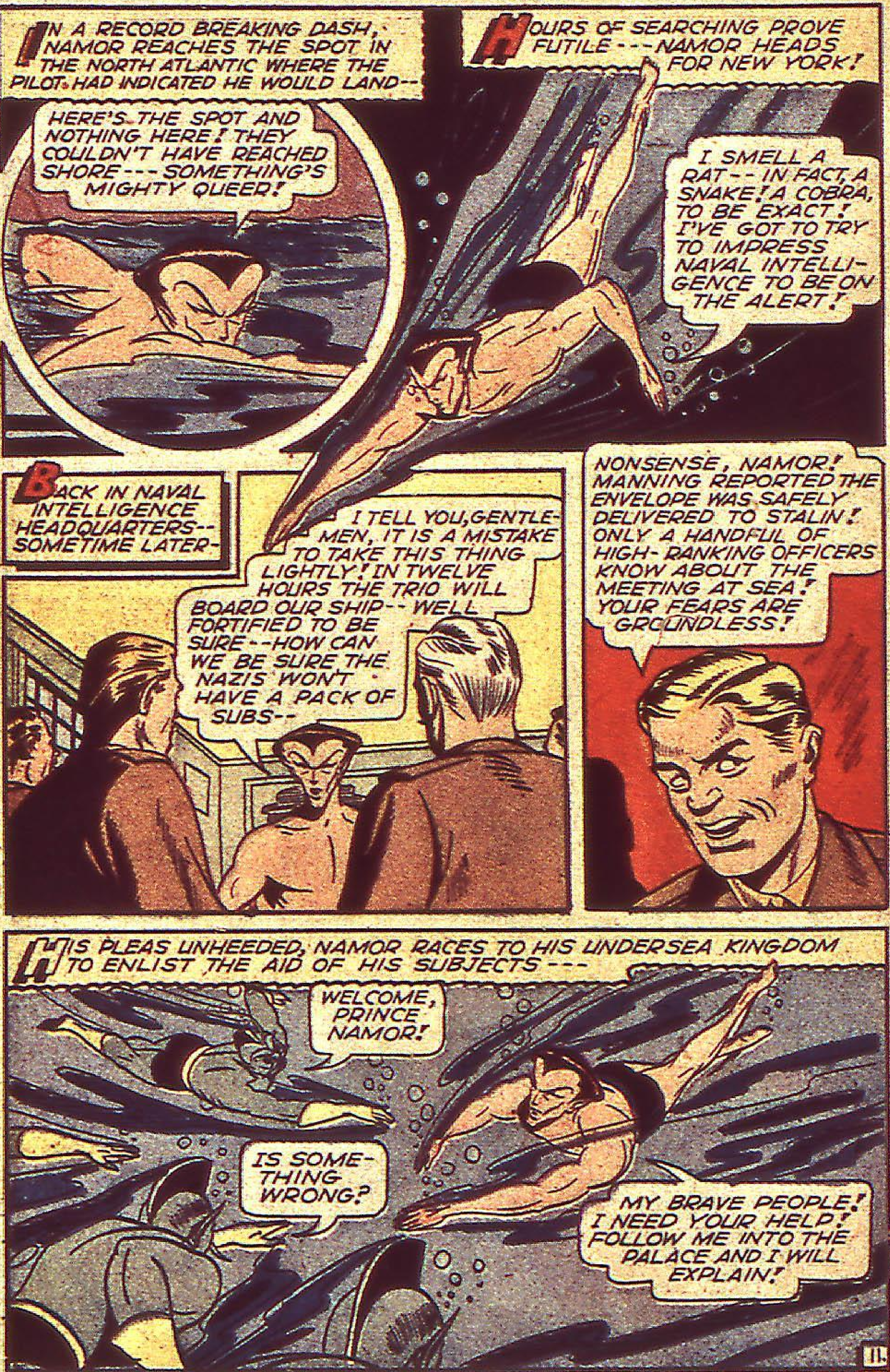

THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CREW ARE ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE --- OUTNUMBERED, NAMOR STRUGGLES TO THROW OFF HIS ASSAILANTS!
GET YOUR SLIMY HANDS OFF ME!
NOTINK DOINK! HERR COBRA GIFS A REWARD FOR YOU-DEAD OR ALIFE!
MORE VEN VEE DELIFER YOU DEAD!
HERE'S PART OF YOUR REWARD! YOU'LL GET THE REST OF IT BEFORE A FIRING SQUAD!
AUGH!
OW!
THE ONE REMAINING NAZI TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE COMMOTION---
ONE MOVE AND I LET YOU HAF IT! ONE UF DESE VILL RIP YOU IN TWO!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? HERR COBRA-- TO SEE HOW BRAVE YOU ARE? WHEN I MEET THAT SNAKE, WHOEVER HE IS, HE'LL---
NAMOR CONFOUNDS THE ENEMY BY REMAINING VERY MUCH ALIVE AS HE PRESSES THE TRIGGER!
HE ISS NOT HUMAN! I VILL TRY AGAIN!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TRYING!
SUDDENLY SUB-MARINER SEIZES ONE OF THE FLYING TORPEDOES--
NO! NO! VEE GIF UP!
NOW IT'S MY TURN! YOU KNOW A LOT OF TRICKS BUT NOT HOW TO CATCH A JUICY TORPEDO!

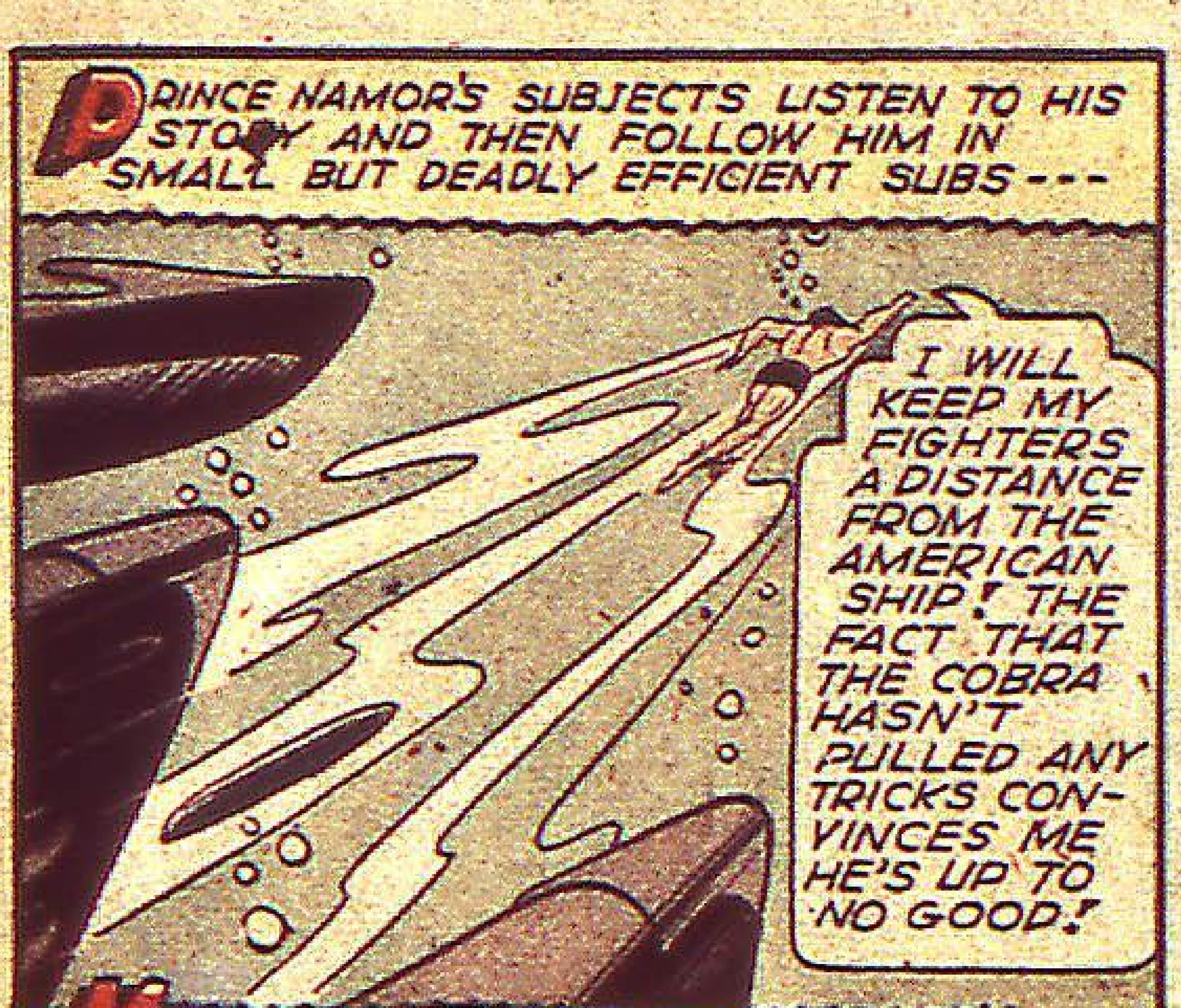

LATER, THE CREW, SECURELY HAND-CUFFED, ARE QUESTIONED AT NAVY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS---
WHO IS HERR COBRA? PROTECTING HIM IS FOOLISH! WE WILL GET HIM EVENTUALLY! WE KNOW HE DIRECTS SUBMARINE WARFARE AND SABOTAGE ACTIVITIES---
I CAN PROMISE LENIENCY TO THE MAN WHO LEADS US TO HERR COBRA! YOUR COUNTRY IS ALREADY DEFEATED! WHY DIE FOR LEADERS WHO HAVE BETRAYED THEIR PEOPLE--
STUBBORN SILENCE SEALS THEIR LIPS!
RETURN THESE MEN TO THEIR CELLS!
I HAVE A HUNCH ONE OF THESE MEN WILL TALK! HE'S THE YOUNGEST AND WEAKEST!
THE NAZI SAILOR, AS NAMOR SUSPECTED, IS THE WEAKEST OF THE SEXTETTE---
NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW YOU WERE THE ONE WHO GAVE US THE IDENTITY OF YOUR LEADER!
HE VILL KILL ME IF I TALK AND VERSE, HE VILL HAF MY FAMILY TORTURED I'M AFRAID--BUT VILL TELL YOU--
A SHOT RINGS OUT AND THE NAZI SAILOR SLUMPS FORWARD!
HERR COBRA CAN BE FOUND--OOOH---
THERE HE GOES--THE KILLER! HE'S SLIPPING! OH-OH! HE'S SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS!
THE COBRA IS BEHIND THIS!

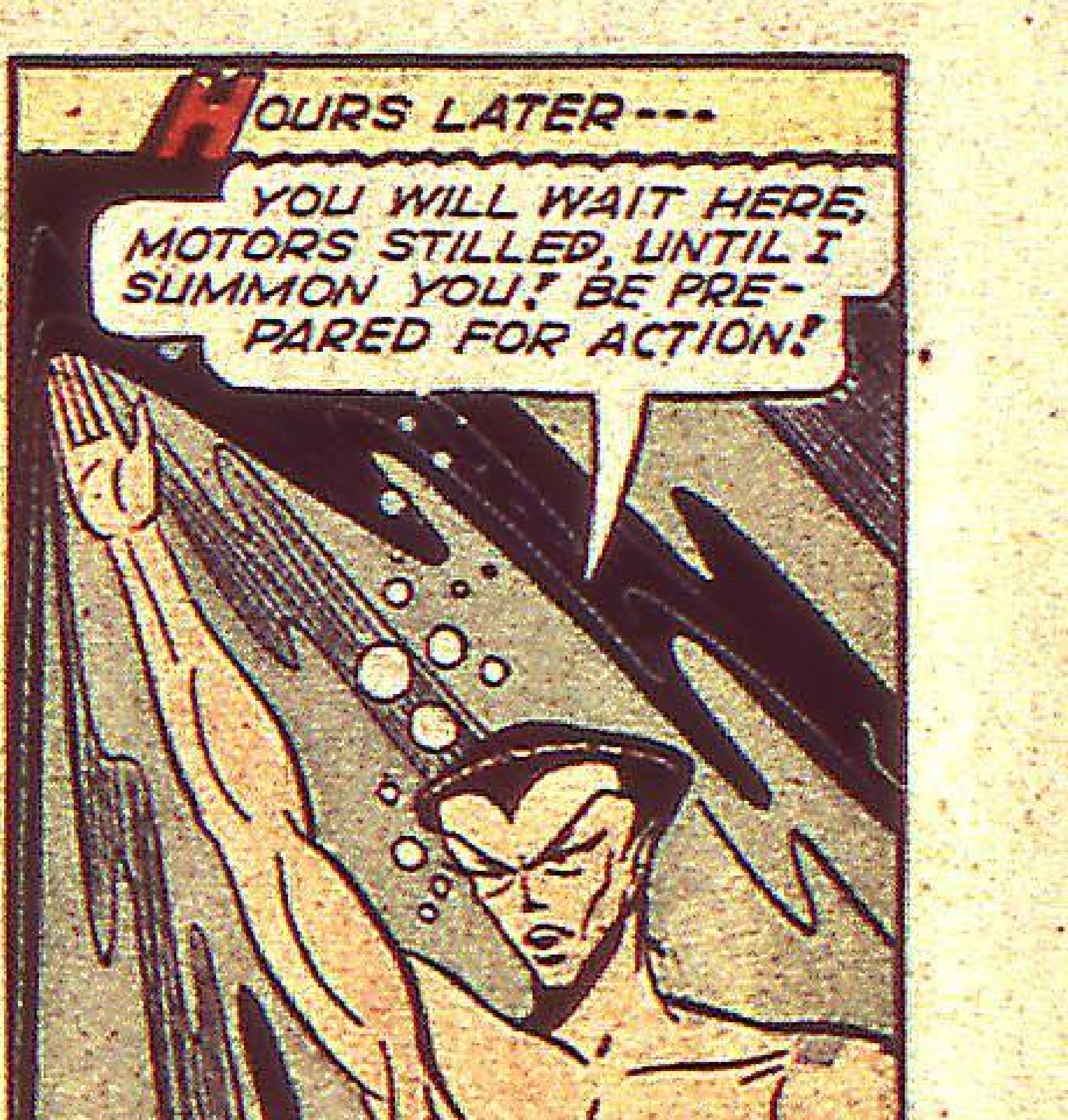

WHILE THE BAFFLED NAMOR SETS OUT TO TRACK DOWN THE WILY COBRA, THE LATTER SEETHES WITH RAGE IN HIS HIDEOUT----
I GAVE THOSE IDIOTS ORDERS TO SCUTTLE THE SHIP IN CASE THEY WERE TRAPPED--COWARDS! WE COULD HAVE BROUGHT THE WORLD TO ITS KNEES WITH THAT WEAPON!
SECONDS LATER, IN A WASHINGTON, D.C. TELEPHONE BOOTH, A MYSTERIOUSLY EVIL FIGURE CALLS HERR COBRA---
CATCH THE VERY NEXT PLANE TO WASHINGTON! COME DIRECTLY TO MY ROOM!
HOURS LATER, IN A DIMLY-LIT WASHINGTON HOTEL ROOM---
IT IS ALL SETTLED! WE HAVE PLANE RESERVATIONS TO LISBON---FROM THERE, WE GO TO RUSSIA BY ONE OF OUR FASTEST SUBS!
I DON'T KNOW THE NATURE OF ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE TO STALIN; ALL I COULD LEARN IS THAT THE PILOT WHO PLANED ROOSEVELT TO CASABLANCA WILL ALSO BE AT THE CONTROLS, AND THAT A NAVAL OFFICER WILL GIVE STALIN THE NOTE! WE MUST GET THAT NOTE!
SHROUDED IN SECRECY, AN AMERICAN PLANE LANDS AT A DESERTED RUSSIAN AIRPORT---
I HAVE THE HONOR TO DRIVE YOU TO THE KREMLIN!
I THANK YOU--BE BACK IN HALF-HOUR, BRUCE!
SUDDENLY---STALIN'S CHAUFFEUR BRINGS HIS CAR TO A GRINDING HALT----
THIS IS A PECULIAR WAY TO PARK A CAR! BERHAPS SOMEBODY NEEDS HELP!
I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
OUR TRAP IS WORKING!
THEN---COBRA AND HIS HENCHMAN SPRING FROM THEIR CAR---
ON SCHEDULE! GOOD! HERR COBRA WILL TAKE OVER!
COBRA! WHY--YOU SLIMY NAZI RATS!
NEVER MIND THE NAMES! HAND OVER THE BRIEF CASE! STALIN WILL HAVE A NEW CHAUFFEUR

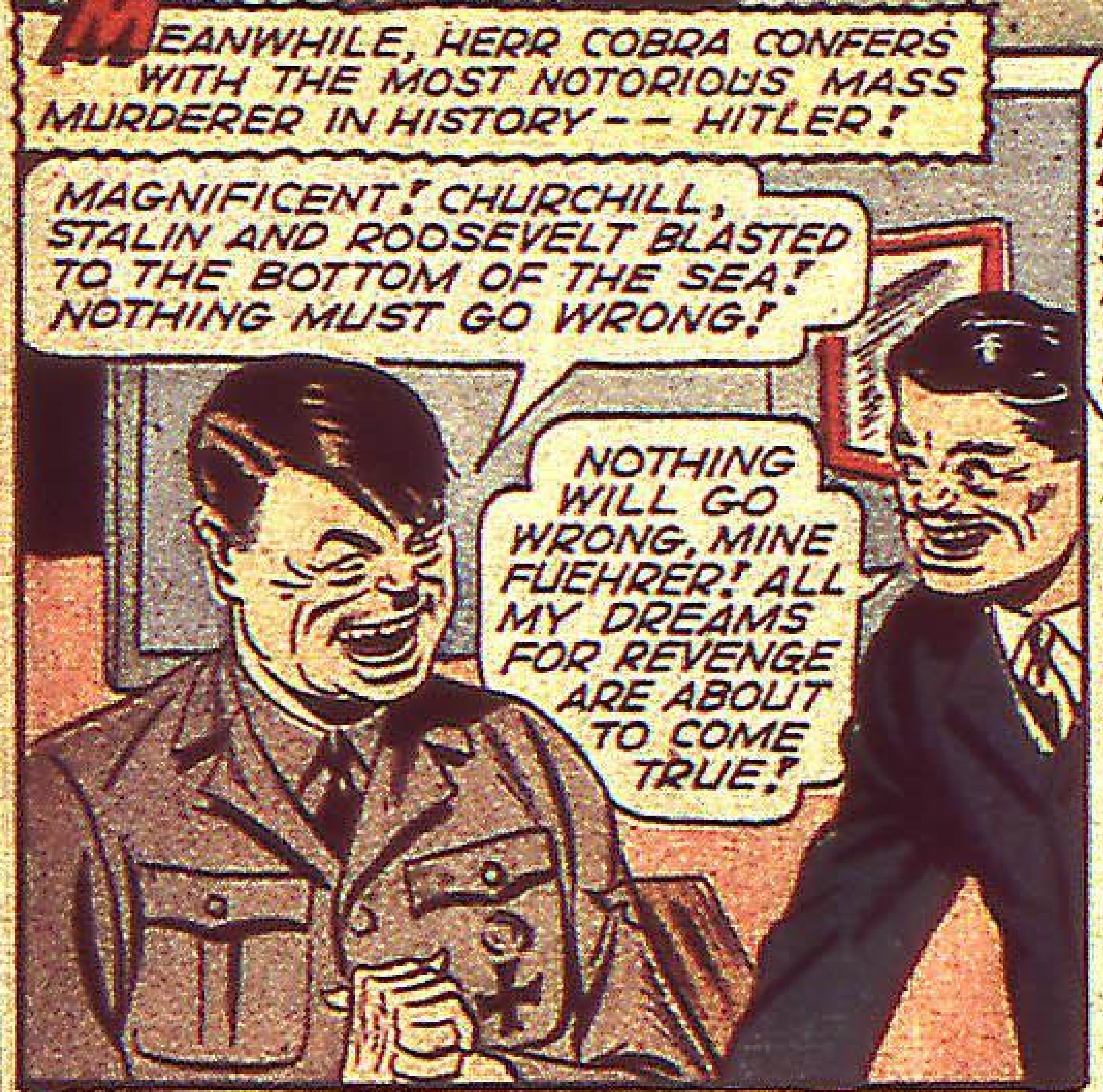

WEARING THE CLOTHES OF THE MURDERED PAIR, THE EVIL TWOSOME PAUSE BEFORE PROCEEDING--
SO! ROOSEVELT, CHURCHILL AND STALIN PLAN TO MEET ON THE AMERICAN CONQUEROR ON THE HIGH SEAS!
IT WILL BE VERY INTERESTING FOR THE SHARKS WHEN THEIR BOAT IS TORPEDOED BY OUR SUBS!
THE MURDERERS ARRIVE AT THE KREMLIN--
YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE IN ORDER, SIR! YOU MAY GO IN!
IN STALIN'S OFFICE---HERR COBRA'S IMPERSONATION IS WORKING SMOOTHLY!
IT WAS AN HONOR AND A PRIVILEGE TO HAVE BEEN SELECTED FOR THIS MISSION!
MY WARM PERSONAL REGARDS TO YOUR GREAT PRESIDENT AND A SAFE RETURN TRIP TO YOU!
THE MONSTROUS IMPOSTERS RACE BACK TO THE PLANE---
AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE A COPY OF ROOSEVELT'S LETTER TO STALIN--HOW ABOUT THE PAYOFF?
AH! THE PAYOFF! OF COURSE--STOP THE CAR--I HAVE THE MONEY HERE!
THE MONEY-HUNGRY SPY SLAIN AND DISPOSED OF, HERR COBRA APPROACHES THE PLANE!
HELLO, THERE! HURRY UP! THE ENGINES ARE WARMED UP AND RARIN' TO GO!
FINE!
AFTER THE PLANE IS IN THE AIR, THE PILOT NOTICES THAT HIS PASSENGER IS---
SAY, WHAT'S THIS--
SURPRISED? NOW CHANGE YOUR COURSE AND HEAD FOR BERLIN OR----

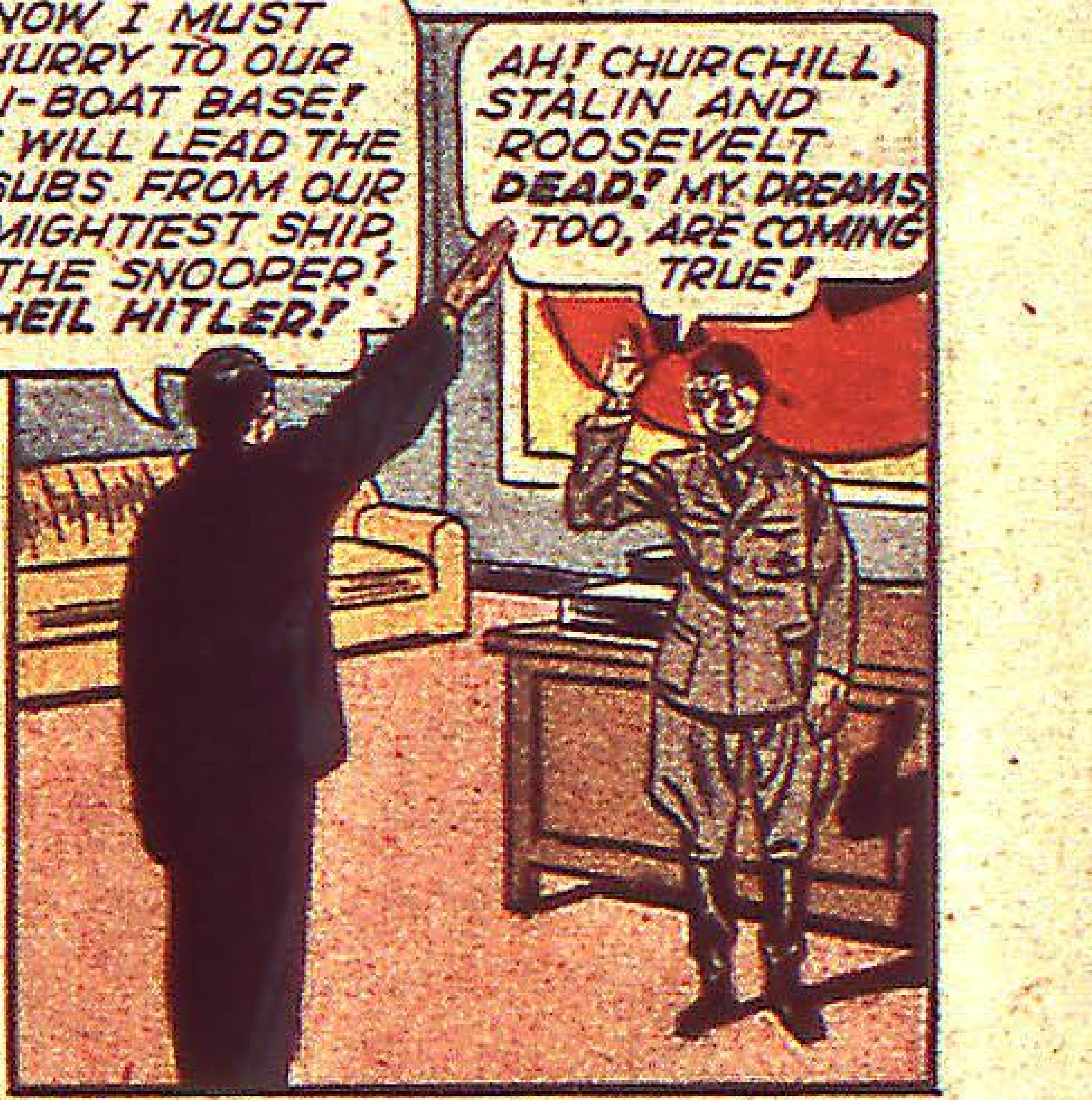

ORANGE SPURTS OF FLAME PUT AN END TO THE PILOT'S STRUGGLE!
FOOL, DID YOU THINK YOU COULD STOP ME?
YOU FOUL-- UGH!
NAMOR UNABLE TO LOCATE HERR COBRA, RETURNS TO THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE
IF I ONLY KNEW WHAT THAT RATTLESNAKE LOOKS LIKE, I'D MAKE SOME PROGRESS!
ALL YOU NEED IS ONE LEAD AND--
A WIRELESS MESSAGE TEMPORARILY HALTS FURTHER CONVERSATION!
TOM SURE LOOKS EXCITED! SOMETHING BIG MUST BE BREAKING!
MAJOR MANNING RADIOED WASHINGTON THAT HE AND CAPTAIN DRAKE WERE PREPARING TO ABANDON THE PLANE AND TAKE TO RUBBER LIFE BOATS--- SAID THE MOTOR WENT BAD --- GAVE HIS POSITION BEFORE LANDING!
MAJOR MANNING FORCED DOWN! SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S THE BEST PILOT IN THE COUNTRY! BESIDES THOSE MOTORS WERE IN SUPER SHIP SHAPE!
TOM, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT PLANE COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE OVER THAT SPOT AT THAT TIME IF IT TRAVELED THE ROUTE MANNING ORIGINALLY PLANNED--SOUNDS FISHY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH---
I THINK YOU'RE GOING BATS, NAMOR! WHAT A HUNCH! YOU'RE SEEING COBRAS---
I'M STILL GOING TO HAVE A LOOK! THIS MIGHT BE MY FIRST LEAD!

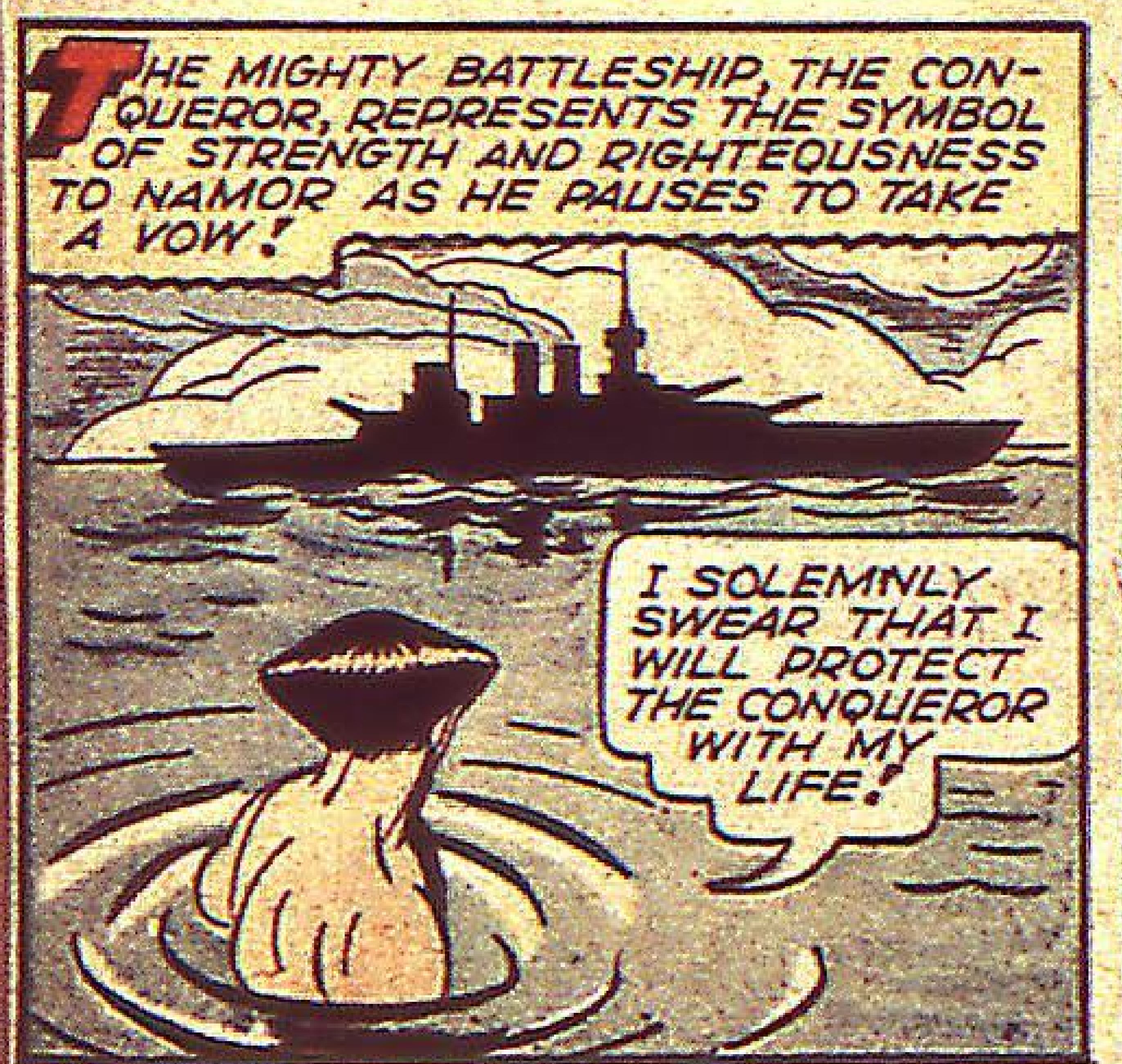

IN A RECORD BREAKING DASH, NAMOR REACHES THE SPOT IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC WHERE THE PILOT HAD INDICATED HE WOULD LAND--
HERE'S THE SPOT AND NOTHING HERE! THEY COULDN'T HAVE REACHED SHORE--- SOMETHING'S MIGHTY QUEER!
HOURS OF SEARCHING PROVE FUTILE---NAMOR HEADS FOR NEW YORK!
I SMELL A RAT-- IN FACT, A SNAKE! A COBRA, TO BE EXACT! I'VE GOT TO TRY TO IMPRESS NAVAL INTELLIGENCE TO BE ON THE ALERT!
BACK IN NAVAL INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS-- SOMETIME LATER-
I TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, IT IS A MISTAKE TO TAKE THIS THING LIGHTLY! IN TWELVE HOURS THE TRIO WILL BOARD OUR SHIP-- WELL FORTIFIED TO BE SURE--HOW CAN WE BE SURE THE NAZIS WON'T HAVE A PACK OF SUBS--
NONSENSE, NAMOR! MANNING REPORTED THE ENVELOPE WAS SAFELY DELIVERED TO STALIN! ONLY A HANDFUL OF HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS KNOW ABOUT THE MEETING AT SEA! YOUR FEARS ARE GROUNDLESS!
HIS PLEAS UNHEEDED, NAMOR RACES TO HIS UNDERSEA KINGDOM TO ENLIST THE AID OF HIS SUBJECTS---
WELCOME, PRINCE NAMOR!
IS SOMETHING WRONG?
MY BRAVE PEOPLE! I NEED YOUR HELP! FOLLOW ME INTO THE PALACE AND I WILL EXPLAIN!

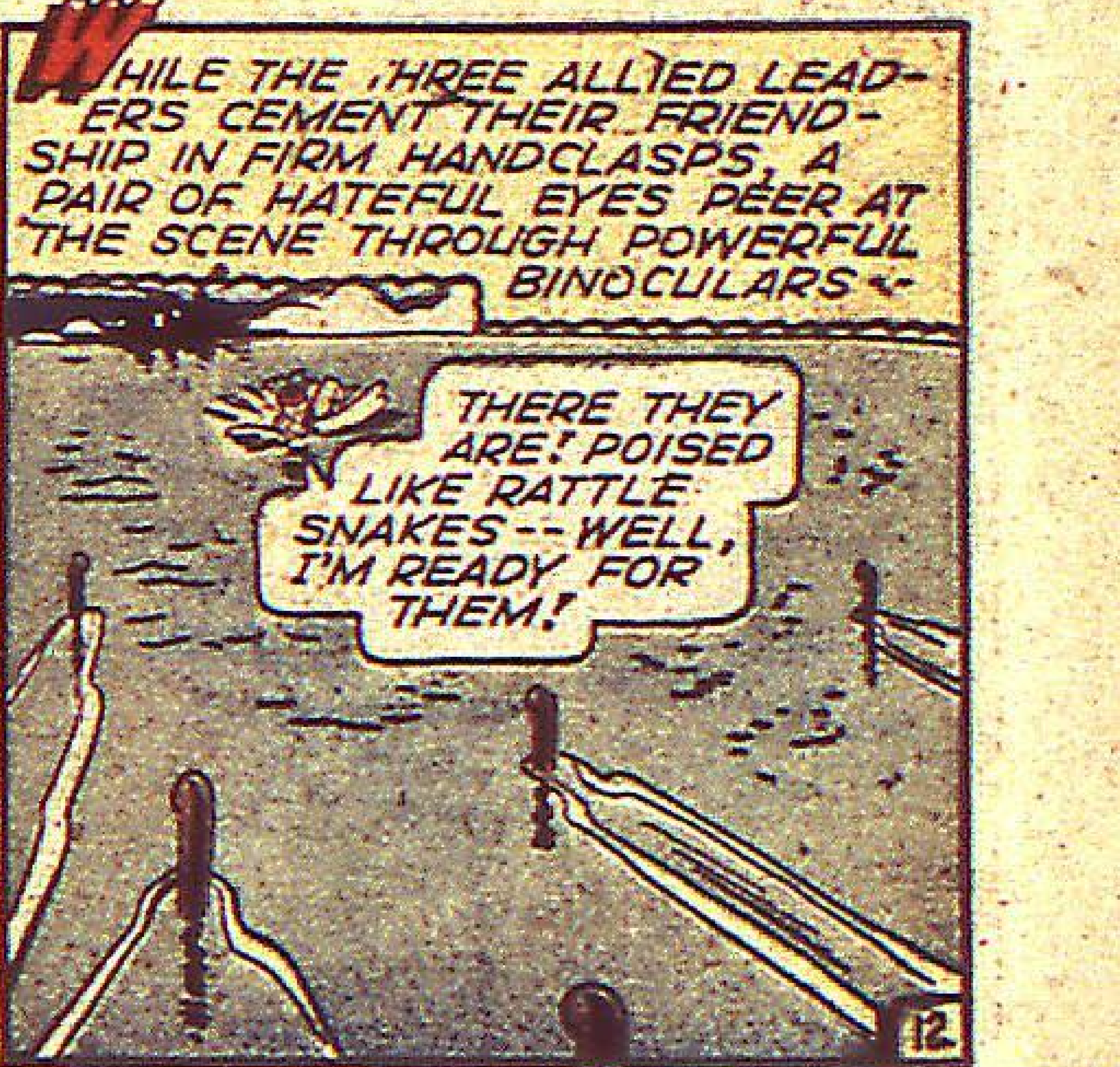

PRINCE NAMOR'S SUBJECTS LISTEN TO HIS STORY AND THEN FOLLOW HIM IN SMALL BUT DEADLY EFFICIENT SUBS---
I WILL KEEP MY FIGHTERS A DISTANCE FROM THE AMERICAN SHIP! THE FACT THAT THE COBRA HASN'T PULLED ANY TRICKS CONVINCES ME HE'S UP TO NO GOOD!

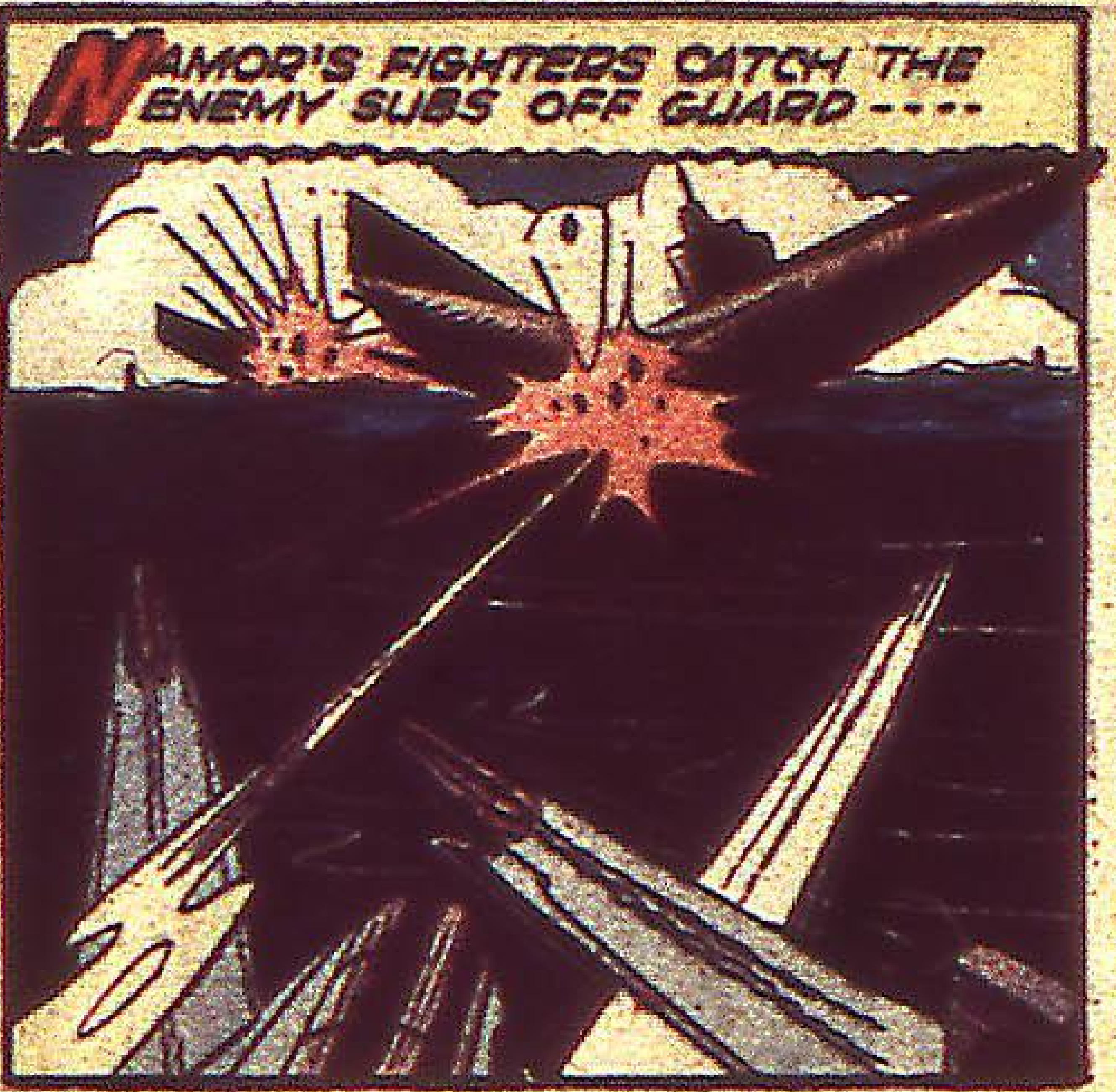

HOURS LATER---
YOU WILL WAIT HERE, MOTORS STILLED, UNTIL I SUMMON YOU! BE PREPARED FOR ACTION!

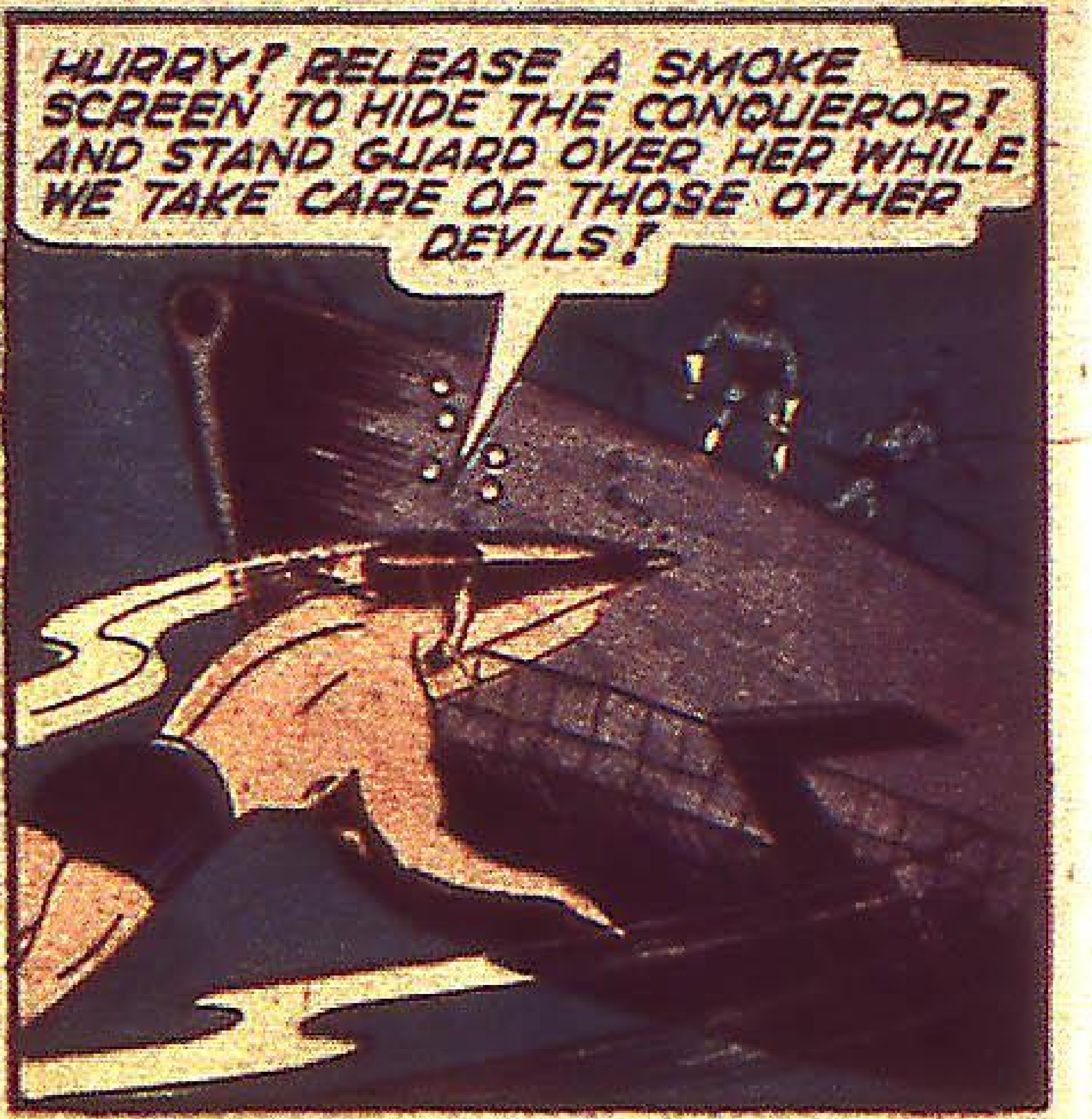

MEANWHILE, HERR COBRA CONFERS WITH THE MOST NOTORIOUS MASS MURDERER IN HISTORY -- HITLER!
MAGNIFICENT! CHURCHILL, STALIN AND ROOSEVELT BLASTED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA! NOTHING MUST GO WRONG!
NOTHING WILL GO WRONG, MINE FUEHRER! ALL MY DREAMS FOR REVENGE ARE ABOUT TO COME TRUE!

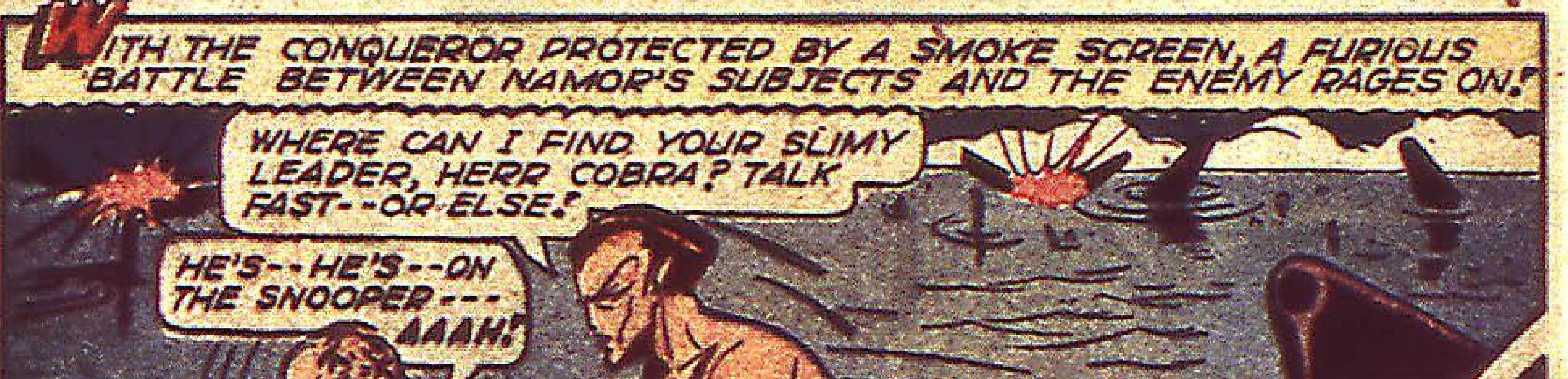

NOW I MUST HURRY TO OUR U-BOAT BASE! I WILL LEAD THE SUBS FROM OUR MIGHTIEST SHIP, THE SNOOPER! HEIL HITLER!
AH! CHURCHILL, STALIN AND ROOSEVELT DEAD! MY DREAMS, TOO, ARE COMING TRUE!

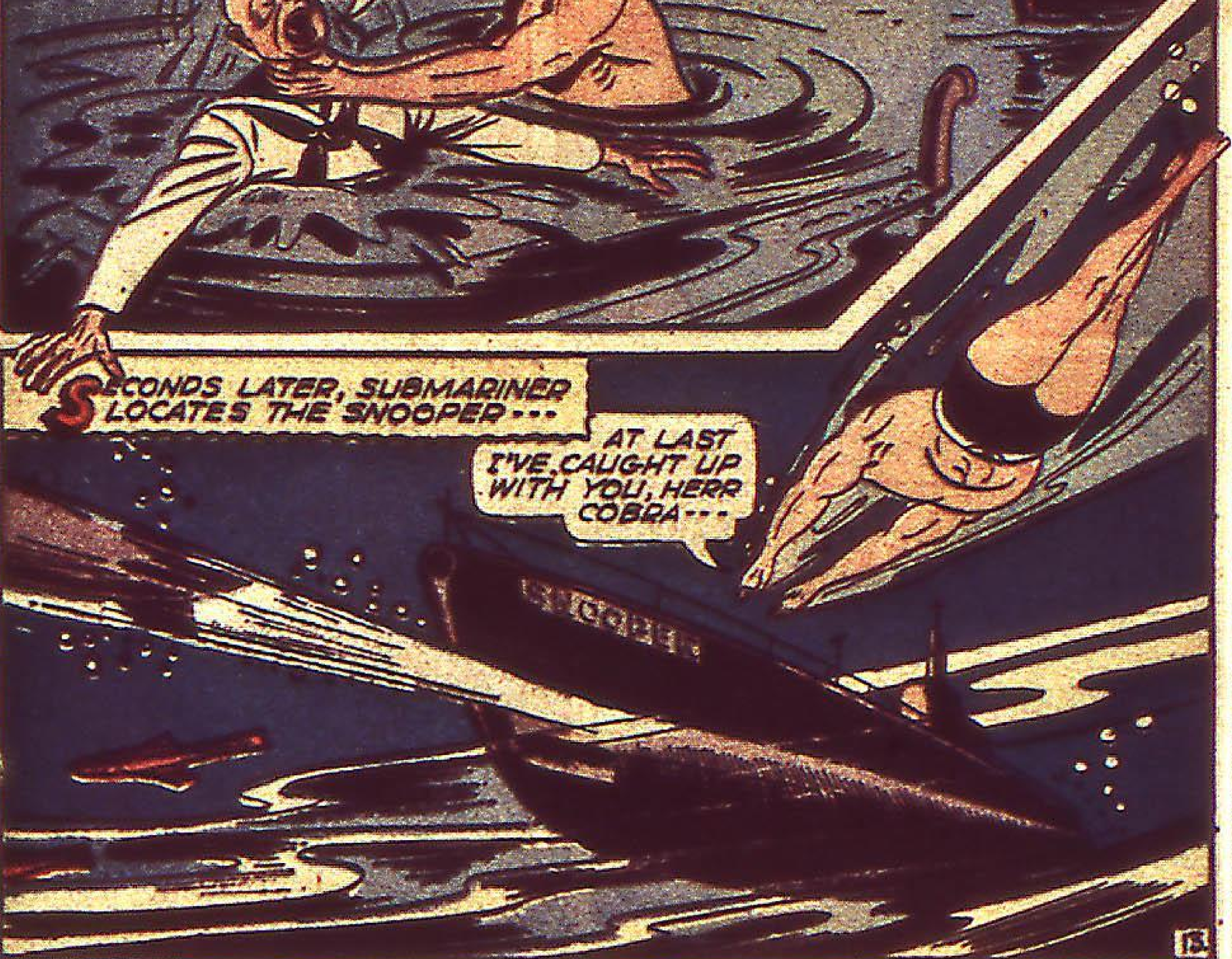

THE MIGHTY BATTLESHIP, THE CONQUEROR, REPRESENTS THE SYMBOL OF STRENGTH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS TO NAMOR AS HE PAUSES TO TAKE A VOW!
I SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I WILL PROTECT THE CONQUEROR WITH MY LIFE!

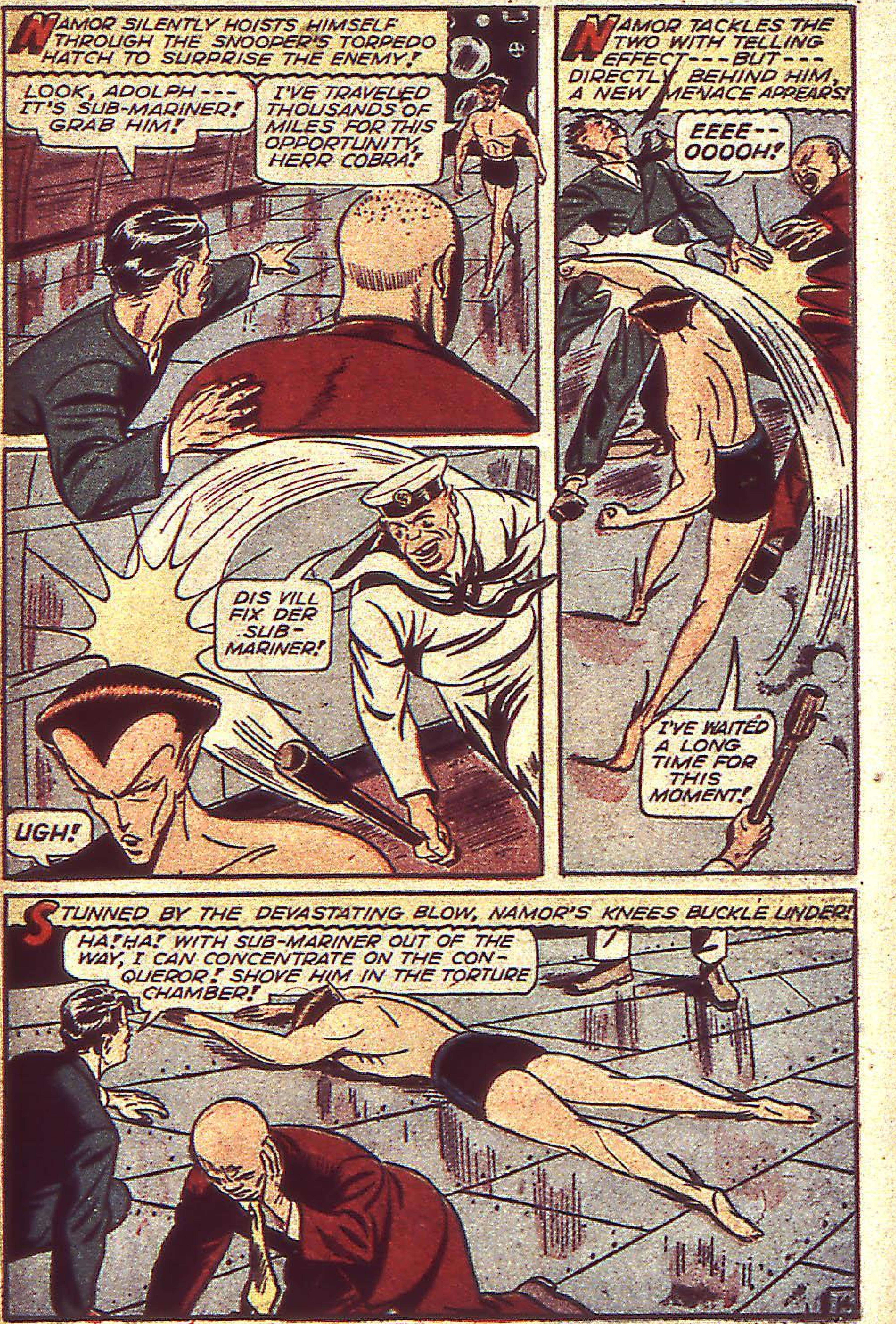

WHILE THE THREE ALLIED LEADERS CEMENT THEIR FRIENDSHIP IN FIRM HANDCLASPS, A PAIR OF HATEFUL EYES PEER AT THE SCENE THROUGH POWERFUL BINOCULARS--
THERE THEY ARE! POISED LIKE RATTLE SNAKES--WELL, I'M READY FOR THEM!

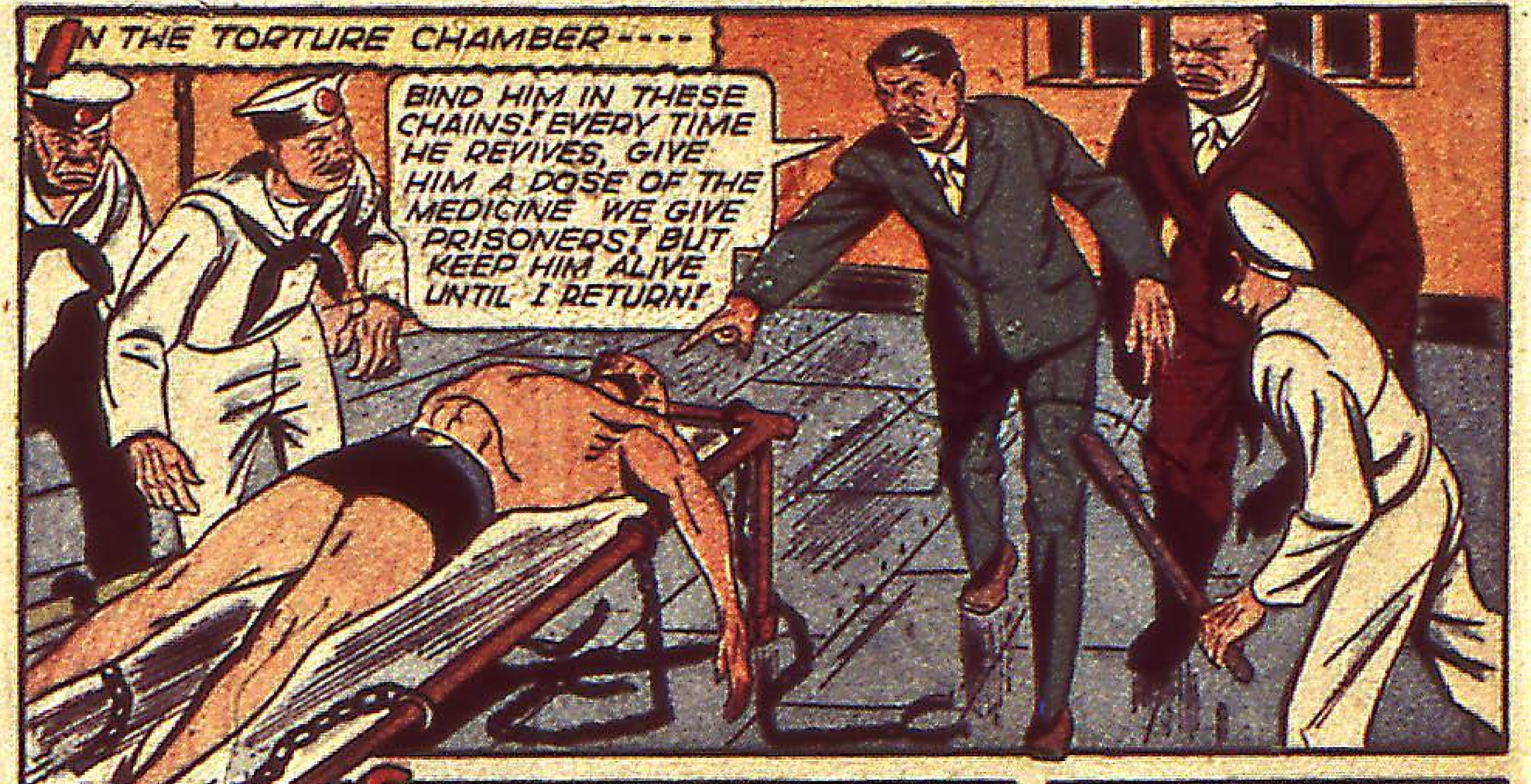

NAMOR'S FIGHTERS CATCH THE ENEMY SUBS OFF GUARD ----

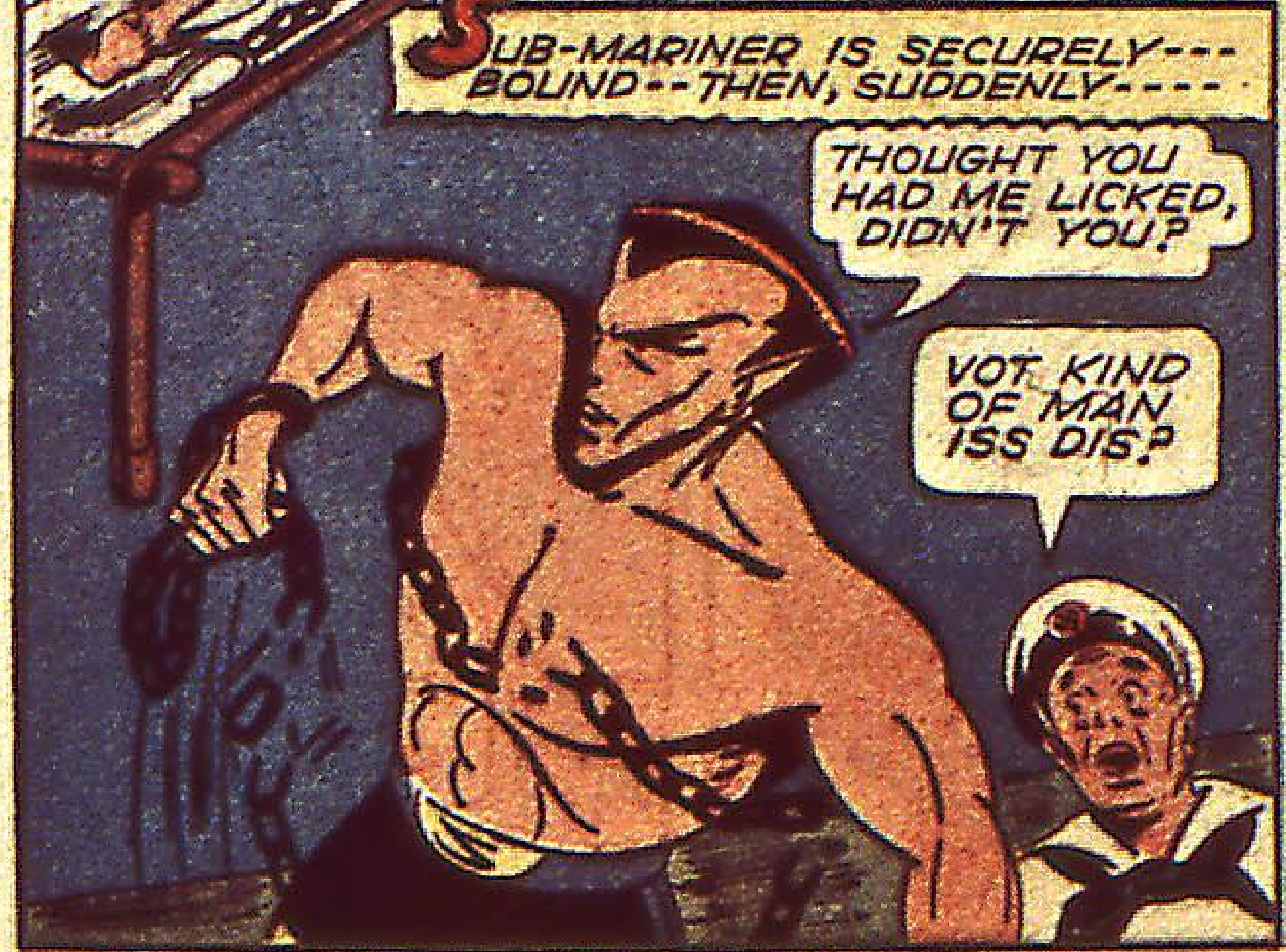

HURRY! RELEASE A SMOKE SCREEN TO HIDE THE CONQUEROR! AND STAND GUARD OVER HER WHILE WE TAKE CARE OF THOSE OTHER DEVILS!

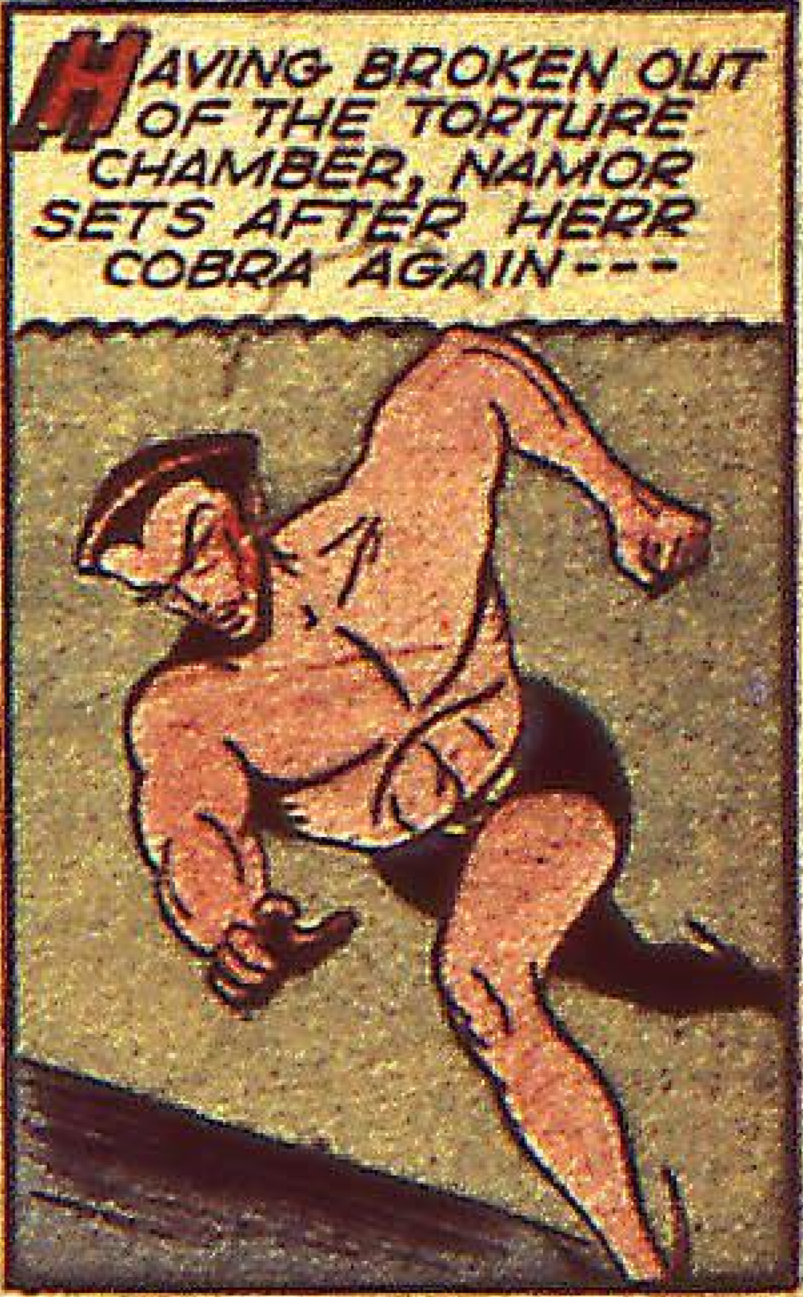

WITH THE CONQUEROR PROTECTED BY A SMOKE SCREEN, A FURIOUS BATTLE BETWEEN NAMOR'S SUBJECTS AND THE ENEMY RAGES ON!
WHERE CAN I FIND YOUR SLIMY LEADER, HERR COBRA? TALK FAST--OR ELSE!
HE'S--HE'S--ON THE SNOOPER--- AAAH!

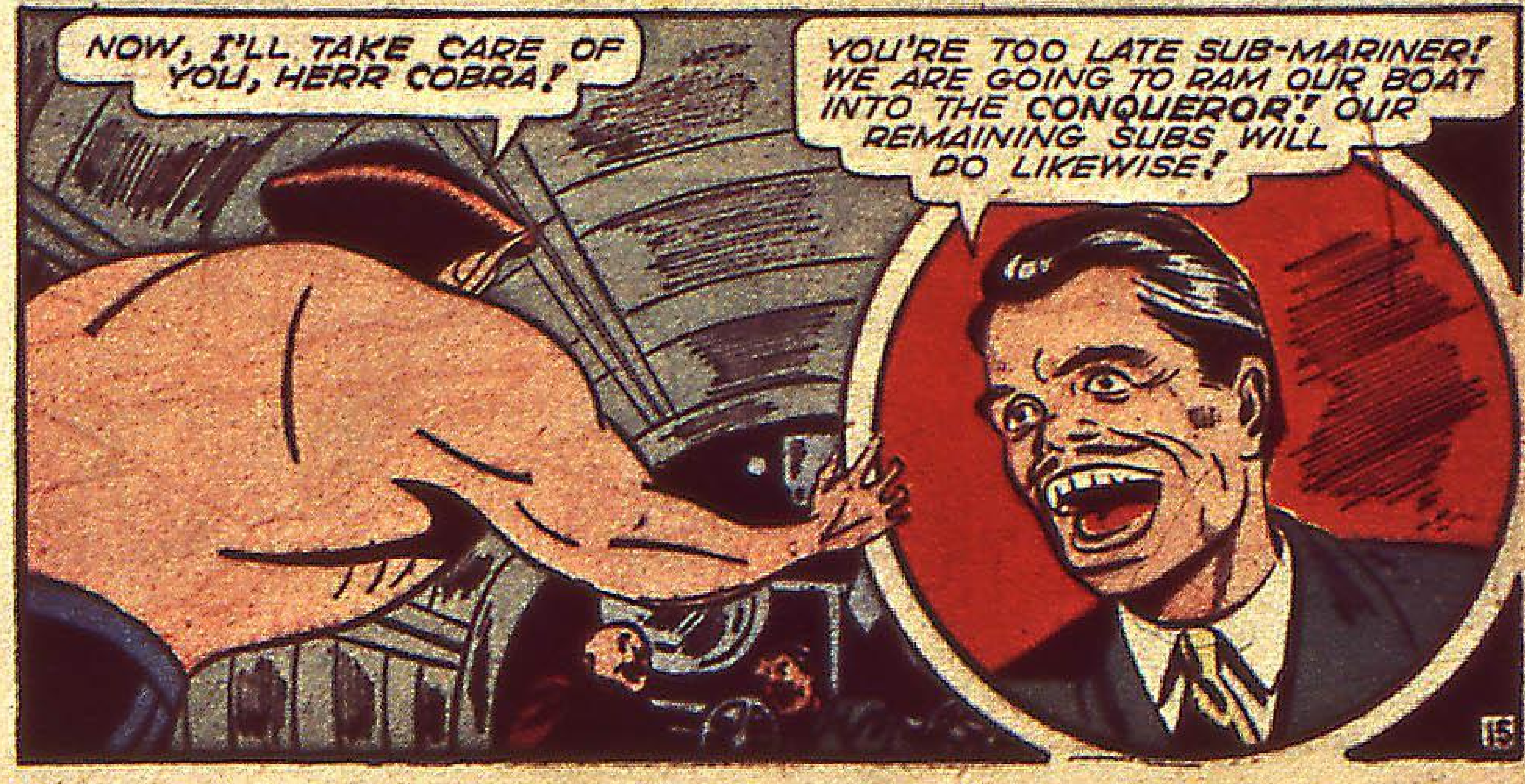

SECONDS LATER, SUBMARINER LOCATES THE SNOOPER---
AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, HERR COBRA---
SNOOPER

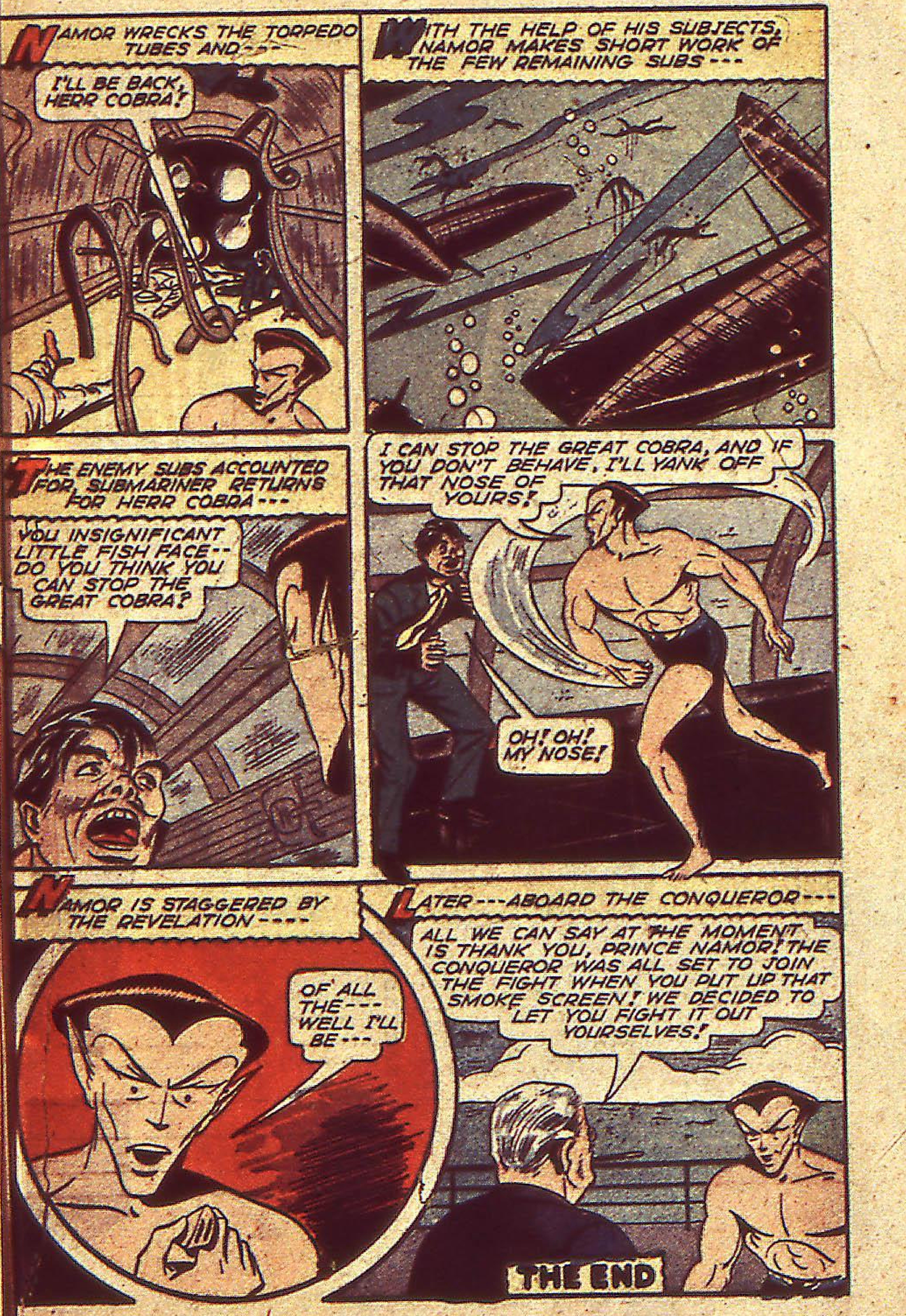

NAMOR SILENTLY HOISTS HIMSELF THROUGH THE SNOOPER'S TORPEDO HATCH TO SURPRISE THE ENEMY!
LOOK, ADOLPH --- IT'S SUB-MARINER! GRAB HIM!
I'VE TRAVELED THOUSANDS OF MILES FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY, HERR COBRA!
NAMOR TACKLES THE TWO WITH TELLING EFFECT---BUT--- DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM, A NEW MENACE APPEARS!
EEEE-- OOOOH!
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MOMENT!
DIS VILL FIX DER SUB-MARINER!
UGH!
STUNNED BY THE DEVASTATING BLOW, NAMOR'S KNEES BUCKLE UNDER!
HA! HA! WITH SUB-MARINER OUT OF THE WAY, I CAN CONCENTRATE ON THE CONQUEROR! SHOVE HIM IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER!

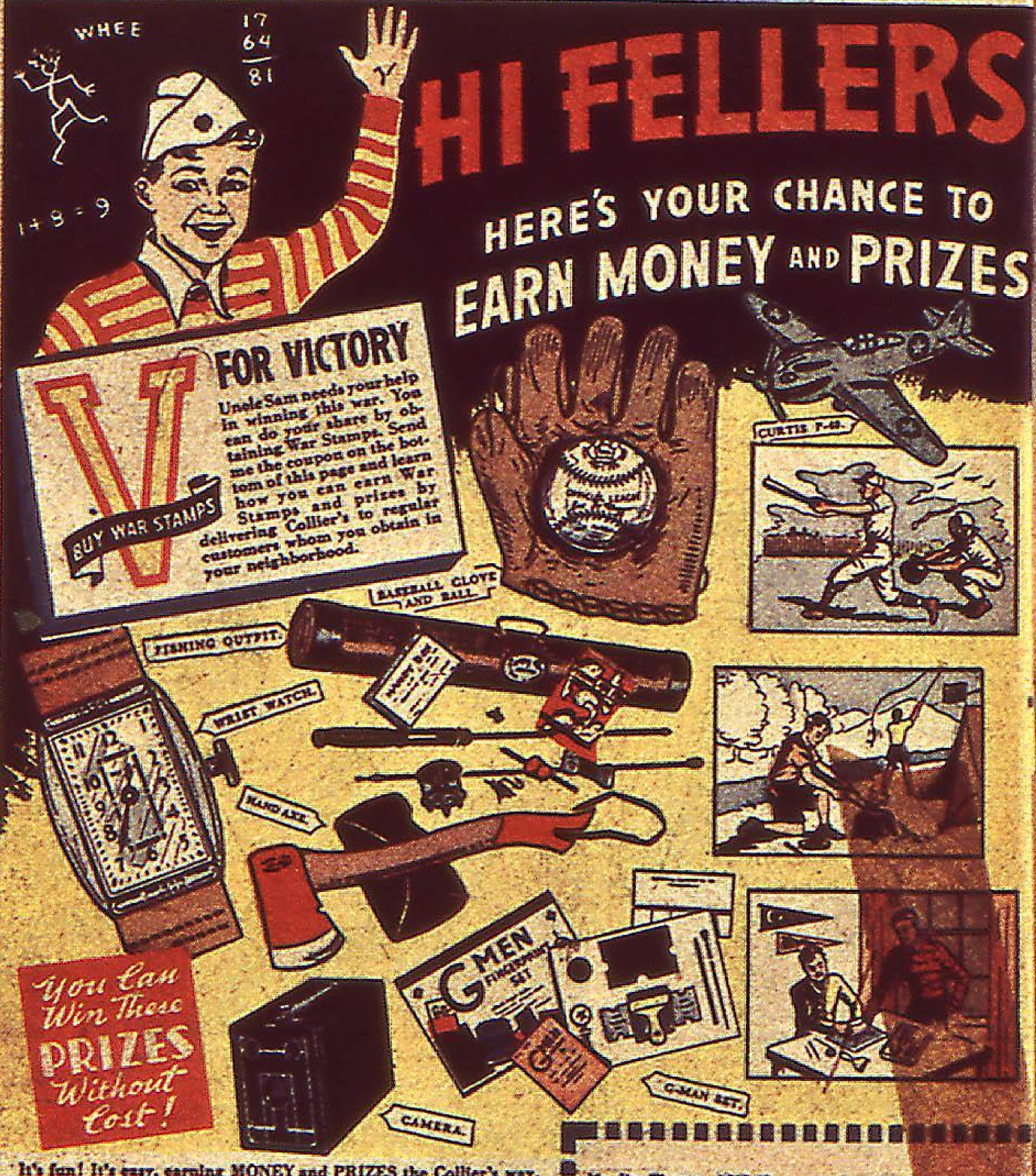

IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER----
BIND HIM IN THESE CHAINS! EVERY TIME HE REVIVES, GIVE HIM A DOSE OF THE MEDICINE WE GIVE PRISONERS! BUT KEEP HIM ALIVE UNTIL I RETURN!


SUB-MARINER IS SECURELY--- BOUND--THEN, SUDDENLY----
THOUGHT YOU HAD ME LICKED, DIDN'T YOU?
VOT KIND OF MAN ISS DIS?


HAVING BROKEN OUT OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER, NAMOR SETS AFTER HERR COBRA AGAIN---


NOW, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, HERR COBRA!
YOU'RE TOO LATE SUB-MARINER! WE ARE GOING TO RAM OUR BOAT INTO THE CONQUEROR! OUR REMAINING SUBS WILL DO LIKEWISE!


NAMOR WRECKS THE TORPEDO TUBES AND---
I'LL BE BACK, HERR COBRA!
WITH THE HELP OF HIS SUBJECTS, NAMOR MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE FEW REMAINING SUBS---
THE ENEMY SUBS ACCOUNTED FOR, SUBMARINER RETURNS FOR HERR COBRA---
YOU INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE FISH FACE-- DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP THE GREAT COBRA?
I CAN STOP THE GREAT COBRA, AND IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE, I'LL YANK OFF THAT NOSE OF YOURS!
OH! OH! MY NOSE!
NAMOR IS STAGGERED BY THE REVELATION---
OF ALL THE--- WELL I'LL BE---
LATER---ABOARD THE CONQUEROR---
ALL WE CAN SAY AT THE MOMENT IS THANK YOU, PRINCE NAMOR! THE CONQUEROR WAS ALL SET TO JOIN THE FIGHT WHEN YOU PUT UP THAT SMOKE SCREEN! WE DECIDED TO LET YOU FIGHT IT OUT YOURSELVES!
THE END


WHEE
17
64
81
1+8=9
HI FELLERS
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO
EARN MONEY AND PRIZES
BUY WAR STAMPS
BASEBALL GLOVE AND BALL
CURTIS P-40
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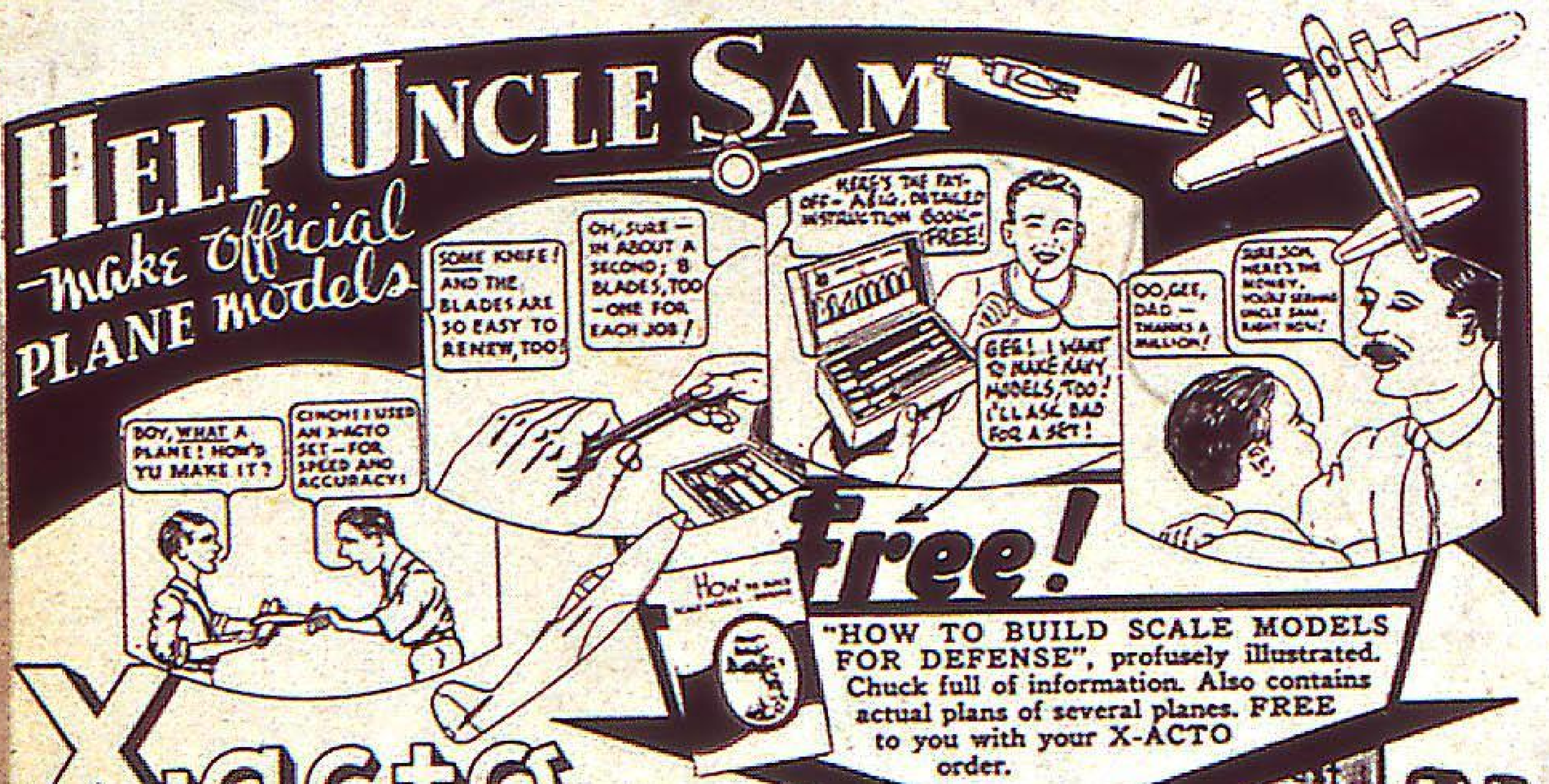
—make official PLANE models


BOY, WHAT A PLANE! HOW'D YU MAKE IT?
CINCH! I USED AN X-ACTO SET—FOR SPEED AND ACCURACY!
SOME KNIFE! AND THE BLADES ARE SO EASY TO RENEW, TOO!
OH, SURE—IN ABOUT A SECOND; 8 BLADES, TOO—ONE FOR EACH JOB!
HERE'S THE PAY-OFF—A BIG, DETAILED INSTRUCTION BOOK—FREE!
GEE! I WANT TO MAKE NAVY MODELS, TOO! I'LL ASK DAD FOR A SET!
OO, GEE, DAD—THANKS A MILLION!
SURE, SON, HERE'S THE MONEY. YOU'LL BE SERVING UNCLE SAM RIGHT NOW!
HOW

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